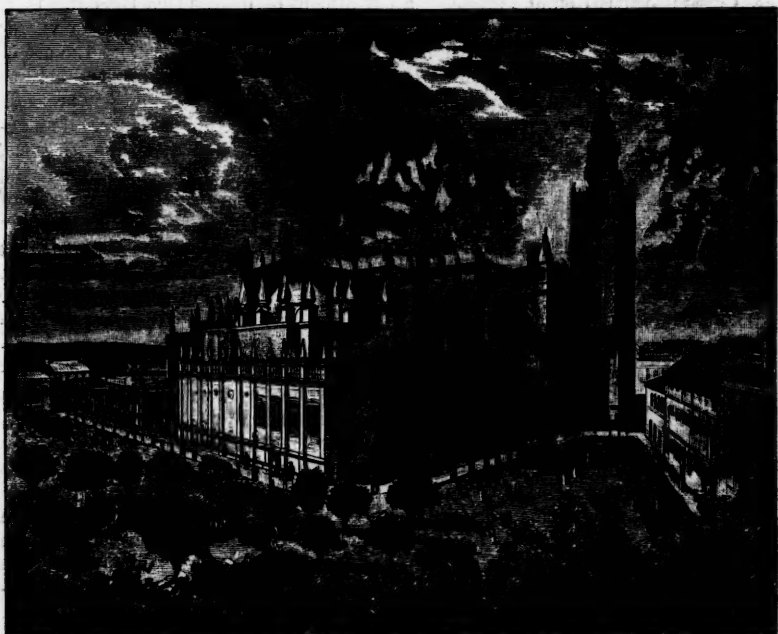


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SEVILLE.



THE CATHEDRAL.

THE region watered by the historic Guadalquivir, the Bætis of antiquity, has always been justly considered a land of promise, protected by the gods and coveted by man. Much of the wealth for which Tyre and Sidon were proverbial was derived from Bætica; and the colony of Carthage, sharing in these benefits which she afterward monopolized, was long enabled

to excite the fears and menace the existence of republican Rome. The Island of Juno,—now Cadiz,—where Geryon pastured his flocks, was at the mouth of the Bætis,—the stream that figures so prominently in classic mythology, whose marvels were alike celebrated by Homer and Anacreon, Herodotus and Cicero, and whose name is the Chaldean synonyme for fertility. The

capital of Bætica, the foundation of which tradition ascribes to Hercules, was called Sephela by the Carthaginians and Hispalis by the Latins, until Cæsar, grateful for its adherence to his cause during his wars with Pompey, changed its title to Julia Romula, granting it at the same time important municipal privileges. The modern name, Seville, is a corruption of the Arab one, taken in its turn from that given by the original founders the Phœnicians.

Under the munificent patronage of the Cæsars, Julia Romula attained a high rank in the empire and became the favorite residence of the provincial nobility, and the seat of the proconsul. It possessed numerous amphitheatres and temples, whose ruins were largely used in the construction of the modern city, and its remaining busts and statues, that fill the museums and grace the palaces of the grandees, are many of them of great artistic excellence and worthy of the most accomplished sculptors of antiquity. A portion of the walls of Seville built by Julius Cæsar are still standing. Defended by barbicans and flanking towers, they appear as formidable as when they repelled the assaults of Carthaginian and barbarian, although the storms and battles of nineteen centuries have left upon them many unsightly scars.

After the Roman came the brutal Goth, and then the Saracen, whose civilization, expanding with phenomenal rapidity, has been so unjustly treated by posterity. Under the Western Khalifate, Seville in wealth and population ranked next to Cordova; after the proclamation of independence by the *kadi* Mohammed Ben Abbad in 1009, it became the first of the principalities, and the most polished city in Europe. The new sultans, imitating their predecessors the khalifs, set an example to their people most worthy of emulation. They prided themselves upon their learning: all, without exception, were noted for their literary acquirements, and two of the dynasty obtained more than local celebrity as poets. Music, chemistry,

and surgery were especially encouraged, and the astronomers were the friends and chosen associates of the monarch. Public instruction was resumed in the schools and in the university,—institutions that had greatly suffered during the regency of Al-Mansûr, whose unwise concessions to the fanatical prejudices of the ignorant had caused the dispersion of the extensive libraries of Al-Hakem II. The pre-eminence of the physicians of Seville was universally acknowledged, and some of her practitioners displayed such skill in the treatment of disease that the cures they effected were attributed by the vulgar to supernatural influence and the aid of the genii. The trade and manufactures of the city kept pace in their progress with its intellectual advance. It supplied the European markets with arms, musical instruments, and leathern goods, and, in addition to vast quantities of fruit and wine, it exported annually seven hundred thousand *arrobas*, or more than two million gallons, of oil, a large part of which was sent to Egypt. Its bazaars were stocked with the products of every land accessible to commerce, so that there was hardly a commodity, however rare, which they did not contain, and it grew to be a common saying in the East, "By Allah, if thou seekest for bird's milk thou wilt find it in Seville."

The ambition of the princes of Seville to rival the power and surpass the achievements of the khalifs of Cordova, whose capital had become their tributary, was in a fair way to be realized, when the invasion of the savage tribes of Barbary overwhelmed their kingdom and drove the survivors of their dynasty into exile. The densely-populated country was turned into a trackless waste, Cordova and Seville were despoiled of their treasures, their palaces were demolished, their artisans massacred, their commerce annihilated. Upon the ruins of an empire celebrated for the intelligence and liberality of its rulers, whose habits of luxury had caused them to neglect the necessary preparations for defence, was erected the African dynasty

of the Almohades, the last that exercised dominion over the provinces of the West. While it may claim some credit for the introduction of a florid and tasteful style of architecture, the precursor of the splendors of the Alhambra, it has little

else to recommend it. Its sultans, like the Scandinavian chieftains, quaffed forbidden wine from the skulls of slaughtered victims and built pyramids of their bones; their history presents but a dreary recital of deeds of duplicity and



FAÇADE OF THE ALCÁZAR.

crime, of bloody feuds unredeemed by the record of a single noble or magnanimous action, of civil wars prosecuted with almost unexampled ferocity. At length, weakened by internal commotions and wasted by continuous defeat, the Almohades submitted to Ferdinand III. of Castile, who entered Seville in triumph in the year 1247.

The capital of Andalusia lies very low upon the Guadalquivir, which, overflowing its banks with every freshet, has frequently submerged the streets and seriously damaged the buildings of the city. The visitor, wandering along the substantial quays, will not fail to remark a curious isolated tower, whose loop-holes and battlements resemble those of some

mediaeval castle. It is the *Torre del Oro*, or Golden Tower, one of the landmarks of Moorish Seville, and was named from the glittering yellow tiles that originally encrusted it, and which Spanish taste has thoroughly "improved" with a coat of plaster. It once guarded a pontoon bridge by which the city was supplied with provisions from the *Ajarafe*, or rich territory that extended for nearly fifty miles up and down the river, all being under the most perfect cultivation. It is related of the Sultan Al-Motacid that, while walking one day with a small retinue near the Golden Tower, the wind agitated the water until it shone like burnished metal; and the prince, who was proud

of his talent for improvisation, gave utterance to the following verse,—

"The breeze transforms the water into a cuirass,"—

and, turning to the court poet, who was in his train, ordered him to instantly make an appropriate continuation. The professional rhymester, taken by surprise, was unable at once to respond, and, while he was collecting his thoughts, a young girl who was standing in the crowd anticipated him, and said,—

"A magnificent cuirass, and one mighty for battle,
Provided the water were frozen."

Surprised at the ready wit of the damsel, whose tattered dress betokened extreme poverty, the sultan looked at her attentively, and, seeing in her charms that even dirt and neglect could not conceal, he told the vizier to bring her before him forthwith, and returned to the palace. As soon as she appeared in his presence, he asked her name and who she was.

"I am a slave, my lord, the daughter of a muleteer, and I am called Romaña."

"Art thou married?"

"No, my lord."

"So much the better; for I intend to buy thee and marry thee myself."

The wedding festivities took place a few weeks afterward, and the peasant girl Romaña eventually became the ornament of the most accomplished court in Europe; and through her influence, nobly exerted in behalf of her sex, women were admitted to the privileges of the University of Seville. This anecdote, which is sufficiently romantic to belong to the "Arabian Nights," is vouched for by all the Moorish historians, and indicates the familiar intercourse existing between sultan and subject, which was not peculiar to the Spanish Arabs, but formed part of the policy of every country that recognized the patriarchal code of Mohammed.

Leaving the Golden Tower, an irregular wall can be traced for a considerable distance, rising above the modern dwellings that surround it, till it terminates in the Alcazar, or ancient citadel.

The date of the foundation of the Alcazar is so remote that it cannot be fixed with certainty, although it is known that a palace stood here about the time of the first Saracen invasion. The walls are fifty feet high and in excellent preservation. Within the principal gate is the room where the *kadi*, and after him Peter the Cruel,—who has left a deeper impress of his individuality upon Seville than any other monarch, Christian or Moslem,—exercised the office of judge. Beyond the grand court is a smaller one, enclosing the palace façade erected by Don Pedro in 1364. This, as well as much of the interior, was the work of the finest artists of Granada, sent to Don Pedro by his friend the Moorish king. Repeated alterations have modernized the inner apartments, and what vandalism and whitewash could not accomplish has been effected by the stupidity of those intrusted with the repairs, who have vainly tried to imitate the delicate tile-work with paint, and have inserted many Arabic inscriptions upside down.

The Patio de las Doncellas was the central court of the harem, and was so called from being the place where the annual tribute of one hundred Christian maidens was delivered by the vassals of the sultan. Its arches are festooned and pointed, or ogive, denoting the period of transition between the horseshoe of Cordova and the symmetrical curves of the Alhambra.

Opening upon this patio is the Hall of the Embassadors, in all probability the most gorgeous chamber in the world. Its dazzling walls are crowned with a carved wooden dome, or *artesonado*, colored in blue and scarlet and studded with golden stars. Charles V. and Isabella of Portugal, mother of Philip II., were married here, March 12, 1526.

The private apartment of Don Pedro, variously styled *El Cruel* and *El Justiciero*, which is near at hand, remains as he left it. It contains a striking memento of his severity, in the shape of a bas-relief representing a man pointing at a skull painted over the door-way. There is a tradition that there were once

four of these ghastly trophies fastened against the wall, they having belonged to as many judges whom the king had beheaded for corrupt practices. He at first exposed the skulls in his bedroom,

but afterward transferred them to the Hall of the Embassadors, where they were suspended over the judgment-seat, as an admonition of that inflexible justice which was his boast, and doubtless



THE GIRALDA, FROM THE COURT OF THE ORANGES.

had a salutary influence upon the magistrates.

The character of Don Pedro, and his singular ideas concerning the execution of the laws, are also recalled by a bust of him placed in an obscure street in the Jewish quarter of the city. The story

is that he murdered a man in cold blood on this spot, and, subsequently repenting, and not caring to gibbet his own skull in atonement for the crime, he set up his bust as the next best thing and an easy compromise with his conscience. The royal effigy has stood there for more

than five hundred years, and has given to the locality the name of *La Cabeza del Rey*,—"The King's Head."

Scarcely a stone's throw from the Alcazar is the Cathedral, overtopped by the Giralda, an old Moorish minaret, and the most imposing and beautiful structure of the kind ever raised by the hand of man.

It was built by the Sultan Yacub Al-Mansúr in 1184, and rests upon a triangular base composed of all the statues of pagan deities and other idolatrous fragments of antiquity that could be collected by the zealous iconoclasts who founded it. The tower is fifty feet square, and the original height was two hundred cubits; modern additions, however, have increased it somewhat, and it now measures about three hundred and fifty feet from the pavement to the head of the statue. For eighty-seven feet the walls are of polished blocks of stone; above this the material is brick, relieved with tracery and arabesques of the most exquisite designs, different on each side, yet so artfully combined and blended that it requires close observation to detect the variations. The interior is lighted by *azimezes*, or double windows, divided by columns of white marble and alabaster. There was a second tower, thirty-two cubits high, erected by the Moors upon the main one: it was covered with glazed tiles of brilliant colors, and surmounted by four bronze globes plated with gold. The largest of these was seven feet in diameter, and all were grooved, the better to reflect the rays of the sun,—this, together with its commanding dimensions, rendering the minaret the most prominent feature in the landscape, and visible at the distance of more than a day's journey. The Giralda is ascended by a series of ramps, or inclined planes, so wide, and of such easy slope, that two horsemen, with lances poised, could ride to the top and back without dismounting,—a feat that was more than once accomplished by the wild cavaliers of the Spanish court. The Campanile of St. Mark's, at Venice, has similar ramps, the invention being of Byzantine origin. It is curious that the walls of the Giralda increase in

thickness as the summit is approached,—an anomaly which has never been satisfactorily explained. No other tower in the whole Mohammedan world was considered equal in sacredness to the Giralda, and no one, save the higher attendants of the mosque and persons especially authorized by the monarch, was allowed to enter it, a violation of this law exposing the intruder to be hurled from the parapet. A special corps of workmen were appointed to keep it in repair, and, elegant as it seems now, it must have presented an appearance of dazzling splendor when the portions in relief were gilded and the interstices painted blue and vermillion, as they used to be in the palmy days of the Moslem rule. While negotiations for the surrender of the city were in progress, the Moors at first made it an indispensable condition that the Giralda should be demolished before the Christian army entered the gates. King Ferdinand was inclined to yield, but his son Alonso el Sabio refused the demand, and, growing provoked at the obstinacy of the besieged, declared that if a single brick was removed from the tower he would not leave a Moor alive in Seville. His decisive answer disposed of the question, and this magnificent edifice, a masterpiece of the architects of the Saracenic age of transition, was spared to excite the delight and wonder of posterity.

Late in the fourteenth century the upper portion of the Giralda was injured by an earthquake, and remained half ruined until 1568, when the present belfry was built. It is now encircled by the Biblical quotation, "*Fortissima turris nomen Domini*," and supports a colossal statue of Faith in bronze which acts as a weathercock, moving with the lightest breath of air.

The Giralda stands in an angle of the Court of the Oranges, which contains cool arcades, a grove, and a battered marble fountain, whose basin for three hundred years served the Moor for his ablutions, and where now the sturdy water-carriers fill their kegs, trudging away with their cheerful "*Agua! Agua! quien quiere agua? temple'a y*

muy 'uena!"* a cry that is most welcome and refreshing upon a sultry day. Here the beggars, who are, almost without exception, impostors and thieves, congregate, considering the Court of the Oranges their private domain and all visitors their lawful prey from whom to exact an unwilling tribute. The applicant for charity generally concludes by imploring you, literally "for God's sake," to give him something "to buy cigarettes with." The proper answer is, "*Perdone V., per Dios, hermano,*"—"Please excuse me, brother,"—rather polite under the circumstances; but your dignified Spaniard never forgets his good breeding, even when dealing with the vilest of mankind. The majority of the beggars are provided with bells, so that when they feign lameness they can the better attract the attention of passers-by. Nor is this vice confined to the most degraded, for the sight of a foreigner acts as a stimulant upon well-dressed people who a moment before had not thought of begging, causing them to advance with outstretched hand; and I have seen priests in some of the finest cathedrals of Spain ask a few *cuartos* with a persistency worthy of the most eminent in the profession.

The Court of the Oranges with the walls enclosing its northern and eastern sides compose the existing remains of the mosque upon whose site the cathedral was erected. The old gate, called the Gate of Pardon, leading into the Court, has been partly rebuilt, and in the recess where the *kadi* was wont to dispense justice are enshrined a pair of images, one of the Saviour in his agony, with bloody face and upturned eyes, the other a bedizened doll representing the Virgin. The sanctity of these objects of adoration, and particularly of the latter, is shown by numbers of votos, pictures, and crutches,—undoubted proofs of miracle-cure,—exhibited on shelves, while above are arranged the long silken

* "Water! Water! who wants water? tepid and good!" Water-selling is quite a business in Spain, and the *aguardores*, in addition to their kegs and porous jugs, carry pots of boiling water, as the natives, especially in cool weather, want the fluid lukewarm.

tresses of some fair sufferer who with these, perhaps the only treasure she possessed, had hoped to procure the intercession of the saint with heaven. The following is a translation of the indulgence which, framed in silver, hangs before the image. It reads like a revelation from the Middle Ages:

"Pope Leo VII. grants perpetual plenary indulgence and remission of sins to all who on Good Friday, from earliest dawn till sunset, visit this image of Our Lady of Pardon and pray for the extension of the faith, the suppression of heresy, and the other ends of the Church, having first duly confessed and communicated.—December 17, 1824."

This shrine is well patronized, as heaps of coin lying upon the broad copper trays daily testify, and the space around the little altar is rarely free from kneeling and weeping devotees.

A suite of rooms in the upper story of the old mosque contains the precious collection of books and manuscripts bequeathed by Don Fernando Columbus to the cathedral. Of rare and absorbing interest is this library, the greater number of whose musty volumes, bound in vellum, were once the property of the renowned navigator himself. In a glass case are preserved the original journals of Columbus, partly written in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and the "Travels of Marco Polo," his *vademecum* during his voyages. This book, which bears evident marks of study and hard usage, is said to have been the first that suggested to him the probable existence of another world. There is scarcely a page that is not enriched with notes jotted down from time to time by this wonderful man, whose handwriting was as legible as print, the ink he used being but little faded after the expiration of almost four hundred years. I should have been glad to examine the souvenirs more closely, and tried to induce the custodian to unlock the case; but the large bribe I offered failed, to my surprise, as he sorrowfully informed me he did not have the key.

The Cathedral of Seville is worthy its reputation of the grandest in Spain, and

one of the most elaborate ever constructed. Exclusive of the walls, it measures three hundred and seventy-nine feet by two hundred and seventeen, the central dome rising one hundred and seventy-three feet from the floor. Begun in 1402, it is not yet finished, the delay affording a convenient pretext for continually soliciting funds, which, by a pious fiction, are presumed never to be adequate for the purpose. The enormous pillars disposed in groups impart an air of great solidity to the edifice, whose dimensions, like those of all similar structures, are not at the first glance appreciated. To several of the pillars are attached iron coffers as large as ordinary trunks, for the reception of donations for holy uses.

Little is dropped into them now but copper; but at the time when the treasures of a world were pouring into Seville they were too small for the piles of doubloons with which returning adventurers endeavored to purchase immunity for revolting crimes against God and man.

Just inside the principal door is the grave of Don Fernando Columbus, who died in 1539, the last of his illustrious race. A simple marble slab covers his remains; the epitaph in Latin recounts his own and his father's deeds,—deeds that were so ill requited by the jealousy and ingratitude of their sovereign. The three caravels that achieved the discovery of the Bahamas are sculptured there,



THE RIDE,—FAIR OF SEVILLE.

with the unique device, a globe belted with the famous motto,—

"A Castilla y á Leon
Nuevo mundo dió Colon."

The number of bronze and wooden images in the cathedral is prodigious.

There are several in every chapel, and the high altar is fairly surrounded by them. All, even those that are crowned, are provided with the plate-like "glory,"—that indispensable badge of holiness, which, invented by the Greeks to pro-

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tect the statues of their deities from the birds, has, with a thousand other superstitious emblems of forgotten origin, been adopted by paganized Christianity.

The most interesting spot in the cathedral is the Royal Chapel, where St. Ferdinand and his descendants are buried. The war-horse of the Conqueror of Seville, fully caparisoned, is placed over the grating at the entrance. Within are preserved the banners used by both armies during the siege, the sword of the monarch, and a tiny statuette of miraculous powers which he never suffered to leave his person. An image styled "*Nuestra Señora de los Reyes*," the gift of St. Louis of France, is the presiding divinity of this chapel. Her hair is of spun gold, and her eyes are set with rubies. Over her shoulders is thrown a mantle of cloth of gold embroidered with fleur-de-lis. At her feet is an elaborate silver sarcophagus, where lies King Ferdinand, wrapped in his robes of state, and bearing in his skeleton hands the insignia of royalty. On the anniversary of the capture of the city an imposing mass is celebrated, and the troops of the garrison file through the chapel, presenting arms, as they pass, to the bones of the canonized soldier, which are uncovered for the occasion. For years after his death it was customary during these ceremonies for the Sultan of Granada, with whom the Castilian monarch had lived on terms of intimate friendship, to send a guard of honor of a hundred Moors, who, dressed in silk and gold, and each holding a lighted taper, stood grim and silent about the tomb.

In the oldest quarter of the city, amid a labyrinth of narrow streets, rise the ugly walls of the *Casa de Pilatos*, or "House of Pilate," a palace of the sixteenth century, built by the Marquis de Tarifa on his return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. It is so called from its fancied resemblance to the house of the Roman prætor, from which, upon doubtful authority, it is said to have been copied. The galleries were afterward embellished with statues and other works of art by Don Perafan de Ri-

bera, Duke of Alcalá, who, while Viceroy of Italy, had been presented by Pope Pius V. with many rare and curious treasures of antiquity. Of these, the one he prized most highly was an urn containing the ashes of the emperor Trajan, who was a native of Italica, near Seville. The duke had intended to reinter the remains of the illustrious Spaniard in his birthplace, with all the pomp the wealth and influence of a viceroy could command; but while he was absent making preparations for the great event, an industrious servant was seized



A LADY OF SEVILLE.

with a desire to clean the urn, and emptied its contents in the garden, where the workmen soon scattered them beyond all possibility of identification. The rage of the duke upon his return may be imagined; but there was, of course, no remedy, and the funeral exercises were indefinitely postponed. The *Casa de Pilatos* was planned by Arab architects, but is much inferior to similar works of the same epoch, showing how rapid was the decline of art and taste after the complete subjugation of the Moors. The large court contains

statues of pagan gods and busts of Roman heroes, among others those of Scipio Africanus, Marius, Titus, Hadrian, and Cicero. The heavy, stolid visage of Charles V., to whom, as a descendant of the Cæsars, Spanish pride has assigned a niche, looks ill at ease in such distinguished company.

Seville abounds in majestic and venerable mansions, whose *patios*, fragrant with orange-trees and vines that twine about the marble columns, and filled with the singing of birds and the plashing of fountains, afford pictures little to be expected from the severely plain exterior.

The great fair held here in April is famous, and the people who visit it exhibit types of the Andalusian peasantry not to be seen elsewhere in the province. A perfect city of booths is raised in the suburb of San Bernardo, the different sections or wards being assigned each to a separate class of merchants, as in the bazaars of the East. One quarter is set apart for the nobility, many of whom have their private tents, which, as well as those of the various civil and military organizations, are fitted up in the most expensive manner. As the interiors are open to view, the scenes, especially at night, when thousands of colored lamps and gas-jets cover everything with their glare, are extremely charming and novel. Dancing, love-making, and flirting are going on on all sides, and down the broad avenues, upon gayly-caparisoned horses, ride troops of *majos* and *majas*, the dandies and coquettes of Andalusia, radiant in their beautiful national costume. The click of the castanets mingles with the music of the bands and the chants of the itinerant singers, who, standing in groups, compose impromptu ballads, like the ancient troubadours; the brazen-lunged side-show man recounts the wonderful feats of his dwarfs and educated ape; while above all rises the uproar from the canvas theatre, whose tottering seats are packed to their utmost capacity with an appreciative audience, that, never tiring of the oft-repeated and not over-decent comedies, regard this day as the brightest of their monotonous existence.

It is a veritable pandemonium. The picturesque gypsies are present in crowds, some wandering from booth to booth, telling the *buena ventura* to the credulous, others selling specifics for the evil eye, a superstitious influence whose belief is not confined exclusively to the ignorant, and against which the usually potent holy water is of no avail. These brown-skinned maidens, their heads wreathed with flowers, occupy one entire avenue, where they range themselves in lines and solicit all passers-by to taste their *buñuelos*, a kind of insipid doughnuts boiled in olive oil. The presence of Moors and Jews from Tangier and other cities of Morocco, who come for trade, offering so-called Oriental curiosities, mostly manufactured in Paris or Birmingham, adds not a little to the attractiveness of the great fair of Andalusia.

The natives of Seville, even in Roman times, were noted for their frivolity, their indisposition to labor, and their love of pleasure, qualities which they have transmitted in an exaggerated degree to their descendants. Venus was then, as now, their favorite goddess; her image was borne during her festivals upon the shoulders of women of patrician rank, and certain rites of the Phœnician Astarte, her prototype, survive in the ceremonies of modern holidays. Some strange performances are to be witnessed on St. John's eve, identical with the summer solstice, when numbers of both sexes assemble in the parks and along the promenades, to dance around the fires of Cybele, leaping over them as the clock strikes twelve, and at day-break run in crowds to gather the mysterious vervain associated with the religious observances of so many nations of antiquity. The coquettish graces and fascinations of the Sevillian ladies,—

Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound,—

the lively semi-Oriental dances, the groups of grotesque maskers and musicians, the jaunty *contrabandistas* and *toreros*, and the general air of gayety and enjoyment that pervades all classes,

make it well worth while to lose a night's rest on the merry eve of St. John.

The Spaniard has no idea of the personal comfort that we are accustomed to attach to the surroundings of a home. Like the Frenchman, he has no such word as "home" in his language. The majority of the people live in boarding-houses, — *casas de huéspedes*, — which are second-class hotels; and, though one obtains in them occasional amusing glimpses of domestic life not otherwise attainable, they possess many disagreeable features. Two meals a day, breakfast and dinner, are served, and, one dish being brought on at a time, the courses seem interminable. You are expected to pass at least two hours at the table, and, when ceremony requires it, three or four. Of the food, the less said the better: it is sufficient to remark that the proverb, "God sends meat, and the devil cooks," is of Iberian origin. The social and vivacious character of your companions, both male and female, renders introductions unnecessary; you rarely learn their names, and they never evince the slightest desire to know yours. If you are a foreigner, it is assumed you are French, and that every other foreigner is your countryman, — the terms "cosmopolitan" and "Parisian" being synonymous in Spain. For example, one morning the steward said to me, "Señor, how would you like to meet some of your compatriots?"

"Very much indeed."

"Well, two of them are going to dine here to-day, and you can see them."

Dinner came, and with it my "compatriots," one of whom proved to be a Frenchman and the other a Portuguese, and both looked as though they were just out of prison. The steward was surprised to see that we could not understand each other, almost as much so as was a gentleman whom I had talked with the evening before, when I informed him that the United States did not belong to Great Britain, which he thought must certainly be the case, as the English language was spoken there. He, however, was only a hundred years behind the age, and, in this respect at

least, three centuries in advance of great numbers of his countrymen. The dining-room of the *casa de huéspedes* faces the entrance, and is in full view of the sidewalk. This makes it very convenient for the peddlers, who roam the streets, loaded with trinkets and merchandise, to enter and exhibit their wares to each individual in turn, importuning him to purchase and invoking to that end the names of all the saints in the calendar. Other and more agreeable visitors, friends of persons stopping in the house, come in during the evening on their way from vespers, among them pretty *señoritas*, whose bright looks and ringing laughter are ever welcome. Then there is the blind guitar-player, who makes periodical calls, always at dinner-time. Led by his wife, he takes a seat



A LABORER.

outside the glass door of the *patio*, and thrums vigorously on his guitar, droning out the words of some familiar lullaby, and moving the instrument to and fro, in imitation of a nurse rocking a child. Presently a ferocious-looking fellow, with a beard reaching to his waist, and

wearing immense diamonds, and who, by the way, is also my "compatriot," for he is an American—from Peru, catching sight of the prodigy outside, declares that the performance possesses *mucho merito*, and insists, with furious gesticulation, that the musician shall come into the dining-room. He is, accordingly, conducted inside and seated in a corner; but no, that does not suit his enthusiastic patron: the entire company must see and admire: so he is assigned the post of honor at the head of the table. And there he remains until his strength and his repertory are alike exhausted, when a collection is taken up, and my "compatriot" gladdens the blind man's heart with the generous contribution of an *ochavo*,—the fifth part of a cent.

It is customary in Spain to wear the hat while eating. The importance with which this useful article of dress is invested is extraordinary. It is not removed upon entering a room unless the visitor intends to stay a considerable time or the call be one of an extremely formal character. Should the host not offer, after greeting his friend, to take his *sombrero* and deposit it reverently upon a chair by itself, he would be guilty of an unpardonable breach of etiquette, for it represents, in a measure, the dignity of the wearer, and must be treated with equal consideration. The grandees, who style themselves "cousins of the king," by reason of a relationship more apocryphal than real, enjoy the privilege of being covered in the royal presence, and, in imitation of this habit, the practice has become universal. It makes no difference if ladies be present, for no one is expected to doff his hat but a servant or a beggar.

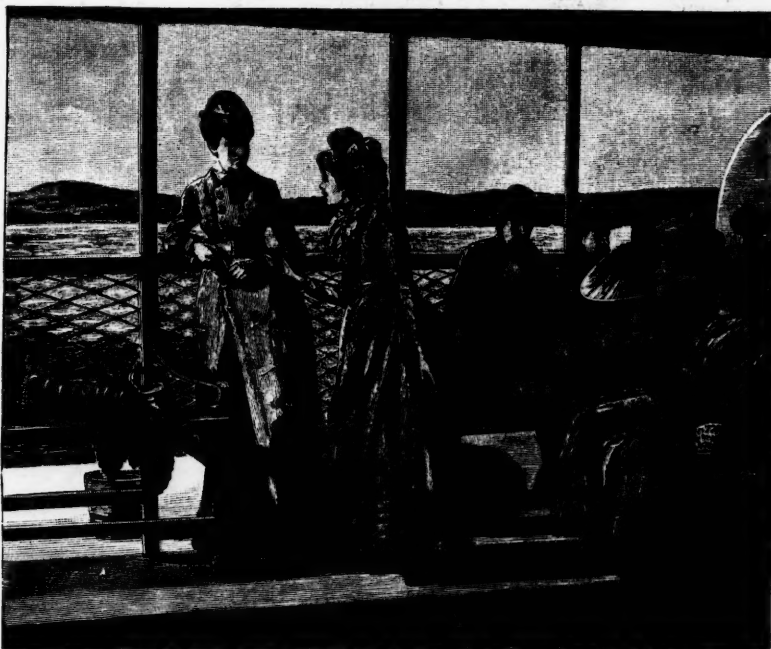
Seville, the "Queen of Andalusia," the depository of the glories and crimes

of a dozen distinct races and nearly as many antagonistic religions, is slowly emerging from the darkness with which priestly domination and Inquisitorial tyranny have enveloped her for centuries. Her age of discovery and victory, of sentimental gallantry, of chivalric devotion, is past,—the age when dreams of conquest and tales of golden lands beyond the ocean were wafted on every breeze,—the age when Isabella, clad in shining armor, set forth at the head of her knights to besiege Granada,—the age when Alonso de Ojeda fastened the scarf of the queen upon the dizzy pinnacle of the Giralda, and Ponce de Leon threw himself, sword in hand, into the lions' den in search of his lady's glove,—the age when Cortez and Pizarro, penniless adventurers, sailed on voyages destined to render their names immortal,—the age when Sebastian de Elcano, the lieutenant of Magellan, was received with royal honors after his circumnavigation of the earth.

Of the glorious deeds whose fame once filled the world, the fruits were recklessly wasted, the memory alone survives. And now the proud old city, waking from the lethargy in which she has so long slumbered, conscious of her great natural advantages, seems determined to again reap their benefits and, if possible, recover her lost prestige. Her commerce is yearly increasing, fleets of shipping crowd the muddy Guadalquivir, and an infusion of foreign blood seems to have imparted new life to the silent streets where the treasures of America and Asia were once exhibited, and bands of victorious soldiers of fortune landed from the galleons that, freighted with the wealth of Ormus and of Ind, were unloading their precious cargoes at the docks of Seville.

S. P. SCOTT.

STEPHEN GUTHRIE.



" 'I KNEW YOU AT ONCE,' SAID THE LITTLE CREATURE."—Page 30.

CHAPTER I.
AFAR.

A WOMAN writing is no remarkable sight, but when she makes her page a looking-glass to life hidden from casual observers, she may be scanned as one meddling with danger.

This particular woman sat alone below a gas-burner and held her writing-desk on her knee. She had a thin, eager face, and free from the neck flowed a long blue dressing-gown which imparted its tint to the shadows under her cheek-bones. The hand holding her pen looked nervous but strong. Though her body expressed greyhoundish alertness, this appeared the result of overwork rather than a natural habit. Her young face was rapt as that of any saint. She looked in a straight line

through walls and darkness to the person addressed in her letter.

Why letters are the most enticing kind of confessional to the universal human soul let him explain who can. Every day the mails are crowded with messages from trusting beings to unseen and unknown but sympathetic fellow-creatures, or replies from these umpires of fate. As it is the most unlikely person who always writes the anonymous letter, so is it usually the soundest nature that pours itself out to a stranger in correspondence. A man goes not to his next-door neighbor, who stood by him in sickness and trouble, nor even to his warmest kinsman, but his soul lifts itself up to some oracle whose weaknesses are unknown to him, some editor or minister or famous author, and to the

sacred eye of such a one it freely pulls away the veil. It often happens, indeed, that he who trips in talk will be voluble with his pen, and that the woman who cannot please by her presence will throw an aroma around her correspondence which exhales like incense to the nose of the man who completes the circle.

This girl wrote as perhaps spirit communicates with spirit, untroubled by self-consciousness or sense of physical drawbacks. Taking a fresh sheet of paper, she flowed along: "Though I have spoken to you many times about my brother, I never wrote particularly about him,—perhaps because I think so much. We two were all that were left, he a baby. I am about ten years his senior. From the very first I have had to live separated from him, and he has been miserably brought up by one who took care of him in his sickly babyhood and clings to him with an affection I am bound to respect, though it may be to his injury. When I send them money I get no assurance that they receive it. Once in a while I go there, and it is like being suspended in a pit by the small, frail string of my salary. What if that broke and left me to be asphyxiated among the dog-fennel, the tumble-down houses, the eternal deadness, of that village! I feel the old chill in my blood still. Maybe it will prevent me from ever amounting to anything. I would say I was an unfortunate girl, but you might think I whined.

"And he lives there and drags at my heart. He is dear: I never saw a baby that had so many pretty ways. You have so many wealthy relations and are so lucky yourself that you maybe cannot see how I rouse up often and want to tear circumstances all to shreds and make fairer ones. And, again, I suspect myself of being the most selfish and detestable person alive, for my greedy plans and hopes lick up all my vitality. I have not seen him for two years, and he is now at an age when youths do not take to epistolary literature. He is growing from me hour by hour, while I wake up in the night crying at the

recollection of his head on my arm when his baby hair was trained in soft curls. I get lumps in my throat and almost pant along this track of life. If people could grow easily prosperous, or easily famous, or easily anything else one tries to be, it would be worth while. If everybody believed in my talent as warmly as you do, what a queen I should soon be! But I shall see him this summer when I come back from the Centennial. I can go there if I dress as plainly as a washerwoman and bring myself to endure the feeling that I am using money which ought to be spent on him. The party have not changed their plan of going down river from Albany by boat. When you come on board at Newburg shall I want to see you? How can you ask that, when I have never seen the face of the kindest friend I have in the world?"

Having written this, the young lady recoiled from her pen, as if it had gone too far, and, after hesitating, took a photograph from her desk. It was the face of a young man, straight of nose and delicate of nostril, full in temple, and curved smoothly where jaw flows into cheek. The general contour was square rather than oval. The neutral shades of the picture indicated that the hair and moustache might be of that very light brown which nice discriminators will not allow to be blond, and which usually goes with a clear skin and wholesome constitution. The eyes were animated and expectant. It was plainly the picture of a lovable man, thoroughly alive, instinct with human kindness and accustomed to the small refinements of life.

After looking at this face probingly, the young lady suddenly tucked it into her desk again and continued her letter with some effort: "Yes, I have seen you, too, every day. We are comrades. But then I shall hear your voice for the first time, and learn the exact tone—"

Her hand was suspended, while another knocked at her chamber-door.

"Yes, come in."

When the door opened, it revealed an inmate of the house, who smiled in an-

louncing, "Mr. Battelle's down-stairs to see you, Miss Sands."

But the young lady frowned and looked down at her drapery: "Oh, what a nuisance!"

"Shall I tell him that?"

"I suppose I shall have to dress and go down. In a moment, tell him."

Being again alone, she looked at her letter musingly. Its mirage was shifting, and common life stood behind. She thrust her pen into the ink-bottle and finished with a resolute dash:

"Am interrupted, and must stop. I am going to sign this time the old baby-name which my brother used to give me, and which nobody else knows.

"GNOME.

"P.S.—Good-night, comrade."

It will be seen that this was a girl with a broad streak of romantic sentiment. Her movements as she rose denoted a large, cumbrous sincerity of soul. She had a fastidious taste, which was not by any means satisfied with her present self when she looked at it in the glass, and she picked up one toilet-article after another in a jerky, undecided manner very unlike the typical American girl, who enters with calm zest on the pleasant duty of beautifying herself for an admirer. She stumbled against a chair in going toward a closet. The present was evidently dim and half discerned around her, while the far-off stood out distinct and real.

What she did not picture to herself, however, was a boy several hundred miles away, who sat on a flight of outside stairs beside a canal. Above and behind him in darkness swelled a gloomy wooden building, like some gigantic balloon which had tangled its grappling-hook hopelessly in the bottom of the canal and was obliged to float and sulk there until it exploded. The building had once been a warehouse, loading or receiving the cargo of boats through double doors which opened directly on the water. But at this date it appeared to be a tenement, for a white cloth fluttered here and there, bits of talk jarred the ear from this or that window,

and in the door at the stair-landing some women sat and gossiped.

The boy was half way down the steps, leaning on his elbow and looking idly at a gleam of moonshine across the water. A scum of aquatic weeds floated just under the surface. His side of the building was in shadow; the pile bridged the canal diagonally with its ghost, stretching across the jimson-grown tow-path and up another building on the opposite side.

His face was further darkened by a slouched straw hat, gaping between crown and brim. Two slim, long legs appeared below his rolled-up trousers, and his toes took hold of the step in a way which indicated they were used to going bare. The mere suggestion of sorrowful blue eyes, aquiline nose, and, maybe, a light shade of hair was made by the boy turning his head and bending his energies to shying a stick at some animal on the farther bank. But, having hit the object and had the satisfaction of hearing it clatter away grunting, he proved himself a true boy by exploding triumphantly, "Yeep!"

A whistle rises to his willing ear. He knows the whistler has in store, or in prospect, some of those diverse and wearing experiences which boys call fun, and he rises all alert to thunder down the steps and join in. A boy who has eaten his supper and always has the liberty of the night streets and village gang is strongly moved to seize the present with zest and give himself no trouble about the future.

CHAPTER II.

PINK HAZE.

THERE were half a dozen or more people on a south-bound Hudson-River steamer who appeared to belong together, though dispersed in groups. The boat was crowded, not only by the usual summer travel, but also by that countless throng that surged from all points toward Philadelphia during the Centennial year. There were duos, trios, quartettes, and

choruses of tongues. Very shabby people brushed with republican ease against others whose small adornments and general pose suggested easy incomes. The Western professor was there, staring at each side of the river, as if determined to lose no atom of the view, and also to accumulate data for future lectures. Whole families, including the baby, were going down to the Centennial.

Of the half-dozen people who belonged together and occasionally shot remarks across intervening camp-chairs to each other, one was a light bride, discreetly fitted out in a partly-worn travelling-dress, yet carrying the nuptial atmosphere in the mere shade of her gloves and in the many rings and things about her glittering with the new look of wedding-presents, but more than all in the attitude which owned her husband's attraction. Her eye followed him if he got up to stretch his legs in a difficult promenade across the after-deck.

The other young lady was not a bride. Her dress was a coarse gray debège, half covered with the inevitable linen duster, which might be considered the feminine national flag of that year. At that moment the cold color was not unbecoming to her; she seemed wonderfully exhilarated by change of scene: clear pinks came and went in her delicate cheeks, her eyes widened, and she drew in long breaths of air, as if they were a delight to her. A decided audacity, evidently natural to her, broke in flashes through a crust of reserve. In repose she looked more than twenty-five years old, but a raw youngness lingered in her method of draping her hair around a pretty head, and in her self-conscious postures. She belonged to that class of girls—if they can be classed—who read and observe when their contemporaries are learning fancy-work and self-adornment, who secretly believe that angels have never ceased walking the earth and espousing the daughters of men, and who are evermore being astonished that a kink in finery or a pretty manner is more admired here below than an honest heart and the daintiest of personal habits.

As if by natural adjustment she should

be shoved on the edge of families, she sat at some distance from the bridal group, and Mr. Battelle sat beside her.

He was a little, sandy-hued man, with bristling beard, which seemed to threaten impalement to any one who should trespass on the bachelor sanctity of his lips. His voice was monotonous, and he had knobby knees, and shoulders which drooped too far over his chest.

The elder lady of the party was immensely fat, and a color which had once been rose-bloom in her cheeks now spread to her ears and neck and apparently threatened apoplexy. She had a bright, self-satisfied expression, and carried herself as became a woman of worldly experience, though her light woollen wrap expanded as though to cover a pavilion, and her faith in the chair supporting her was apparently far from sound.

The bridegroom's young brother leaned beside her, practising agreeable manners. He was a pretty, pinkish creature, to whom the prevailing tone of navy-blue in his apparel was becoming. But a pensive shade stole over his face occasionally as he glanced at unknown beauties among the passengers and listened to the bride's mother.

"How very fleshy Mrs. Camperman is!" said Mr. Battelle to his companion. He had made the same remark several times before, but his astonishment, like a snow-ball, seemed to grow every time he turned it over.

"Is it possible you have just discovered that?"

"Why, no; but I never looked at her so long before. Can you picture her a pretty young bride like her daughter?"

"Certainly. I wish I were fat."

"You don't mean that, Miss Sands."

"I do. It's the dream of my life to have a great portly mass of tissue between my soul and the annoyances of earth. I should like to have my cheeks hang down and my angles all turned to dimples."

"You aren't angular," said Mr. Battelle, evincing some partiality.

"My feelings are, sometimes. But if I had to amble slowly along carrying a

couple of hundredweight, what could make me peevish?"

"Why, hearing people guess about your weight," said Mr. Battelle, with a laugh. "I don't admire large ladies. I admire delicate, slim ones," pointedly.

"Tudie is a pretty little thing," continued Miss Sands, passing over his implied compliment with unconcern. "But what a hard time she will have in life, trying to understand all the pulpit eloquence of her husband!"

"Simon is talented," said Mr. Battelle.

"Oh, of course. But I know just what they are saying this minute. Watch them. He is sweeping out his hand,—see? 'Susan,' he says, 'when I behold these wonderful works of the Creator, these hills gently melting into the sky, and this rolling water,—which brings the tide up as far as Newburg, below which we shall find the Highlands,—when I see all these glorious works, my heart is lifted with wonder and delight!' And then she gives a little gasp, and turns her head admiringly on one side, and says, 'Law, Simon!'"

Mr. Battelle chuckled. "But how did you know the tide comes up as far as Newburg?" said he. "Is it in the guide-book?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Miss Sands, coloring: "somebody told me it did."

"They'll be very happy, though," mused Mr. Battelle, drawing a longer breath. "A man doesn't care about a woman's being very brilliant."

"Doesn't he, indeed!"

"Not if she's amiable." He drummed with his fingers on the rail. "Amiability is a great virtue in a woman."

"Humph!" observed Miss Sands, lifting her nostrils.

"Don't you think so?"

"No, I don't. If I were a man, I should marry a real sharp woman and try to ripen her. A sour woman is like a winter apple: she'll go farther and amount to more than these early sweetings that melt in your mouth."

"Well, the woman I have had in view

for some time seems a little sharp, yet I consider her amiable," said Mr. Battelle, bending a glance charged with sentiment upon his companion.

They were sitting nearer the saloon-entrance than the others: the sound of voices all around them, and of the boat's machinery, made their conversation in a great measure private. She turned her head over her shoulder, as if she meditated leaving her place.

"Do you want to walk over the boat?" he inquired. "It's very much crowded. You won't enjoy it."

The young lady turned back to the guide-book on her lap: "This scenery isn't as fine as I expected."

"Oh, wait till we get down below. You'll see something grand at Newburg."

She looked up queerly: "Shall I? I wonder if I shall?"

"Oh, yes; there's a whole list of things."

"You've been over the river a great many times?"

"Yes; I don't remember how often."

She looked at him in an absent way, but was conscious of disapproving of his beard and shoulders and of being unreasonably annoyed by him. His mere presence always produced an effect upon her nerves which gave her a hint of insanity. Why she longed to cuff and maltreat this inoffensive man, who had proposed marriage to her twice and only wanted an opportunity to propose it again, she could not make clear to herself. His persistence was a compliment to her, and she knew his business contemporaries regarded him as a very successful man. Whenever Mr. Battelle was in her horizon, the torment of balancing his merits in her mind against her aversion to him had been so often renewed that it now made a secondary train of thought under tense excitement.

Detesting him thus, she yet held to her rights in his preference: she did not want him, but neither did she require that anybody else should take him. In a nature sincere even to grotesqueness, this crook of inclination puzzled her not

a little. She vaguely felt that if she were better satisfied with her own personality it would be easier to overlook Mr. Battelle's shortcomings. There was this sting in his attentions,—that they were supposed to confer a favor on her, though he was not himself a favorite of society. She was such a waif in the world that it would be unreasonable for her to expect much of Fate. But against such judgment the waif mentally revolted. She was as much a heroine as any woman ever celebrated, and clamored for her romance, her full development. Greedy for happiness, she acknowledged a half-stifled envy of the bride, who evidently stood within a charmed loop beginning and ending in the eyes of the bridegroom.

What was there in life worth living for except absorption into some superior nature? The young lady was not unaware that there was a part of her nature that enjoyed juicy steaks and a regular, well-laid table and strongly desired all physical comforts. But her intensest consciousness floated above this part at present in a pink atmosphere, trembling with undefined sensations. "I am going into the saloon a minute," she said, rising. "Don't get up."

"Shan't I go with you?"

"No."

Mr. Battelle did not trouble himself about her peremptory tone, but took care of her chair in her absence.

The young lady disappeared from his sight. He hummed a tune and looked at the water,—the tune in reality being a monotonous booming in the throat, for Mr. Battelle had never been known to "carry" one. He thought he could distinguish between various musical compositions and "Old Hundred," but was not sure.

Miss Sands, when she left him, had felt convinced that the bride's mother was talking about her to the bridegroom's brother: it was only too easy to know what they were saying. To weigh your friends is one thing; to have them weigh you is another.

But Mr. Battelle, indifferent to and unconscious of other people's views,

boomed tranquilly ahead, while the bridegroom's brother was responding, "Yes, they would make a good match."

"She can't teach forever," resumed Mrs. Camperman. "If I was in her place, I'd get out of it as quick as I could. What lives teachers must lead! Such hard work, and so little for it. I'd rather go into somebody's kitchen than teach school, though a hot August day would finish me there." Ripples of laughter chased each other over her face. "Good thing I never had any occasion to exert myself: I always felt myself cut out for a pet."

The bridegroom's brother smiled politely. He could imagine pets of a different kind, but would not have mentioned it for the world. "Mr. Battelle is better able to marry than any other gentleman I know," he remarked, in the pensive tone of a young man who does not regard himself in nearly such a fortunate light.

"He? Why, he's worth his hundred thousand, and ought to have been married years ago. He was a young man in society when Tудie was a baby, and has been a beau to every set of girls since. I don't know just what's the matter. He's rather close. But a good wife would take that out of him."

"He keeps his two younger sisters, doesn't he?"

"Yes. But," added Mrs. Camperman, "that's not as much for a man in his circumstances to do as a great deal less would be for a poor man. He never takes them with him."

"He'd like to have them marry off, maybe." The bridegroom's brother thought considerably on the subject of matrimony.

"And they'd like to get hold of his money. I believe Lucretia is real grasping. But why need I say that? She's a very nice girl."

"She's not pretty," observed the bridegroom's brother; "not near as good-looking as Miss Rodney is."

"But I don't like Roddy as well. I wonder how Miss Sands will enjoy having them as sister-in-laws," she undulated again, with a chuckle.

"Maybe she never will have them."

"Oh, pshaw! I'm certain he wants her, and she won't be such a goose as to go on teaching school. It's the best chance she'll ever have. Why, I've been married twice, and got a good husband both times; and I don't see any sense in young folks hanging back."

"There's a good deal of risk about it," suggested the youth.

Mrs. Camperman rippled as she replied, "You're all willing to take the risk, though.—Miss Sands isn't very strong," continued the matron. "I was noticing to-day how her color comes and goes,—and such a thin creature! It's no wonder, though: the teachers have their lives nagged out of them, if not by the children, then by the rules and examination-papers and such stuff. I wouldn't have had Tudie teach for any consideration. It would be better for Miss Sands if she were comfortably married. If she lost her health, what would become of her? She hasn't any family."

"I don't know," murmured the young man, with polite resignation to Miss Sands's jeopardy. His feeling for her was merely one of benevolent respect. She had taught a class in Sunday-school at one time, and he considered her incapable of such a jarring rudeness as elopement, for instance, or other social misbehavior.

Miss Sands had wandered over the boat in a kind of fever. She found a place down-stairs where she could look out on the churning water. Nobody was near, and her train of thought left little fragments of exclamation on her lips. "So near!" she whispered. And her body recoiled from the approach of destiny.

She was not very definite about her attitude toward the intimate stranger she was soon to meet. Her correspondence had been with a spirit: she had thought of the corporeal part and his relation to mundane matters only in a vague and secondary way. Now they were thrust strongly upon her consideration. Her many impersonal outpourings came back for judgment.

She took the photograph out of her porte-monnaie and studied the bright, sensitive face. On the back of it was written, "Yours, Stephen Guthrie." Stephen Guthrie had been hitherto for several years imaged on the sky for her, suggested in any social pleasure, present in a favorite book. In a pantheistic sense, he had absorbed her. Now she was about to see him as an individual presence: the photograph was to be belied by living and speaking flesh.

Miss Sands felt lumps swelling in her throat. What was he, anyhow? and what was he to her? "Maybe I have debased myself by consenting to meet him in this way," she said, flushing hotly.

On paper he was her authority, her oracle, her conscience; but the nearness and warmth with which his influence had acted upon her life were giving place to chill apprehension. As she approached him he grew strange. She could imagine herself sitting in her room again and telling him on a scrawled page the deep thoughts of her soul; but standing on the deck of the steamer beside him, how could she meet his eyes?

Conscious of a growing ache within her breast, she locked her fingers across it and bent downward over the churning water. If he were not, after all, what he seemed to be, life was a thing to be spurned. She asked nothing but to have an ideal. The tone of his letters had become lover-like and protecting, and she had been greedy of his affection. The people who miss family love are so thankful for any cherishing.

Looking back over her epistolary acquaintance with Stephen Guthrie, the period at which it began seemed far in the twilight of her life, though it was scarcely two years before. She had written a poem which was fortunate enough to find publication in an Eastern city. An appreciative stranger, signing himself Stephen Guthrie, wrote to her, praising it, under cover to the publishers. On receiving an acknowledgment, he wrote again, begging to criticise certain points. They exchanged opinions in a crude and youthful but altogether polite manner. He

was just out of college, and wavering between law and literature. She had spent so much of her time drudging in schools as to be behind girls of her age in her grasp of social conventionalisms: this daring correspondence was spice to a dull life. It ceased for weeks, and broke out again in a merry, bantering strain. He had been on a trip and met a college acquaintance who was also an acquaintance of hers. This lent tangibility to Stephen Guthrie.

She was conscious of saving her witticisms and best poses for him. It was not worth while to make herself agreeable to the young men she met in society, but it was very much worth while to appear well before the mind's eye of this irreproachable being in the distance. She could not track her way backward through the labyrinth of their correspondence, nor remember when she began to be heavy-hearted if the letters lagged in the mail, nor how her correspondent gradually illumined himself with circumstances and surroundings, nor account for the dismay and delight she experienced over the beauty of his face and the double reluctance with which she sent a photograph to him displaying an angularity of jaw-bone and crudeness of hair-dressing most discouraging to herself. A dozen of his little gifts were packed in her luggage. They would have pulled her like elastic cords had she left them behind.

There were elements of absurdity in her position which she could see too clearly. Fortunately, no one but ourselves can know the full extent of all our follies. She smiled to think of the unconscious party on deck nourishing such a plotter as herself in their midst. Yet there was tragedy in the crisis before her. Faith and hope were staked,—if in an unusual way, then more irrevocably staked. Conviction was clinched within her that if this demigod proved a failure she could never raise another altar, never believe in anybody again.

If people could float through the air and lean on banks of cloud while they conversed, she considered, it would be much more agreeable than knocking

one's elbow-joints and stubbing one's toes. She was sure to present herself in some awkward light. The amenities of social life, which her hermit-like absorption had made her despise, became on a sudden necessities. Mr. Guthrie was a young gentleman, and would require to be treated as such.

She moved away from her outlook and went up to the saloon. Happiness that pained and suspense that shaded off upon ecstasy made her impatient of companionship: so, when Mr. Battelle came up behind her, she could bear him less than at any time during their acquaintance. On his part, he disapproved of her behaving oddly. "Somebody will get our chairs," he said.

"Then why didn't you stay and guard them?"

"I didn't like to have you running around over the boat alone. People are noticing."

"Let them notice. I don't have to cut short my walks to suit them."

"You don't want any remarks made. I shouldn't like it."

"How you do speak to me,—as if you had a right to regulate my conduct!"

Mr. Battelle looked injured. His manner stiffened considerably: "You are too artless; you can't see with other people's eyes."

"That's real kind,—when I was so snappish. How far are we from Newburg?"

"Oh, not many miles. That's Poughkeepsie over there. The boat is going to put in."

"We'll go back to our chairs. I'll try not to be so restless."

They went on deck, but other people had taken possession of their seats.

"Never mind," said Miss Sands: "let's stand awhile. It will wear me out quicker."

"You don't want to be worn out?"

"I think I do. That's my normal condition, you know. The delights of travel, and all that sort of thing, are rising to my head, like Mr. Tappetit's soul."

Her companion smiled, and began to hum again. The young lady resented

this droning. She looked at him in a fashion which made him inquire, "What's the matter?"

"I heard a horrible grating noise, as if the boilers were out of order."

"The boilers on these boats are pretty safe," said Mr. Battelle, drumming with his fingers.

The steamer drew up to the Poughkeepsie dock, and they watched the excitement it created. Tardy travellers were rushing up from the distance, and people and luggage were shoved over the plank as if the boat's life hung on their haste. The yelling and scrambling lasted so brief a time that her bulk had seemed to hover there an instant rather than pause, and she turned toward the river again, dipping tranquilly down-stream.

Mrs. Camperman beckoned to the dispersed members of her party, and they made their way toward her. They had not the beatific expression of the bride and bridegroom, and she was moved to inquire, "Do you feel well, Naomi? You look pale."

"Oh, I always look my worst when I'm enjoying myself most."

The bridegroom rose to yield his seat to Miss Sands, but she waved him back: "Thanks, sit still; I can't take it, indeed. The next place we stop, an acquaintance of mine *may* come aboard, and I want to be near to see."

"Tell me how the party looks," said the bridegroom's pink brother, with bantering alacrity, "and I'll go and meet her for you. Is it a young lady?"

"Of course it's a young lady," said Mrs. Camperman, with her usual undulation of smile. "What would Miss Sands do with more gentlemen on her hands?"

Miss Sands herself faced that question for the first time, and laughed at Mr. Battelle's clouding face, but offered no explanation.

"He'll propose to her this trip," thought the matron benignly. As to Miss Sands's approaching friend, she gave that individual no second thought. Girls always had acquaintances in all quarters of the Union.

But Mr. Battelle was perhaps haunted by suspicion. After exchanging a few words with his party, he wandered away by himself, and when the boat approached Newburg he had a vantage-post for keen observation.

Miss Sands did not observe him. She took her travelling-bag and went into a dressing-room. Her ruffs had to be replaced, and this fresh setting made her notice how wizened and sallow the face under her Derby hat appeared. She had none of the little trinkets which add so much to a woman's dress, and had plainly never given her mind to the most effective looping of a tie.

"If I *could* look like anybody else," she exclaimed to herself, "and wasn't too big in some places and too little in others, or ever stayed five minutes the same in my clothes! I haven't been as homely for years as I am to-day. Maybe something will prevent him from coming on the boat. I wish I could go around invisible. A person's soul is all covered up, but the miserable little freckles come out and take a front seat."

Her hands trembled with haste until she had finished, and did their work over two or three times afterward in scorn of it and to pass away surplus minutes. She went out and sat on a sofa in the saloon, shoving her travelling-bag underneath.

In the midst of all this agitation, her mind went back to one particular day in her Hoosier childhood, when she was visiting some Illinois children and they hunted for wild plums. She stood again in the thick grove which was like an oasis in the prairie, and saw the horizon-bounded plain sweeping off to the ends of the earth, now dipping to a "slew" and now rolling up to a ridge. Again she felt the plums rattle down about her sun-bonneted head and gathered her apron full, shouting with the other children, who shook the trees or scrambled as she did. Again the plums burst their yellow and scarlet sides against her lips and she experienced the first delight of their acrid sweetness. In those days she was not groping around the

world, full of self-dissatisfaction and half-understood desires. Her brown little paws were good enough to gather plums with, and the other children were wholesome companions, exhaling a spirit like the breath of flag-lilies.

The dread of meeting her ideal friend in the shape of a stranger was beginning to vanish. She propped her chin meditatively with one hand, thinking of all his stirring and unusual qualities as revealed in his correspondence. It was he who had blown away the bitter moods her lonesome position created in her, and vitalized her communion with heaven as no pastor ever succeeded in doing.

The boat was making for the Newburg dock. She saw the terraced city on its side-hill, and recognized points,—the Headquarters flag-staff, the sloping streets, the bowers of trees. She crossed quickly to a spot which commanded the gang-plank, and her ears buzzed. There was a great crowd on the dock: people seemed confused and pressed upon each other, and in the midst of everything she noticed a blue haze across the breast of that height down the river which might be Cro'-Nest.

CHAPTER III.
FOG AND RAIN.

BAGGAGE was shot ashore, and arriving passengers were cast out with it, in the midst of yelling and confusion, and the plank was skipped over by many embarking feet.

Miss Sands had intended to hold Mr. Stephen Guthrie's picture furtively in her hand, but she forgot it. The face was, however, very distinct to her mind, and nowhere could she trace the least likeness to it. Some very elegant people embarked,—mothers and daughters going down by the day-boat to shop or spend an afternoon in New York, youths who appeared to hold the universe in tribute and were attended in several cases by men-servants. Whoever else there were, Miss Sands scarcely cared to notice. The boat swung off.

He had not come aboard. She drew a deep breath, and, turning, saw in an opposite glass a ghastly face above her linen duster. She was neither glad nor sorry, but rather numb.

A hand grasped the upper part of her arm. She found herself confronting a little creature in pearl-gray, a many-plumed hat faced up with blue, and with a saucy chin tipped up from its ruffs of lisse and lace. Light curls were confined by a ribbon behind this face, which had a cream-tinted complexion with no touch of color excepting across the lips. At the first glance Miss Sands noticed how delicately the eyebrows were marked above the full blue eyes and how meltingly infantile and innocent the whole countenance was. Such baby curves are rarely preserved past the sixth year; but in this case they were evidently present in the sixteenth.

"I knew you at once," said the little creature, extending her hand to be shaken. She half made up her lips for a kiss, but Miss Sands looked so dazed that she was obliged to spread that pink bud into a laughing flower.

"But I don't know you," said Miss Sands.

"Yes, you do: I'm Stephen Guthrie."

"Stephen Guthrie!" Miss Sands repeated the name as if it were a sound of doom. She had a sensation of contracting to an atom and then expanding suddenly to a mountain.

"I knew you the moment I saw you. I knew your elbows would stick out this way. Why don't you say you're glad to see me? You thought I was a gentleman, didn't you?"

"Why, yes," Miss Sands thought she heard her voice replying far down the river through a great deal of fog and chillness. "With that name, I may have had some misapprehension that you were."

"Let's sit down where we can talk," said Stephen Guthrie, getting cosily upon a sofa and bestowing a smile upon Miss Sands beside her. "Well, my name is Stephen,—or so near it that they always call me that. I'd like to be a boy, too, but I wasn't consulted about that."

Here's your last letter." She pressed a paper in her pocket. "You look a great deal older than I thought you would. Are Indiana people all so brown? Where's your party?"

"On deck, I believe," said Miss Sands, again through fog. "Will you go and be introduced to them? Or shall I just send your photograph out there?"

Miss Guthrie laughed aloud: "You aren't mad, are you? Don't be mad. You know you wrote me once you didn't like young gentlemen very well, and I thought you'd be ever so glad to find I'm a girl. It wouldn't have been just the thing for you to meet a strange young gentleman, you know," she argued sweetly, lifting her eyes. "I shouldn't have dared to propose and urge a meeting as I did. That isn't the way girls out West do, is it?"

Miss Sands now felt herself as condensed and collected as an icicle. "Oh, yes, it is," she replied. "People out there browse in the fields, and such girls as are not sent East to be educated always fall matrimonial victims to Yankee peddlers."

Stephen Guthrie smiled down mischievously at her bracelets. She wore two broad enamelled bands on her round wrists. "Now you're quizzing. I'm so glad to see you! But you don't look quite as I thought you would. I thought you'd be shorter and not so bony. It must be hard work to teach school, if it makes you so bony. And so stiff! You sit up just as straight as a ramrod!"

"I'm ready to be run into a mould and made any kind of shape you require."

The young Guthrie regarded her askant, and, drawing amiably closer, patted her hand. "Gnome!" pronounced this charmer coaxingly. "But you're too long for Gnome. I think I'll call you Gnomon."

"And will you tell your Gnomon," said Miss Sands, imitating her tone, "how you did manage with the sun and your good stars to get such a gentlemanly photograph?"

"Oh, that was easy enough. I just sent a picture of my boy. Isn't he real handsome? But you can't have him. I thought you'd meet him some time, anyhow: so I just put his picture in. I'm afraid you *are* disappointed because I ain't a man. But, now, honestly, a man couldn't have written the letters I did,—could he? Oh, I must tell you what fun I had with an old maid last week. We had been corresponding,—you won't care to hear how the correspondence began,—but she knew I was a lady. She wanted me to advise her what to do with her life," said Stephen Guthrie with elderly sedateness; "and she came a great deal out of her way to consult me here. I met her at the train, and I knew her in a minute,—just the same as I did you. She had the complexion all those Vermont and New Hampshire women have,—clear white, crumpled a little. She was dreadfully surprised when she saw me; said she had thought I was more '*machure*.' I looked too much like a child. *Don't* I look mature? I'm as old as you are."

"Yes," said Miss Sands; "you look as old as a hag. You only want a staff and a beard to resemble one of Macbeth's witches."

"Oh, Gnomon!"

"Because you trifle with people's credulity and take them in their weakest places. It wasn't any great feat to make a fool of me: I was noted even at school for being the simplest, most credulous noodle on earth."

"You *do* look a little lunny," said Stephen Guthrie lightly and with perfect good nature,—as if you'd be one of those people to stand with your mouth open instead of climbing in when an up-town stage was starting. But, Gnomon, you oughtn't to be indignant at me for personating a gentleman. I knew you were too smart a girl to fall in love with a stranger. Of course you wouldn't do that! So why should you care? I saw from the first how headstrong you were, and thought I could have a better and more powerful influence over you if I wrote in that way."

"Of course." Miss Sands was con-

scious of flinty amusement. "I feel my obligations to you as I never did before. But I'm a little mixed up, you see. My religious instructions and my ideas of truthfulness and straightforwardness have got tangled and all confused with that old maid's case."

"Western people *are* awfully honest and straightforward," said the cream-tinted siren candidly. "I like them real well, all I have ever seen. But, Gnomon, please believe what I have told you about religion," she added, lifting a devout face. "I ain't good, and don't live up to what I preach; I'm gay and volatile and wilful; but I love God really and truly."

The magnetic sweetness with which this sentiment was stated, and the devout blue eyes, were enough to make unbelievers quiver.

Mr. Battelle, who had been hovering at a distance watching this conference, by this time sauntered up.

Miss Sands was staring so rigidly at the floor that she saw him with a start.

"Your friend came aboard," he remarked with approval. The pearl-gray and blue vision, who smiled up timidly at him, was quickly having him presented to her. She offered her hand, which Mr. Battelle received with warmth.

The stewardess was crossing the saloon. As Mr. Battelle was preparing his coat-tails to sit down on a chair near these young ladies, he was surprised to see Miss Sands dart up and run to the stewardess. He could not hear what she was saying, but the stewardess, after the hesitations and demurs of her kind, took the young lady to a stateroom, and the young lady went in and locked the door.

Mr. Battelle murmured some excuses to Miss Guthrie and followed the stewardess. "Is the young lady sick?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir. She said she was. She said she'd be better if she was by herself a minute."

"I'll go see what's the matter," said Stephen Guthrie, at his elbow.

She knocked at the door. But Naomi

Sands made no reply, having laid herself face downward on the bed.

CHAPTER IV.

"YOU SAID 'YES.'"

MISS SANDS, however, did not know the persistence which stood outside her door. She sobbed between the pillows, smothering with helpless rage. Why she thus rent herself she did not know: something had died, or, worse yet, had never existed. The blood beat in her temples and roared in her ears. She held Naomi Sands in such contempt that, had annihilation been possible and near, she would have grasped it as better than eternities of joy.

No time was allowed her to muster forces and stand up again to battle. Stephen Guthrie knocked repeatedly at the door and begged to be admitted. She would go and make the stewardess open the door. What was the matter, Gnomon? Here was the gentleman, anxious about her.

Miss Sands could hear her two friends talking a few feet away. They evidently camped there on chairs and besieged her. She got up and washed her face: it was dreadfully red, but she knew that all traces of a dissipation of this kind would disappear in a little time. Her toilet-bag was still under the sofa, so its comforts were not available.

She realized, as she finally opened the door to admit Stephen Guthrie, the instability of human nature,—how prone we grow to be rid of the blessings we lately sought with supplication.

The little creature came in, and they could hear Mr. Battelle humming in his chair. "You've been crying," she exclaimed aggressively, cuddling upon the bed. "I'd like to know what it's all about. I haven't done anything to make you cry."

Miss Sands was silent, mopping her face with the towel.

"Have I?"

"Certainly not," said Miss Sands, clearing her countenance and speaking with a high metallic ring.

"Are you one of these cry-babies that begin to wrinkle up their faces the minute one crooks one's finger at them? *Don't* cry. You'll make me; and I was going down to New York to-day just to be with you." She took out her handkerchief and began to press back the moisture in her eyes with it.

"You little thistle-down!" exclaimed Miss Sands, with some scorn.

"But I'm not light," argued the thistle-down. "Outside I may look like a baby, but I have a woman's heart. You are angry at me for misleading you about myself."

"Oh, no: I enjoy posing as a huge donkey. You can tell the affair to your friends, especially those who come to your law-office."

"That was a neat touch,—putting the law-office in my letters," mused Miss Sands's spiritual adviser. "What makes you take everything so seriously? Can't you enjoy a joke at all? I thought you'd be one of those jolly girls that laugh. I should go crazy if I poked around and cried about every little thing. Who's that gentleman you introduced to me?"

"Oh, he's just the gentleman I expect to marry," said Miss Sands boldly, loosening her hair.

"Are you engaged?" inquired Stephen Guthrie. "So am I: to three such nice boys. None of them are ready to get married yet, and I'm not in any hurry,—for it will be some trouble to decide between them. What makes you do up your hair in that outlandish way?"

Miss Sands, twisting her locks, made no reply.

"Why do you keep looking at me so, without saying anything? You stare at me all the time. It makes me uncomfortable."

Miss Sands, having replaced her hat, sat down. She had passed through a mental surgical operation equal to losing a limb, and was changed, though she felt incapable of analyzing the process or the cause. "I trusted you," she said directly to Stephen Guthrie, whose sweetness seemed dangerous; but, having spoken so far, her cause appeared absurd. She had nothing more to say.

"I know you did, Gnomon, and I have not betrayed your confidence: indeed I haven't. Nobody has seen your letters. They are all, except the one in my pocket, at home in a barrel."

Miss Sands smiled slowly. A silence, narrow, but deep as a cleft between precipices, separated her immediate past from her immediate future.

Stephen Guthrie stood up before the glass to arrange some crinkles in her hair. She had the air of an injured child protesting against grown-up unfriendliness, and once kicked backward with her boot-heel.

"Let us go out on deck," said Miss Sands, opening the door.

The little creature followed her, putting an arm around her waist. It was an irresistible soft arm; no one could fail to feel its magnetism.

Miss Sands walked and spoke with a languor new to herself. She thought if there was any sentiment left in her it would certainly yield to such pretty cajoling. "We are going through to Philadelphia this afternoon," she remarked slowly. "Were you going with us?"

"Oh, no; not to-day. I'm to meet Joe in New York this time, and go and make a call on his sister. I hope I shan't happen to meet the other two boys: that's the disadvantage of having to engage yourself to three men in the same town. But New York's a big place, and I didn't let them know I was coming."

Mr. Battelle, still hovering near, joined them. "Do you feel better, Miss Sands?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes; the feeling has passed entirely away."

"I'm glad to hear it. We're coming to West Point. You're losing some of the best scenery."

"She doesn't care for scenery when she has me," said Stephen Guthrie, bestowing a confidential squeeze on the waist she held. "We haven't seen each other for a long time."

"Where did you first meet each other? I never heard Miss Sands talk much about you."

"We met each other first in a Midsummer Night's Dream," said Miss Sands: "I played the part of Bottom the weaver, and she took the rôle of Puck."

Mr. Battelle disapproved of dodging a subject, and Stephen Guthrie, seeing this, with ready tact said, "Oh, we've been acquainted two or three years, but we only met to-day. We knew the same people, and had some correspondence. And I told her if she would let me know when she passed Newburg, I would go down on the same boat."

Mr. Battelle felt his imagination stimulated, and exclaimed, "Well, well!" and "Why, why!" several times. He laughed, also. It was such a womanish piece of plotting. "And what if she hadn't come on the boat?"

"Oh, then I should have gone on just the same," said Miss Sands.

"I thought you seemed a little excited. But you didn't say much about it, either, till a short time before we reached the place."

He made way for the young ladies across the deck, and saw Miss Guthrie presented to the rest of the party, innocent of any change that Fate had brought to him within the half-hour.

Mrs. Camperman saw at a glance that the little creature was unexceptionable. So did the gentlemen, particularly the pink brother.

At once the bride ceased to be the centre of the party. She was allowed to sit by and smile while Stephen Guthrie flashed and sparkled like a stone with rainbows at the heart. Though combining a world of accomplishments and fascinations, this new presence appeared so frank and simple that her manner undervalued herself. In a woman who wore larger boots, and lacked her round, babyish nose and dimpled mouth-corners and waist scarcely two spans of a masculine hand, her manner might have bordered on rowdiness; but in her, condensed and refined, it was fresh individuality. She could no more be rude than a child of four chiding its mother can be unfilial.

She received the bridegroom's chair, and the bridegroom's brother became at

once a free-will offering. It was instructive to watch the rapt skill with which she entangled him. Everything was forgotten but complete conquest. There could be no room for another woman beside Stephen Guthrie, unless that woman accepted the office of incense-bearer.

The thin teacher looked on, not able to comprehend this hunter-spirit of her sex that was so ready to make game of the nearest object.

Mr. Battelle was edified. He leaned on the rail and enjoyed himself under such spray of the merry shower as glanced off on him. That he escaped the fell force of her influence was due to the fact that Stephen Guthrie preferred very young men, and, therefore, rejected him as of secondary importance.

When the company was at its merriest, Naomi Sands went to the other side of the deck and sat down.

The Palisades overshadowed her with their greatness. She saw a house, looking the size of her thumb, up in a cleft, and longed to hide in it. The people there had such facilities for taking a header into the water. She laughed, leaning her chin on her arms against the rail.

After a while, Mr. Battelle came up, lightened in countenance and carriage by the pleasant society he had enjoyed. "Why, what are you doing over here by yourself?" he remonstrated, still creasing his cheeks and displaying crow-feet about his eyes with lingering amusement.

"I'm being very disagreeable," said Miss Sands.

This frank avowal could not affect Mr. Battelle. He wiped his eyes and observed, "Your little friend is very amusing,—very amusing indeed."

"Oh, I've handed her over to the others. You can have her for your friend now."

"You don't feel well at all, do you?"

"I never could endure being pitied, well or ill: so it doesn't matter."

"I'm not pitying you," said Mr. Battelle, having a sense of injury, as in facing a chilly wind after witnessing

some beautiful sunset. He turned on his heel, but paused and sat against the rail: "We've all been trying to persuade Miss Guthrie to go on with us to the Centennial. She hasn't been there yet."

"Will she go?"

"No; she has engagements. It would be delightful to have her in the party."

"So it would."

Mr. Battelle played tattoos with his fingers.

"I think I shall go home and not stop in Philadelphia at all," said Miss Sands.

"Do you feel so badly as that?" he exclaimed in alarm. "You must see a doctor."

"I want to see my brother." Her throat gurgled as if she had swallowed a sob. "I want to see somebody that honestly and truly belongs to me. I'm homesick for that."

Mr. Battelle turned his back on the group across the deck and leaned down in the kindest manner. "Well, just look at me," he urged in an undertone. "I've honestly told you my feeling several times."

Miss Sands's eyes rested on his knees: they had never looked less knobby. "Perhaps you had better go back to my engaging little friend," she observed.

"Well," replied Mr. Battelle, "I will, if you can't give me a fair answer. I might as well dangle around one place as another, since the woman I want treats me so badly."

Miss Sands looked up as high as his beard, and if its lines were not flowing, they bristled to some purpose. "I have a wonderful distrust of my own judgment to-day," she said. "Maybe if I say 'Yes' I shall take it back another time."

"You might say 'Yes' till that time came."

"I have not behaved well to you."

"No, you haven't," clinched Mr. Battelle.

"And you have been very kind to me."

"I've tried to be kind to you."

She mused a little while, and he, fortunately, forgot to fill up the pause by drumming on the rail.

"My travelling-bag is in the ladies' cabin, under the sofa where we were sitting: if you will please go and bring it, I'll tell you when you get back."

Mr. Battelle departed to the ladies' cabin.

She hastened to take a photograph out of her *porte-monnaie*. The people all around were busy with their own unseen delights and troubles, and if any one saw her look at it before she tore it in fragments, the incident was very trivial. She rolled the fragments in a wad, twisted some blank paper around them, and, drawing her hand back, threw this bunch over the guards into the river. Her hand had struck something: looking around with hasty excuse, she beheld Stephen Guthrie contemplating the wad soak water and separate into its component bits.

"Oh, certainly," said Miss Guthrie, in reply, with an understanding smile. "That was a silly trick."

"What are you throwing overboard, Miss Sands?" inquired the bridegroom's brother at his enslaver's elbow.

"Some rubbish in my *porte-monnaie*."

"If it had been my own," said Miss Guthrie, "I shouldn't have cared. But to treat *him* that way,—poor, inoffensive fellow!"

"Here's Mr. Battelle with more cargo to lighten the ship," said the young man, unable to comprehend why the young ladies seemed out of harmony with each other.

"Is this it?" asked the bachelor, presenting the travelling-bag.

"Thanks; I believe it is,—yes."

"You said 'Yes'?"

Miss Sands repeated languidly, "I said 'Yes.'"

CHAPTER V.

AN OLD VILLAGE.

A GREAT deal of noise and sight-seeing and stirring experience was crowded

between the moment Naomi Sands saw the last of Stephen Guthrie—standing on the New York pier at which the boat touched, absorbed by a young man in a round coat, round hat, and other accoutrements of similar style, further emphasized by a slim cane and a little tan dog—and the moment she stepped out of the mail-hack before the house in which she expected to find her brother.

Her party was going home, attenuated to Mrs. Camperman and Mr. Battelle. The bride and bridegroom and brother remained in New Jersey. She left them a day's journey from their destination, refusing to let Mr. Battelle come to the remote village with her, but visibly lighter-hearted because she meant to marry him and do so much for her brother.

"I have more sense than I started with, at any rate," said the girl to herself as the hack rattled on its way. "This is what I should have done long ago. I was the tenderest fool alive,—afraid of wronging Mr. Battelle, afraid of everything but immaculate glory in some imaginary person. Now I have begun to be hard and practical."

In a very hard and practical way, bruising her side against the gatepost, she mounted the door-step, and knocked. "The house looks as if it had been shut up for years. On such a warm evening they would have it open if they were at home. I wonder if anything has happened. Virgil can't be de—" She grasped the door-facing at this thought.

A narrow ditch, which she had crossed on a board, separated the house from the road. It was a bald house, painted on the front, but displaying weather-beaten sides never touched by a brush. The windows glared vacantly. Miss Sands would have persevered in knocking, notwithstanding this unoccupied look, had not a neighbor appeared in the next yard, eager for some sensation. A child was in her arms, which she rested on her hip during the conference. "Howdy do?" said the neighbor civilly. "Who did you want there?"

"Good-evening," replied Miss Sands, anxiety stepping on the heels of her civility: "isn't Miss Barrett at home?"

"Who?" inquired the neighbor, making a dismal grimace to protect her eyes from the dazzle of the clouds.

"Miss Melinda Barrett, that had a boy named Virgil Sands living with her."

The neighbor had by this time noted every item of Miss Sands's costume, including a brilliant new cluster ring on the third finger of her bare left hand, and was ready to be neighborly. "No. The' ain't no Miss Barrett lived there sence *we* come to town; and we ben here nigh a year."

"But she used to live in this house. When did she move?"

"Land knows! Some of the other neighbors mebbe could tell you. The's ben three or four families moved in and out here."

"This is very strange. I had no idea they had left this house." The young lady looked pale.

"What did you say the name was?"

"Barrett. The boy's name is Virgil Sands. He is my brother."

"Your brother! Well, I wish I could tell you where they was! Oh, pshaw! don't feel bad," she added sympathetically. "The's no harm come to 'em. Folks moves about so much in this town. 'Pears like you can't keep track o' nobody. My man's mother she's moved three times sence I've ben there ary time. My baby it's about three months old, and I ain't got to go much sence it was born. Seems to me there was a woman named Barrett livin' down in the old warehouse by the canal,—jest above the bridge."

"But why should she live in a warehouse?"

"Oh, it used to be a warehouse, but they fixed it up to rent, and it's full o' families now. You might ask there."

"Thanks." Miss Sands again walked over the plank, and took her way to the distant warehouse. All the cross-streets and open places were choked with dog-fennel and ringing with grasshoppers' voices. If she had been walking in the

valley of dry bones, it could not have seemed more dead.

She was obliged to pass the stores before reaching the warehouse. The male population of the village sat on door-sills or chairs outside, whittling, and disposing of important political questions. These seats were the city gates, the market-place, the Areopagus: quids and stains of tobacco and apple-cores marked the labors of the council. Miss Sands passed by, carrying her small travelling-bag, and every man suspended his occupation to look at her, follow her rapid gait with his eye, and then to throw an interrogative glance at his neighbor.

She was at a loss how to enter the old warehouse, until some dirty children playing around the double doors opposite those opening on the canal intimated the possibility of getting in there. No street ran alongside, but a common of sunburnt dog-fennel, with a hog or two taking his ease in the heat, stretched roomily in front.

The children gazed on Miss Sands and were ready to affiliate with her. She made some inquiries, to which they replied with the ready brightness of childhood, pushing one another toward her or running to hide behind the corner of the building. A woman on the floor above put her head out of the window and listened.

"He's runned off," answered one prancing bison, whose quantities of dry shag could not conceal the blackness of her eyes.

"Who you talkin' 'bout?" cried the woman at the window.

Miss Sands looked up and explained her errand. She was now quite pale, and her lips trembled: "This little girl says he has run away; but I don't think she understands me."

The woman left the window and came down a rough general stairway, sleeking her hair and pinning her dress in places, yet with strong curiosity overmastering every other feeling. "Yes, *he's* run off," she affirmed incidentally. "Ben gone over a week now. And Miss Barrett she moved out to her brother's folks, somewhere in Franklin County."

"How long had they lived here?"

"Well, not very long. They'd lived first one place and then another before they moved in here."

"What made him run off?"

The woman was moved with compassion. "Come in and set down," she urged: "you look like you could hardly stand."

The children had a box in which they had been riding, sled-fashion. They offered that, and, though their elder declared it was all over dirt and like as not winnowed full of fleas from the dog-fennel, she took it gladly, while they stood by in frolicsome solicitude.

"Well, I don't know," said the woman cautiously, "what did make him run off. Miss Barrett was very simple and easy about him; he done as he pleased. She didn't know how to raise a boy."

"Did she feel frightened when he went?"

"Yes, she felt dretful bad. She was a-gittin' ready to go to her brother's,—they live on a farm, and it'd ben better for him, but he didn't like the idee; and she got up in the mornin' and found he had left word with some other boys that she needn't look for him no more. She took on about it."

"And he has not been here since?"

"No. She had to go when her brother sent his team for her things; but she left consider'ble word about him."

"Do you know if she received letters from me?"

"I don't know who she got letters from, but I've seen her git 'em out of the post-office."

"I wonder what I shall do? Have any of the boys a clue to his whereabouts?"

"No, I don't think he told nobody, or we'd hear it. He run with the town boys."

"Poor little Virgil! How did he look?"

"Little! He's a lummix of a feller, good deal bigger than you! I says, says I, 'It's time he's startin' out to do for hisself, anyhow.'"

"But he has not been taught any-

thing," said Miss Sands warmly. "A boy must have some training to amount to anything."

"Virge was smart enough. He was always readin' everything he could get hold of. My boys done days' works 'fore they was his age."

"You didnt like him," said the young lady disapprovingly.

"Why, yes; I had nothin' ag'in the boy."

"You never saw him when he was a dear, cunning little fellow with his top hair laid over in a curl." She held her face in both hands, her body quivering.

"She's a-cryin'," whispered the children to each other, and one of them uttered a suppressed "te-hee!"

"Shut up!" whispered the bison, shaking her forelocks at the giggler.

Clearing her cheeks with a handkerchief, Miss Sands looked at the ground: "I came to get her consent to take him with me. I expect to get—I am going to be in a position to do a great deal for him. And he went just a week ago?"

"Just about. Boys often take such spells," volunteered her informer. "They ain't never satisfied 'less they run off once or twice."

"Do you think he will come back soon?"

"I don't know. They gener'ly come sneakin' home to git somethin' to eat in consider'ble less than a month."

"I am going to leave my address." The young lady took out a card and wrote upon it. "If you would please to take care of this and give it to him when he comes? I have told him to send me a telegraphic message, and I will pay charges and send him money to come to me. And would you please tell him his sister came and was so disappointed to find him gone? And tell him I am very, very uneasy about him." The woman kindly promised everything. "When you can send me word where

he is," concluded Miss Sands, flushing consciously, "I think I may be able to send you something handsome, if you will accept it."

"Oh, never mind that," said the woman; but she allowed Miss Sands to make a memorandum of her address, smiling. Something handsome so seldom came in her way,—it was pleasant to have anything besides monotony and dog-fennel in perspective.

The young lady then betook herself to the tavern, where the host conducted her to a parlor shaded with green-paper blinds whereon roses as large as cabbages hung over vases as large as barrels, and the landlady came in to entertain her.

A brass bell was rung on the front steps when supper was ready, and everybody sat down at one long table, to eat hot biscuits, apple-sauce, fried liver, and variously-served potatoes and fruit-butters. The boarders were a happy family, comprising the photographer, the dry-goods clerk, the school-master, a number of youths who called the landlady mother, and the man who drove the hack. They all knew the errand of this strange young lady, and looked at her with considerable interest, pressing dishes on her acceptance. They said nothing to her, but had a great many jokes of their own containing qualities to make a man roar and hit the table with his fist; and the landlady told Miss Sands, in a sympathetic aside, that "them boys did keep things lively."

The traveller had to wait for the early morning hack. While all the village dogs were barking their nightly overture, she was standing by the window, crying again, and accusing herself, "If I had tried to do more for him, instead of running after my silly dreams, he wouldn't now be a wanderer on the face of the earth."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PETS.

THERE are instincts the study of which gives one a curious insight into the methods by which Nature attains her objects. Self-preservation is said to be her first law, and it is easy to see how "natural selection" could enforce compliance with such a decree: creatures that had mastered the art of taking care of themselves survived, the others perished; and the obvious necessity of that result still fills the school of life with eager pupils. But there are non-egotistical instincts whose real purpose has been carefully concealed. The inamorato blindly sacrifices his interests to those of the species. The ostentatious nabob becomes a patron of art and industries. "Vanitas," says Burton, "is a far better almoner than Caritas." The hobby-rider, the collector, the curiosity-monger, tug stoutly in the harness of science. Nature, it seems, rather mistrusts our sense of duty, and thinks it safer to bait a task with the semblance of a pleasure whenever she wants to engage our services on behalf of our fellow-men.

With the same trick she overcomes the still greater difficulty of employing the abilities of a superior species for the benefit of an inferior one. Against the resources of the constructive two-hander some of his poor fellow-creatures are unable to hold their own, and they would lean on a brittle reed if they had to rely on his Christian forbearance or on his recognition of their, perhaps somewhat recondite, usefulness. But the pet-mania solves the problem,—an instinct with an egotistical mark, but all its caprices shrewdly calculated to offset the effects of our destructive propensities. Helpless creatures can hardly be useful ones, but their dependence flatters our self-esteem, so we protect them, and Nature's purpose is answered. Finely organized animals need more care than others; we make them our special favorites, apparently on account of such incidental

qualities as their playfulness and intelligence. We prefer rare pets, plausibly because of our fondness for out-of-the-way things, esoterically because they probably represent a species in danger of extinction. For instance, when the ur-ox, the ibex, and the bustard (*Ovis tarda*) were on the point of being exterminated, they became such favorites with preserve-owners that their survival is now abundantly insured. There is a strange virtue in rarity. I suppose that our buffaloes, too, will become objects of *virtù* in time to save them from utter extirpation.

Curiosity-hunters sometimes dote upon creatures that would rather dispense with that honor; but, on the whole, protectors are in greater demand than protégés; hangers-on are less often sought than found. Young animals are naturally submissive. The "myth-making propensity" of Monsieur Du Chailu has perhaps been exaggerated, but I cannot help thinking that the stories about the uncompromising ferocity of his gorilla-babies must be apocryphal. The one that died last year in the Berlin aquarium-building was as playful as a child, and far more long-suffering and resigned,—"placid as a Hindoo," as Herr Behrens expressed it, and as, indeed, all analogies would lead one to expect in an animal whose anatomy, diet, and habitat are those of the vegetarian chimpanzee. Old oranges and chacma-baboons are churlish customers, but their young ones make most amiable pets; young tapirs, in spite of their pig-like stupidity, are by no means intractable; and I have often wished to try my luck with a young grizzly, for I am sure that jaguar-cubs can be made as tame as kittens. I raised one whose diet had certainly nothing to do with his gentleness, for I had nothing to give him but rats and beef; but I kept him nearly a year and a half before I ever knew him to hurt anybody intentionally; children and

strangers could tease him with impunity, and I noticed that he always retracted his claws when the house-dog engaged him in a sham fight. The young of many animals, and especially of the feline species, have a curious way of parading their submissiveness by crawling to their master's feet, purring, and rubbing against his knees, or turning over on their backs,—a symbolic expression of unconditional surrender. They seem to feel their deficiency in useful qualities, and try to make amends by an appeal to our affections. The development of their natural weapons does not always awaken the disposition to employ them against a despotic master, unless circumstances assure them that his protection can be dispensed with; captive baboons of an advanced age still treat their keeper with a filial affection whose demonstrativeness fluctuates with the quality of the *menu*. For similar reasons danger often effects the sudden conversion of an infidel pet. The post-trader of the Fortin de San Pablo, near Mazatlan, is the nominal proprietor of an old ocelot that has long ceased to recognize his authority. Juanita absents herself for weeks together, and visits the post only as a guest, or rather as a privileged member of an inspecting-committee, for she rummages the premises, appears and disappears without asking anybody's leave, and resents every familiarity on the part of her former patron. But one evening she had just entered his store, when a troop of horsemen alighted at the gate, and a minute after a government scout with a big wolf-dog stepped up to the counter, while his comrades deposited their saddle-bags near the open door. Juanita cast an uneasy glance at the blockaded door, and in the next instant caught sight of the dog, and he of her, when the attitudes of both parties became so disagreeably suggestive of an impending set-to that the scout reached for a stick to chase his dog out. But Juanita either misconstrued his motive or had already made up her mind to secure a vantage-ground, for just when he faced about she leaped upon the counter, and with the next jump upon

the shoulder of her old master, and there proceeded to "get her back up," growling viciously and bristling up into twice her natural size,—exactly like a frightened kitten on top of an easy-chair.

Professor Brehm had a similar experience with a truant chimpanzee. The little scamp had the run of the Hamburg menagerie, and one day had managed to squeeze himself through the bars of the bear-rotunda, when one of the rightful tenants sallied from his den with a growl that made Jacko scramble up the centre-pole in wild haste. He found, however, that more than one could play at that game, for the bear espied him and came up the pole hand-over-fist; but when he had nearly reached him, Jacko jumped off, and clear outside of the enclosure, and then rushed into the arms of a by-stander, whom he hugged in a transport of tenderness,—“as a person saved from drowning would embrace his rescuer.”

As a general rule, the spontaneous tameness of a creature depends on the degree of its helplessness, and the young of the most intelligent animals, being, with few exceptions, the least able to shift for themselves, are naturally the most anxious to secure a protector. Pigs can run and root almost as soon as they are born, and are remarkably independent cadets; puppies are cringingly submissive, and young monkeys not only accept but demand human protection. A young macaque, exposed in the middle of the market-square, will tackle the first passer-by, mount him, and cling to him as to a responsible relative, and fly out into a fit of exasperated jumps and screams if the stranger should decline the trust. One night I lost a little bonnet-macaque, together with a pet squirrel, and thought I had seen the last of them, as they had both been bitten by a savage cur whose owner had entered the garden-house by mistake. The squirrel had escaped to the woods, and never returned; but the next morning, as I was going toward the town, I saw my little macacus sitting in the middle of a cross-road, Micawber-like, waiting for something to turn up. The moment he saw

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me coming he made for me, but, hearing a wagon approach from the other side, he turned around, jumped aboard, and took a seat by the side of the astonished driver. It was evidently not a case of personal attachment, but of philanthropy in general: like Madame de l'Enclos, he loved man *in abstracto*.

Billy Hammock, a mountain-squatter near White Cliff Springs, Tennessee, and supposed to be the champion fawn-catcher of his native State, informed me that most of his speckled pets had been caught by his little son in the huckle-berry season,—i.e., quite incidentally. It puzzled me how the little lad could have brought them home from the distant mountain-ranges he mentioned as his chief hunting-grounds, till he assured me that they *followed* him, after having been carried for a quarter of a mile or so; and, judging from the importunate tameness of an all but new-born specimen, I had no reason to doubt his statement.

The European stork seems naturally

so fond of human society that he prefers the roof of a Dutch farm-house to the best nest-tree, and where he can be sure of good winter-quarters he has even been known to forego his yearly trip to the tropics, though his powerful wings would



"JUANITA."

carry him in four days from North Holland to the rush-meadows of the Senegal. All intelligent birds can be domesticated, and the most intelligent of all, the common crow, is one of the few creatures that can be equally well tamed at any age. The old ones are harder to catch than any other birds of our latitude, but

once boxed up they forthwith surrender at discretion, and in a day or two follow their captor all over the house and treat rival pets with vigilant jealousy. I have often wondered how tame crows and monkeys would probably be if they had been under civilizing influences for as many generations as some of our domestic

animals,—chickens, for instance. The dawn-heralding cock is mentioned in the Sama-Veda; but sixty centuries of domestication have only half cured the innate shyness of his tribe. "Rushing around like a scared chicken," is an often-used phrase of the German language: corner a barn-yard fowl in a narrow lane, and see how it will illustrate the fitness of the simile. A tame crow under such circumstances would probably hop on your shoulder or step aside and let you pass. Anatomists could suggest one reason for the difference: in proportion to its size, a raven has about five times as much brains as a gallinaceous fowl.

The question whether there are any *untamable* animals requires a nearer definition of the somewhat ambiguous adjective. Untamable, in the sense of undomesticable, I believe there are none. With the proviso of a guarantee against socage-duty or a change of their natural habits, few animals would decline the hospitality of the *homo sapiens*, especially in countries where the sapient one has become the monopolist of all the good things of this earth. Let any one sweep the snow from his balcony, scatter the cleared space with crumbs, and put the balcony-key where the children cannot find it, and see how soon his place will become the resort of feathered guests,—not of town-sparrows only, but of linnets, titmice, and other birds that are rarely seen out of the woods. A little discretion will soon encourage them to enter the window and fetch their lunch from the breakfast-table,—by and by even in the presence of their host, for the fear of man is a factitious instinct, unsupported by the elder intuition that teaches animals to distinguish a frugivorous creature from a beast of prey. With so simple a contrivance as a wooden box with a round hole, starlings, blackbirds, martins, crows, jays, and even owls, can be induced to rear their young under the roof of a human habitation; squirrels, hedgehogs, and raccoons soon find out a place where they can get an occasional snack without having to pay with their hides.

Hamman, the famous German sceptic, used to feed a swarm of sea-gulls, often the only visitors to his lonely cottage on the shore of the Baltic. The neighbors suspected him of necromantic tricks, but he assured them that his whole secret consisted in never interfering with his guests,—keeping a free lunch on hand and letting them take their own time and way about eating it. The same magic had probably bewitched the pets of Miss Meiringer, the daughter of a German colonist of New Freyburg, Brazil. Her father was a self-taught naturalist, and his collections have been described by several South-American travellers; but in the opinion of the natives his curiosity-shop was eclipsed by the menagerie of his daughter, who had tamed some of the wildest denizens of the forest, though evidently on the *suaviter in modo* plan, since most of her pets boarded themselves or only took an occasional breakfast at the fazenda. Among her more regular guests were a couple of red coats, or nose-bears, several bush-snakes, and one large boa, a formidable-looking monster with the disposition of a lap-dog, for at a signal from his benefactress he would try to curl himself up in her apron, with a supernumerary coil or two around her knees.

There may be something, however, in personal magnetism. All menagerie-keepers know that there are persons who exercise over wild animals an influence which it takes others years to acquire. The chronicler of St. Renaldus tells a rather tough story about a troop of wild deer attending the saint's funeral; but the testimony of Moslems and Giaours seems to confirm the tradition that a *Santon*, or Mohammedan hermit, near Buda-Pesth had tamed the hill-foxes of the Bakony-Wald, and on his mountain-rambles used to call them from their burrows. Wordsworth's legend of the "White Doe of Rylstone" may also be founded on an actual occurrence, for that some attachments of that sort have had other motives than hunger and fear seems proved by many curious and often very circumstantial accounts of ancient

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and modern naturalists. Saxo Grammaticus speaks of a bear that kidnapped a child and kept it a long time in his den, and Burbequius, in his account of the Turkish embassy, mentions a lynx that had taken such a fancy to one of his men that his mere presence produced "a sort of intoxication" and his absence despair and finally the death of the animal. ("Legat. Turk.," chap. iii.) Pliny, the Roman Humboldt, mentions a tradition of a cow that followed a Pythagorean philosopher in all his travels; but where did he come across

that strange story of the love-lorn *dolphin* that had been the playmate of a child, and, when the child died, came ashore in search of him and thus perished?

The tale of the Roman she-wolf, however, may be something more than a myth. In Dr. Ball's late work on Eastern Hindostan ("Jungle Life in India") there is the following curious account of two children in the orphanage of Sekandra, near Agra, who had been discovered among wolves. "A trooper sent by a native governor of Chandaur to demand



STRANGE MESSMATES.

payment of some revenue was passing along the bank of the river about noon, when he saw a large female wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a little boy. The boy went on all-fours, and, when the trooper tried to catch him, he ran as fast as the whelps and

kept up with the old one. They all entered the den, but were dug out by the people with pickaxes, and the boy was secured. He struggled hard to rush into every hole or gully they came near. When he saw a grown-up person he became alarmed, but tried to fly at chil-

dren and bite them. He rejected cooked meat with disgust, but delighted in raw flesh and bones, putting them under his paws like a dog."

The other case occurred at Chupra, in the Presidency of Bengal. In March, 1843, a Hindoo mother went out to help her husband in the field, and while she was cutting rice her little boy was carried off by a wolf. About a year afterward, a wolf, followed by several cubs and a strange, ape-like creature, was seen about ten miles from Chupra. The nondescript, after a lively chase, was caught and recognized (by the mark of a burn on his knee) as the Hindoo boy that had disappeared in the rice-field. He would eat nothing but raw flesh, and could never be taught to speak, but expressed his emotions in an inarticulate mutter. His elbows and the pans of his knees had become horny from going on all-fours with the wolves. In the winter of 1850 this boy made several desperate attempts to regain his freedom, and in the following spring he escaped for good and disappeared in the jungle-forest of Bhangapore.

Muhammed Baber, in his memoirs, speaks of a fugitive Afghan chieftain who was fed by a tame *mountain-wolf*; and there is no doubt that many pets of the larger species have voluntarily supported their owner instead of being supported by him,—especially where their employment agreed with their natural habits, though in animals, as in some human beings, there seems to be a certain *esprit d'office* which in the service of an imperious master makes them do what they would not dare to do for themselves. The last Rajah of Oude had a pack of hunting-panthers ("cheetahs"), that often took the field of their own accord, and used to deliver at least a portion of their prey, even if the expedition had not been successful enough to satisfy their own hunger. Nearly every Mexican cazique kept a trained eagle, whose value, according to De Vega's chronicle, was often estimated at a sum representing the price of ten slaves.

That eagles can be utilized as well as falcons is proved by the experiments of

the Förster Althofer, the overseer of an imperial game-preserve near Judenburg in Styria. He has trained both the Lämmergeyer and the *Steinadler* (golden eagle) of the Styrian Alps, but prefers the latter, and estimates that his pet ger-eagle saves him each year from twenty to thirty florins' worth of powder and shot. It is strange that the "gentle art of falconry" has gone so utterly out of fashion: on our Western prairies and in the water-fowl headquarters of Southern Florida it would be rare sport to slip a winged retriever, and, if the rush of our business life should leave us no time to do the training ourselves, we could get ready-drilled birds from Western China, where every landed proprietor keeps a pair or two.

But not only pretty or useful creatures find protectors; Vishnu has other pensioners on his list:

For ugly things
He findeth friends and food.

Some people seem, indeed, to select a pet on the principle that it is not likely to find other friends. St. Anthony's fondness for pigs may have endeared him to the hearts of his countrymen, but Lady Hester Stanhope's curs were such an eyesore to her Mussulman neighbors that they made wide détours rather than pass her home in the daytime. She kept leprous mongrels and tame jackals, as well as hunting-dogs. But her caprices were far surpassed by the eccentricities of Lord Rokeby, whose country-seat at Mount Morris seems to have been a promiscuous menagerie of the free-and-easiest kind. Dogs, pigs, monkeys, and young bears galloped up-and down-stairs; a troop of fallow deer had their headquarters on the veranda and their parade-ground in the lower hall. The rooks had spread from the park to the turrets and garrets of the mansion, and defied the housekeeper, my lord being their helper. He, too, seems to have followed Hamman's plan of never touching his pets, merely giving them their board and their own way. Dr. Brehm's pet hyenas were long the marvel of his Hamburg fellow-citizens; but Frank Buckland's fondness for rats

has been unjustly ridiculed,—they are really as playful as squirrels, and get wonderfully tame. Useless dogs are generally the most affectionate, and the same rule holds good of other animals: the most unprofitable pets are the most



THE GER-EAGLE.

demonstrative in their attachments. Tame rats will lick your hands like little spaniels. Monkeys generally try to ingratiate themselves by entomological researches or by guarding the door against an imaginary foe,—listening and starting with well-feigned excitement, like a barking lap-dog simulating wheeziness by way of signaling his official zeal. It may be real gratitude, though: a disinterestedly beneficent and, as far as they can perceive, omnipotent being must be a god in their eyes. Munificence charms even a quadruped savage,—unselfish munificence, at least. For it quickly alters the matter if we expect any services in return, especially such as

involve a loss of personal liberty. In this sense a good many wild animals are not tamable, or only apparently so. It is curious after how many years of seeming resignation the involuntary recluses of our menageries will avail themselves of the first opportunity to escape. In the winter of 1875, Professor Rentz, the German Barnum, lost one of his lions during a freight-train collision near Fürth, on the Frankfort and Ratisbon Railroad. The deserter had been one of his performing animals, and during the last six years his keeper had often permitted him to leave his cage; but this had been his first chance for an out-door ramble, and he certainly made the best

of that chance. Five weeks afterward he was shot near Villach, in Carinthia, having evidently tried to rejoin his free relatives, for in that interval he had travelled nearly a thousand miles south-east, or rather as nearly due south as the Alps would let him.

Monkeys can never be trusted in summer-time. The mere sight of a snow-storm is enough to scare them from an open window; but in the dog-days they cast many a wistful glance at the outer world, with its groves and apple-trees: man lives not by bread alone, and a velvet collar cannot reconcile him to a wire chain. Passive obedience is all one can expect from old-caught animals, and with those of the naturally pugnacious species it can be enforced only by a reign of terror. The wild representatives of the genus *Canis* will snap at your hand whenever you give them a chance. I once asked a German zoologist if there was no way of curing a jackal of that habit. "Oh, yes," said he: "measure him for his life, and thrash him twice a day within an inch of it." The devotion of the so-called pets of our travelling shows is often a sort of devil-worship: the panoply of the *Thierbändiger* ("beast-compeller") of Rentz's circus reminded me of the inquisitorial apparatus in the Nuremberg armory,—goads, nose-wrenches, leg-wrenches, spike-collars, hot-iron prods, pincers, choking-straps, whips, and knock-down clubs.

But there are pets that defy even such arguments. The most expert trappers of the Old World are probably the hunters of the Rhetian Alps on the border of Switzerland and Italy. They catch bears and foxes, kill thousands of squirrels, and visit the Swiss watering-places with cargoes of living pets boxed up in the smallest possible receptacles. Marmots form the staple of these peddling *cazatori*, but they keep also larger animals; and during my sojourn at Flüelen, on the Lake of Lucerne, a travelling *marmottier* sold my landlord a big mountain-lynx, warranted live and sound, though his temporary cage—a plank box with small air-holes—did not give him much chance to display

his liveliness; but before the landlord paid the money he transferred the prisoner to a big chicken-cage of strong boards and faced with a door of stout woven wire. Darkness seems to cow wild animals, for in his new quarters the lynx soon began to snort around in a way that left no doubt of his warranted qualities: so the bargain was struck, and the Rhetian exile became a permanent boarder at the Black Bear tavern.

Some very ingenious bird- and fly-traps have been constructed on the principle that captive animals always try to escape lightwards, probably from an association of daylight with the outer air and liberty. For the first three days our pet concentrated all his efforts upon a certain corner of the door where the meshes were a little larger, and by grim perseverance actually succeeded in breaking one of the wires. But the only point thus gained was a sharp iron prong which lacerated his jaws in a frightful way, till the landlord pried the wire out and replaced it by a ten-penny nail. The prisoner then changed his tactics. Somehow the conduct of his jailers had led him to infer that their object was not to eat and skin him, but to retain him *in perpetuo* for his supposed amiable qualities: so he concluded to make himself as disagreeable as possible. He would double himself up in a corner of his cage, looking unutterable things, and as soon as anybody came near the door fly at, or at least in the direction of, his face with an impetus that bent the wires, suggesting dire consequences if ever the door should give way altogether. These demonstrations he accompanied with a peculiar yell, something between a hiss and a howl, and in the night-time he often uttered that same cry, at uncertain intervals at first, but afterward with the regularity of a minute-gun. The guests complained, and the Bear landlord resolved to silence the serenader. He procured a big horse-syringe, filled it with absinthe, and made the hostler conceal himself behind the cage. Whenever the prisoner raised his voice, the hostler raised his syringe and

drenched him with wormwood extract till he could not doubt that his laments only increased the bitterness of his situation. But despair is as inspiring as hunger, and somehow the lynx found out that the wood-work was the least impenetrable part of his cage,—nay, that the rear board in particular was of a less obdurate texture. This board he now attacked with tooth and nail, to which he superadded a concussive force by stepping back every now and then and leaping head foremost against the centre of the panel. The landlord watched his manœuvres, and finally got uneasy. "He's a Grison," said he, "and his countrymen are a headstrong set. We shall have to forestall him." He rummaged his garret and found just what he wanted,—an old oven-grate, that converted the imperilled board into a heavy-barred window with a wooden shutter.

But the Grison found a road to freedom in spite of iron bars. He retreated to the rear of his cage, with his face toward the darkest corner, and thus remained motionless, day after day, though

the disappearance of his provisions seemed to prove that he must spend his nights in a less pessimistic way. His serenades, at least, had never been resumed, and the landlord flattered himself with the hope that he was going to accept the situation, when the hostler discovered that his last two weeks' provisions had been hidden under the straw, and that the prisoner was *in articulo mortis*, to judge from the glassy appearance of his eyes, and from the feeble groans which the cover of his straw couch made almost inaudible. "I'm up to that game," laughed the landlord. "I had a fox that tried that same trick on me. We'll soon make him eat: all we have to do is to chuck out his straw; if he sees the meat, he won't resist the temptation."

But before the cage was opened the groans became lower and lower and finally ceased, and when we removed the straw we found that the Grison was already beyond worldly temptations: he had solved the problem of Gautama in a way of his own.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

A CHRISTMAS CARD.

DEAD are the asters by the roadside drear;
The days are short, the winter's snows are here;
Beside the Christmas hearth my thoughts still stray
To memories of the summer passed away;

When, wandering along some rocky shore,
We heard each other's thoughts, as ne'er before;
Or sailing o'er the ocean, sparkling blue,
We saw old scenes with eyes that made them new;

When, stretched at length on some soft grassy bed,
We heard the birds sing in the boughs o'erhead;
And, when the blood-red sun was dropping low,
Through the salt meadows took our evening row.

Gone are the days of summer, long and fair,
Dark are the evenings now, and chill the air,
As from my fireside unto thine I send
A Christmas Greeting from a Summer's Friend.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

MR. WILLIAM MERRIMAN, JR., described by his friends as a rising young lawyer, came up town one evening in December about an hour later than usual. It was his habit to stop somewhere on the way up and dine in a leisurely way, and then to get to his room at half-past seven, or thereabouts. On this particular evening, however, he had lingered over his coffee and newspaper, and now, as he reached the door of his apartment, he was made aware of the lateness of the hour by the roar of the grate inside. The chamber-maid had been instructed to leave the blower up when she kindled the fire, by which means the reluctant draught was coaxed into efficiency just at the time of his customary arrival. It had now an hour's extra headway, but the faithful domestic, with the unreasoning obedience of a Casabianca, stuck to the letter of her instructions. Accordingly, when Merriman entered the room he found things booming. A loud smell of varnish went up from the legs of the chairs, a crimson glare from the bottom of the grate smote upon the carpet, and a fiery crack defined the outline of the dull-red blower. This last being taken down, the walls and ceiling bloomed like a rose; and, while the glowing iron snapped and cracked as it slowly cooled, Merriman got himself into dressing-gown and slippers, lighted a big pipe, settled himself in his easy-chair, and, by the steady firelight, proceeded to read a brace of letters which he had found on his mantel. The first of these ran as follows:

"BLANKSKILL-ON-HUDSON,
"December 18, 187-.

"DEAR MR. MERRIMAN,—Mamma is ill with a cold, so I am doing her correspondence. We came up to Blankskill very unexpectedly, but now that we have opened the house we mean to spend Christmas here, and we have hit on quite a bright idea. We are going to

ask about a hundred people up for the evening of Christmas day and have that little comedy over again which had such a success at the charity entertainment,—'If She be not Fair for Me,'—you know. We shall expect you to take the same part you had before. The actors ought to be here by the 23d, to rehearse, if possible. So you must R. S. V. P. We shall keep a *few choice spirits* through the holidays, and, of course, mamma says you are to consider yourself included in that list. There will be sleighing, and, I *hope*, ice-boating, if the river only keeps frozen. So you must make arrangements to leave your anxious clients for a few days. We will let you go back in time for New Year's calls.

"Very truly,
"HARRIET VAN SHUYSTER."

The other letter bore the postmark of a small hill-town in Berkshire, Massachusetts, and these were its contents, to wit:

"CHUCKATUCK, December 18, 187-.

"MY DEAR COUNSELLOR,—Can't you get off at Christmas for a week up here? We are alone, as usual, my sister and myself, and can't offer you anything brilliant in the way of entertainment. You used to like to take long walks in college and then come home and "chin" over a wood fire. We can do that here to satiety. We can take you sleighing, too, if the snow doesn't drift off the roads. Then, you needn't go to church and hear me preach if you don't want to. I will lend you the MS. of my sermon, which will do just as well. Say you will come.

"Yours faithfully,
"CHARLES HOPKINSON.

"P.S.—You take the Housatonic Railroad at Bridgeport and stage for Chuckatuck at Whistleville. Fishing through the ice on the pond."

The warmth of the room had a relaxing effect on the will, and the recipient of these invitations sat a long time in a luxury of indecision. A complacent smile stole now and then across his face, and his thoughts were evidently as rosy as the clouds that curled upward from his meerschaum.

Presently footsteps came along the hall, followed by a smart rap at the door.

"Come in," called out Merriman lazily, not troubling himself to look round.

The door opened, and a tall, Mephistophelian-looking man, with a sallow face and black moustache, stepped into the room. "For God's sake!" he exclaimed; "do you keep a Turkish bath here?"

"Halloo, Willett; that you? Come in. Why haven't you been in before?"

"In before! Who do you think is coming into such a hell on earth? Open a window, quick."

"Why, of course," laughed Merriman. "I was thinking of it, but I couldn't get up the energy. Just open that one in the alcove, and then come and sit down."

Willett flung up a window, and then, approaching the mantel, said, "Give me a pipe. I've got time for just one smoke."

"You're always in a hurry," grumbled his friend. "*Sans aucune affaire et toujours affairé*,—that's you. If you want a big-Injun smoke, there's old Popocatepetl on the table. If you want a little smoke for a cent, you'd better take Spit-fire there on the shelf."

Willett picked up a pipe and began filling it from a large jar representing the face of the sleeping Holofernes. "Which it is limited," he said, looking around the small room; but added approvingly, "which it is a *bijou*."

"It is kind of decorative. But haven't you been here since I took these quarters?"

"Never. You used to be on the other side of the shebang, one flight up, last time I was here."

"Well, how are you, anyway? Tonight you come *gerade wie gewünscht*: I want your professional advice. Sit

down, and I'll put the case. Have some whiskey first?"

"I will always have some whiskey,—if properly approached."

"Then read those two letters while I make a tod, and tell me what to do."

Willett took the letters and read them gravely through. He frowned a little and drew down his heavy eyebrows, sucking silently at his pipe, as he read.

"Well?" said Merriman at length. "What does the calumet say to my brother the Sagamore? Here, take your fire-water and give us your talk."

"Which do you want to do?"

"I can't make up my mind."

"Toss up a cent."

"At least, I know what I want to do, but I don't know what I ought to do."

"In that case, do the one you want to do."

"Willett, you have no Moral Earnestness. I have long suspected it: now I know it."

"Oh, yes, I have, lots of M. E.; but where does it come in here?"

"*Die Sache ist nämlich die*. Hopkinson is always asking me up there, and I've never been. I don't want him to think that I'm cutting him. Hopkinson is a very good fellow, if he is a parson, and we were very thick in college,—chummed together for a year, in fact. I'm under considerable obligations to him in one way and another. I ought to go. I really ought." Merriman repeated this with the futile emphasis of irresolute persons when they are trying to bully themselves into a determination. As he sat in the light of the fire, his face offered a strong contrast to the swarthy, sardonic countenance of his friend, his length of jaw and high cheek-bones. Merriman's face, with its delicately-cut features, pale complexion, and straw-colored side-whiskers, expressed lively intelligence combined with a certain weakness and irresolution. "I know it will be a beastly bore," he continued: "muffin-worries, and calls from parishioners; introduced to the senior deacon and the village belle—with ringlets—and the man who keeps

the academy, probably a graduate of Podunk University. And then the sister is doubtless the worst sort of old frump. The fact is, I am sorry for Hopkinson. He has the making of a man in him, but he is stuck off there on a huckleberry-hill with a salary of twelve hundred dollars, and he's getting into the narrowest kind of rut. I suppose he reads nothing but the *Missionary Herald* and that sort of thing. Last time I saw him he looked all gone to seed." Merriman paused to contemplate the mental image of the Rev. Mr. Hopkinson, and sipped meditatively at his glass.

"The Van Shuysters are swellness?" suggested Willett.

"Rather swell,—rather swell," answered Merriman complacently. "I wish they wouldn't put a crest on their note-paper; and Blankskill-on-Hudson is too much agony. But women will do such things."

"And the Miss V., I suppose, is prettier than a spotted purp?"

"Well, she's not bad. But you've seen her, haven't you?"

"No, I think not. Oh, you'd better take them up and have a good time of it. If you go to Hopkinson's, now, you'll get nothing but grocery cider with your Christmas dinner, and have to go out onto 'the stoop' for a smoke. Whereas, if you do the other party, you can 'travel with great drinking, deliciously money spend,' like your French friend—wasn't it?—who wrote you that letter from Montreal."

"Yes," said Hopkinson, laughing at the recollection: "'deliciously money spend,' that was the phrase."

"Then, on Sunday you'll have to hear—out of common politeness—two sermons at least from your host; whereas at Blankskill-on-Hudson, I infer, they knock spots out of the Christian Sabbath."

"Willett, I fear you are little better than one of the wicked."

Willett eyed him severely for a moment, and then replied, "Far be it from me to speak slightly of your religious opportunities. I am myself—since my

engagement—a polished corner of the temple. Go, by all means. Go up, Baldhead. Yes, go up to—Hardscrabble, was the name?—and my blessing go with you."

"But you haven't told me what excuse to give Hopkinson."

"Tell him you had accepted the other invite before you got his."

The two young men regarded each other steadfastly and then burst into a simultaneous explosion of laughter.

"You are a bad man,—a bold, bad man," said Merriman. "Have another tod, and fill up your pipe."

"No; I must be going," replied Willett, looking at his watch. He rose and wandered round the room, examining the various articles of "bigotry and virtue," and then, with an abrupt "Good-night," took his departure.

Coming in like the monitions of the worldly voice in "Dipsychus," Willett's counsel had fixed for a moment the vacillating impulses in Merriman's mind; and, while the impression was fresh, he lighted the gas and dashed off answers to his two invitations, sealed and addressed them, and sent out for a messenger-boy to post them.

Let us follow them to their destinations.

Mrs. Van Shuyster and her daughter were sitting by an open fire in the library of their country-house at Blankskill-on-Hudson. The wind shook the French windows, which opened on a wide piazza. Thence the eye ranged over a lawn glittering with crusted snow, over clumps of Scotch firs weighed down with piles of feathery white, over the ice-bound river far below and the dreary opposite hills. The drive-way which wound across the lawn was well broken with sleigh-tracks, but just at present no living thing was in sight except a few men stirring about the big ice-houses on the other bank. The elder of the two ladies was a comely matron, with the long Dutch nose and heavy Knickerbocker chin. The same features were repeated in Miss Van Shuyster, but with the softer emphasis of youth. She had, too, her mother's fresh complexion and tendency to stout-

ness. Mrs. Van Shuyster was busy over some mysterious piece of needle-work; her daughter was listlessly turning over the pages of a novel. Now and then the latter yawned and looked dreamily out upon the winter landscape. A young-lady cousin lay asleep on the sofa, and her breathing was more than audible.

"How that child does sleep!" said Mrs. Van Shuyster softly.

"How that child does snore!" rejoined her daughter.

"I'm afraid she has taken a bad cold."

"Of course she has,—going out last evening without the ghost of an overshoe. She's too giddy for any use."

"Isn't it almost time for the mail?" asked Mrs. Van Shuyster, after a long silence.

"Yes, it is,—after time; and there's John now."

And in fact the jingle of sleigh-bells was heard, and a cutter came up the drive. The elder lady went placidly on with her work, but the younger threw down her book and stepped to the window. The slight noise aroused the sleeper, who sat up under her rug and rubbed her eyes. "Have I been asleep?" she asked.

Both ladies laughed, and Mrs. Van Shuyster answered, "Well, you sounded like it."

"Oh, did I snore?—*did* I snore? How horrid! Why didn't you wake me up?"

"Call it 'stertorous breathing,' Charlie," said Miss Van Shuyster soothingly.

"Call it 'fiddlesticks!' You'd have let me do it all the same if the room had been full of men." She approached the mirror over the mantel and gazed ruefully at her reflection. "What a nose I've got on me!" she continued. "It's a regular purple. I know I shall be a perfect fright next Tuesday. I'm mad enough to go up-stairs and bite the bureau."

"Go up, instead, and put some cold cream on your nose," suggested her cousin.

"It will go down before Tuesday,"

said her aunt, inspecting the offending member with the air of a connoisseur.

"Oh, *do* you think so?"

"It won't if you fuss with it," said Miss Van Shuyster brutally. "Put some cream on it, and let it alone."

At this point the door opened, and a servant brought in some letters, which she handed to Miss Van Shuyster, who tore them open eagerly, one after another, and announced the contents: "This one is from the Hoffman Duyks: they are all coming; that's good. H'm! Mr. Lampick sends regrets; he has to go to Washington. Well, somebody else will have to take Alonzo. Fortunately, the part is short; but then his moustache is a great loss. Here's a note from Mrs. Madison May. *He* is coming, but *she* can't. Well, no one wants *her*. Oh, here is one from Mr. Merriman. It is to you, mamma: will you read it?"

"Why, no, my dear. I suppose they are all to me, aren't they?"

"Oh, is Mr. Merriman coming?" broke in the impetuous Charlie. "I think he is just too lovely! *Don't* tell me that he isn't coming! It would darken all my young life." She clasped her hands with a tragic gesture and lifted her eyes appealingly to her cousin, who colored slightly under her gaze.

Miss Charlotte Middlesex—known to her intimates, who were numerous, as "Charlie"—was a vapid brunette, with a baby face and large, innocent eyes. She had also a low, cooing voice; and under cover of all these advantages she managed to say and do the riskiest things with an air of confiding simplicity.

"There must be some mistake: I don't understand," began Miss Van Shuyster, glancing over the letter. "The envelope is addressed to mamma, but the letter begins, 'Dear Charlie.'"

"Why, it must be for me!" exclaimed Miss Middlesex.

"Do be still, you ridiculous girl! Mamma, see if you can make it out."

Mrs. Van Shuyster took the letter and read it out, as follows:

"DEAR CHARLIE,—It would give

me the greatest pleasure to take up your offer for the holidays, but I have just written accepting an invite to make one at a Christmas party at Mrs. Van Shuyster's, up the North River. I'm very sorry, but it can't be helped. Perhaps I can run up and see you some time before long and take in the walks and the fishing through the ice. Don't fail to let me know when you come down to New York. Please give my respects to your sister, and believe me

"Yours faithfully,

"WILLIAM MERRIMAN."

"Oh, now I see it all," said Miss Van Shuyster. "He was writing to us and to some other people, and he has exchanged envelopes. What a thing for a *man* to do! And he always laughing at us for being Mrs. Nickleby's and sending bundles by kindness of Mr. So-and-So, instead of by express, and for being afraid to write on postal cards, for fear the post-office men would read it. Oh, we'll never let him hear the last of it. Don't lose that letter, mother, for the world. We'll learn it by heart and quote it to him. We'll make his life perfectly *meeserable*."

"Hattie!" said her mother warningly. And then, looking at the letter again, "It seems that we may expect him, at any rate: he says as much to his correspondent here. Put the letter in my desk, dear, and I will give it to him when he comes. It would hardly be worth while to send it back, I suppose. He will start before it can reach New York."

"I wish I knew who got the other letter, and what was in it," murmured Miss Middlesex. "It might be something awfully compromising. Wouldn't it be fun if it was?—like things in Shakespeare, you know."

"Compromising to whom?" demanded her cousin sharply.

"Oh, not to you, dear, not to you, of course; but maybe to 'Dear Charlie,' whoever he is. Charlie—Charlie! It's quite a coincidence, isn't it?"

"I don't see any coincidence about it," answered Miss Van Shuyster.

Meanwhile, the other letter had reached port.

The postmaster—who was likewise the store-keeper—at Chuckatuck had pigeon-holed the last newspaper of the afternoon mail. The few people in waiting had taken their departure, but the ring of village loafers still hugged the stove, on whose red-hot sides the sizzle of the frying tobacco-juice acted as a gentle stimulant to their conversation. The talk was suspended for a few minutes by the entrance of a young lady wrapped in a hooded cloak with scarlet lining, who brought in with her a breath of cold air. The gossips eyed her with the respectful and furtive curiosity due to the minister's sister, while she called for her mail, received a single letter, and went quickly out again. Inside, the stream of debate resumed its deliberate course. Outside, the wind was sharp and the twilight gathering. As the minister's sister turned into the slender path trodden in the snow, which led down through the pasture, across the frozen brook, and up the hill to the parsonage, she noticed that the lamp had already been lighted in the study and was sending its glimmer through the net-work of bare orchard boughs. But her impatience to see the inside of the letter was such that she opened it as she walked along, and spelled out its contents by the fading light. The envelope was directed to the Rev. Charles Hopkinson, though in opening it she was not committing one of those small feminine breaches of honor over which the cynical reader might naturally "chortle." The Rev. Charles, in fact, had gone off for a day or two to a "convocation,"—a mysterious periodical ceremony whose recurrences formed the only dissipations of his quiet life. He had commissioned his sister to open all his letters in his absence. Some of them might need immediate attention. In particular, he was expecting an answer to his invitation to Merriman. If the latter was coming, there were certain household preparations to be made, of which Miss Hopkinson should have timely warning. On the other hand, if he was not coming,

she was free to accept an invitation to spend Christmas with some friends at a distance. She had resigned herself to the self-denial of staying at home to help entertain her brother's old college chum, and her resignation had been made easier, perhaps, by a certain flutter of expectation natural to a youthful spinster about to be confronted with a rising young lawyer from New York, whose fascinating qualities her brother was never weary of describing. Only a few evenings ago, as they sat before the study fire, Hopkinson had said, breaking out from a long reverie, "Bill Merriman is one of the few fellows that I know who haven't changed for the worse since leaving college. When I go to the city and hunt up my old class-mates I come back feeling melancholy. They seem to me to have grown coarse, and I probably seem to them to have grown narrow. They act as if they were glad to see me, and are very kind, and all that, but I can tell from their talk that their ideals have become lower. They've lost their old enthusiasms; they're all for money,—money. I've no doubt they think me a stick. Now, Merriman has retained a kind of fine boyishness: he is just the same old chap, and it makes me feel younger to see him." Miss Hopkinson made no reply to this outburst, and presently he went on: "I'm afraid, though, from what he told me the last time I saw him, that he is going too much into society. A young lawyer had better stick to his books pretty closely at first."

"But think how society would suffer," suggested his sister.

"Oh, come, now, don't be ironical. I see you are bound to nurse a prejudice against Merriman."

"Well, if he is such a swell as you say, what are we going to do to entertain him up here? Shall we take him to the meeting of the Dorcas Society, or show him the public buildings? There's the jail, now, and the bank. Or he might go to the store and be weighed."

"Oh, you don't know Merriman: he likes this sort of thing just as much as you or I."

"What sort of thing?"

"Well,—nature, for instance: walks, etc. He will be interested in your collection of ferns."

"How kind of him!"

"And sitting by the fire this way. We used to have many an owl over the fire Saturday nights in old South Middle. And that reminds me: I must get that box of hickory-nuts down from the garret. I hope they haven't turned rancid. And there's some of the canned cider left that Deacon Applesseed sent in at the donation-party. But, Sarah dear, I've told you a dozen times that you must not give up your visit on our account. Emma and I can run the house well enough and take care of him without you."

Sarah's answer to this was to rise and come behind her brother's chair. She took hold of both his ears, and, bending over, kissed him on the forehead. "You dear old thing!" she said. "You and Emma run the house! I think I see you! What would you get to eat? No; if he is coming I shall stay, though I know I shan't like him."

"Yes, you will," asserted her brother warmly: "he always makes himself agreeable to women. The only thing about him that you may not like at first is his—not exactly frivolity, Merriman is not a frivolous man at bottom,—but I am afraid he is getting some worldly notions in New York. I mean to have a serious talk with him, if I get a chance."

It may admit of a doubt whether Merriman's worldliness was really a very strong objection to him in Miss Hopkinson's mind, or whether, in her secret thought, she cherished so strong an assurance that she should dislike him as she pretended. She chose to take a defiant tone in speaking about him to her brother; but who knows what little plans she made for the time of his visit, what little touches of newness her simple wardrobe privately underwent, what innocent dreams lent a subdued excitement to her maiden meditations?

And now the epistle was come which would decide her plans for the holidays.

A single quick glance as she took it from the hands of the postmaster had

told her that the postmark was New York and that the handwriting was—well, was similar, in fact, to the autograph under a certain photo in the Rev. Charles Hopkinson's "class album."

Miss Hopkinson was not conscious what a charming "spot of color" she added to the demi-gray landscape as she walked slowly on, intent on deciphering the letter, or now and then stood still to make out a word. The snow creaked under her sauntering footsteps; the wind, which made a wintry music among the dry stalks of golden-rod along the path, swayed her light figure and, blowing aside her cloak, exposed the scarlet lining. It also rumbled the fringe of yellow hair that hung down under the eaves of her hood, and when at last she finished the letter and lifted her indignant eyes, the darkening heaven which they encountered was less deeply and softly blue. Indignant eyes, for they had just read the following words:

"DEAR MRS. VAN SHUYSTER,—Your invitation comes just in time to save me from another, which I couldn't very well have declined, to spend my Christmas with a clerical class-mate who 'keeps a few sheep in the wilderness,' with an old-maid sister for shepherdess. Accept my gratitude, and expect me on the 23d to rehearse, though I think I remember the part well enough.

"Yours thankfully,

"WILLIAM MERRIMAN."

The snarl of emotions which filled the young lady's breast the reader will hardly expect me to untangle. She gave a fierce little laugh and clutched the wicked missive tightly as she strode up the hill. Had she been given to soliloquy,—a habit convenient to novelists, but seldom, alas! indulged in in this work-a-day world,—her monologue might perhaps have run in this wise: "Well, you *have* given yourself away, Mr. William Merriman! So I'm an old maid, am I, and a shepherdess, and Charlie is a 'clerical class-mate'?—poor Charlie, that thinks he is his best friend, and all the while he is laughing at him behind

his back and sneering about us to his rich acquaintances like Hattie Van Shuyster. (What a queer coincidence that he should be going to the Var Shuysters! Of course he can't know that Hattie is a friend of mine.) He thinks we are not 'swell' enough for him. I always knew he would prove to be a snob, a perfidious, ungrateful, odious snob," etc., etc.

The letter raised a number of problems, which she puzzled over as she sat at tea that evening. Ought she, for instance, to destroy the note, or keep it till Charlie came back, and then show it to him and let him return it to Merri-man without further comment than to mark on the envelope, in lead-pencil, "Opened by mistake by C. H."? This latter plan would have a fine crushing effect. But then she knew that the letter would make Charlie feel badly, and she was not quite sure that he would approve of her having gone on to read it after seeing that the address was a mistake. Men are so fussy about these little points. Then, again, ought she under the circumstances to give up her projected visit or to spend her Christmas at home? "Charlie will be awfully lonely," she thought, "but then what a chance! what a chance!" And she smiled maliciously as she packed her trunk and put the letter in the tray of it.

The next morning her brother came back. She greeted him with more effusion than usual, and hung on his arm as he stood warming himself by the air-tight stove in the hall.

"Any letters?" he asked after a while.

"Oh, yes, a few lines from Mr. Merri-man. He can't come, because he has made another engagement for the holidays. So I've packed up, and I told Mason to have the stage stop for me after dinner. But, Charlie dear, I don't feel at all like going and leaving you alone. Please reconsider and go with me. The Van Shuysters will be so glad. Hattie has been wanting to know you for years; and you know what a point they made of your coming."

"No, no; I can't," answered Charlie.

Jenkins has made arrangements to exchange with Burroughs next Sunday, and couldn't preach for me. Old Mr. Stone may drop off any minute, and the family wouldn't like any one else to conduct the funeral. I shouldn't probably enjoy the party much anyway, I should have to hurry back so. I'm sorry Merriman can't come, but I shall have a snug Christmas and get that work done for the *Christian Andiron* that I promised to send them a week ago. You didn't burn Merriman's letter, did you?"

"No; I laid it down somewhere. You might find it on the library-table;—and then, again, you mightn't," she added under her breath as she ran off to the kitchen for a final interview with Emma, the "help."

The late lamented Van Shuyster had amused his leisure with scientific and artistic dabbings, and had built a large room with a skylight adjoining his library, in which to carry on experiments in the black arts of photography, electricity, and moulding in clay. This Mrs. Van Shuyster, who had a passion for theatricals, had lately reorganized into a sort of dramatic saloon, closing the skylight and arranging a tasteful little stage at the upper end. Here, on the evening of Christmas day, was seated an audience of some two hundred guests, waiting for the play to begin. The room was unlighted except by the reflection from the drop-curtain, which hung softly brilliant in the radiance of the foot-lights. On either side of the stage were painted in fresco grotesque masks, socks, and buskins, and other histrionic insignia. The walls were decorated with Christmas greens and illuminated Gothic texts expressive of sentiments appropriate to the season. A subdued hum of conversation filled the assembly, a faint perfume hovered on the air, and here and there a jewel flashed in the dimness. There were yet some minutes to spare before the curtain would be rung up, and Merriman, who had finished dressing for his part, stepped out upon the stage in the costume of a Spanish alcaide of the seven-

teenth century. Finding a crack in the curtain, he began a leisurely survey of the audience. He was presently joined by Miss Van Shuyster, who emerged from a thicket at L. L. E. in a ravishing peasant costume with shortish skirts, high heels, and her arms, which were shapely but rather massive for a young girl, bare to the shoulder.

"Well, well! Such curiosity!" she exclaimed.

"'Sh!' he responded softly: "here's another hole; come and peep."

"Who is here?" she asked. "I haven't seen a soul yet outside of the *troupe*, I've been so busy getting things ready. Mamma and Charlie have been receiving the people. Aren't you awfully nervous?"

"Frightfully. I know a few of the audience, but more of them I don't. The room is rather dark to make out faces. Come and do Helen on the battlements of Troy pointing out the leaders of the Greeks to the Trojan old men. I'll be a Trojan old man. Don't I look venerable in this dress?"

"Talk about dresses! I never, never will be a peasant again. Don't you think it's horrid?"

He turned and inspected her critically. She cast down her eyes and stood demurely to be looked at, with the least little conscious red on her cheek. "You mean," he said, "that it's a trifle—unsecluded? Well, you can't expect me to object to that."

"Ach! gehen Sie! gehen Sie!" she answered, turning away. "Where is that peep-hole?"

"Here is mine, and there is a larger one for you close by it."

It was in effect so close that as they stood side by side to play spy on the audience her dress brushed slightly against him, and he became aware of that subtle aroma which is neither the breath of the lips nor the fragrance of the hair, nor yet any definite odor like violet or musk, but which is a delicate suggestion and reminiscence of all these and holds a natural affinity with silk and kidskin. She stood very still, as if the proximity was not unpleasant. Mer-

riman was evidently on 'easy terms with this young lady, and it occurred to him now, as it had often done before, with a certain complacency, that her inclination toward him was rather thinly disguised. Augustus Montague had once said to him at a ball,—Augustus Montague, whose acuteness of observation was only equalled by his frankness of speech,—

"Damn it, Merriman, why don't you go in for Miss Van? I'll bet my sweet life she says 'Yes.' A bonanza, my boy; millions in it. Law's awful slow; you'll never get rich at it. Fire out your office-boy, and take Miss Van into partnership. Wedding in Grace Church; tour out West; settle down on the old woman for a few months; and then Mrs. M. finds that her throat is delicate and she can't stand this beastly changeable climate, and so off you go, up the Nile and everywhere, first bestowing a life-pension on yours truly in gratitude for this advice."

"In sooth, Augustus," Merriman had answered, laughing, "I might do worse. And there she is now; I'll go ask her—to dance."

"Conceited cuss! but the women like him," murmured Mr. Montague, as he watched his friend making his way up the room.

And indeed Merriman had often acknowledged to himself in his more "worldly" moods that he might do worse. Wealth, with its refinements and elegancies, had lost none of its glamour in the eyes of an ambitious youth reared in a New-England factory-town, who had struggled with poverty through school and college and had come to New York with a sharp appetite for success. Besides, Miss Van Shuyster, though somewhat heavy and commonplace, was not without personal attractions. Montague's remark passed through his mind again this evening as he stood adjusting his eye to the little slit in the canvas.

The spectators were grouped with a picturesque irregularity. There was no slope to the floor of the theatre, but the seating had been arranged as far as possible so as to let those at the rear look over the heads of those in front. Near-

est to the stage was a double row of men squatted Turkish fashion on the carpet,—here and there among them a young woman lifted above the general level upon a cushion or *bricche*. Conspicuous among these was Miss Charlotte Middlesex, chattering and laughing with her admirers. "Now, I want you to understand," she called out, "that we all belong to the *claque* down here, and I shall expect you to back the show."

"Shall we applaud everything, Charlie?" asked one.

"No, indeed. Oh, I have my favorites, I tell you. You must wait for me to give the signal. When I want you to clap, I'll tap Mr. Block on the head—so—with my fan, and he will lead off. Three taps means an *encore*. Mr. Block, I hope your head isn't *very* soft, for I know I shall get enthusiastic in the sentimental parts."

"Let me get you a camp-chair, Miss Middlesex," cried another: "you will get awfully tired without a back."

"No, no; I don't want a chair: Mrs. Estridge's knees make a lovely back. Pinkie Buchanan, be a good fellow and pass me that paper of burnt almonds. Isn't this awfully, awfully jolly? Like sitting on the grass at a circus!"

Behind this advance-guard led by Miss Middlesex were several rows of low wicker settees; behind these, higher tiers of upholstered sofas and chairs; and, at the rear of the room, a few seats mounted on tables. On one of the highest of these, as upon a throne, sat a girl whose face seemed to form the apex of the whole assembly and the focus of all the scattered rays of light in the room. It was a short, rosy face, crowned with heavy coils of straw-colored hair. The mouth was large. The dark eyes were levelled steadily at the drop-scene, and Merriman had a nervous feeling as if they looked through the canvas into his own. Her *ensemble* was so striking that no jewelry would have been too rich, no colors too pronounced, which she might have chosen to wear. But she was dressed very simply in a white cashmere, with a necklace of the palest amber for her sole ornament.

"Who is that very handsome girl at the back of the room?" inquired Merriman, after regarding her fixedly for several minutes.

"Handsome girl?" answered his hostess. "Which one? Where?"

"Don't you see? In a white dress; right in the centre of the last row."

"Well, to be sure! How glad I am she's come! Why, it's Sally Hopkinson, an old fem. sem. chum of mine; and I haven't seen her for a year. Do you think her pretty?"

"Pretty! She is gorgeous."

"She has a lovely complexion and hair. But her mouth is big, and her eyes don't match with the rest of her face."

"I like a generous mouth," said Merriman. "What's her name? Hopkinson? Where from?"

"Why, she is a compatriot of yours, —from Massachusetts. She lives in a little country town in Berkshire, with her brother, who is a minister. We used to call her the Puritan maiden Priscilla at the seminary. I'm so glad you like her looks!"

At this moment the prompter's bell rang sharply, a hush fell on the audience, and the curtain began to tremble. Merriman and his companion fled into the side-scenes just in time to avoid an exposure.

The reader shall not be bored by a description of the play which followed, nor of the manner in which the various actors acquitted themselves, nor of the comments of the spectators. Let it pass silently over our stage, like the dumb show in an old comedy, noting only that one of the mimes carried all through his rôle a sub-consciousness of a figure in white and a pair of indigo eyes that stared at him from the end of the auditorium. In spite of which distraction, he acted with his usual cleverness, and won loud applause from Charlie Middlesex and her band of *claqueurs*.

When the play was over, the company filed out of the theatre and stood about in groups in the large parlors and library, discussing the performance. Merriman, having washed off his war-

paint, went in search of Miss Van Shuyster, whom he found receiving congratulations on the success of her theatricals.

"You promised to introduce me to Miss Hopkinson," said Merriman, joining her circle.

"Oh, yes. There she is now, talking with Charlie and Mr. Block, at the end of the room. I haven't spoken to her yet."

The greeting between the two young ladies was effusive.

"You dear little Yankee!" said the hostess, kissing her guest several times in rapid succession. "Why didn't you come sooner? You've got to stay with us, now, till after New Year. And why didn't you bring your brother? I want to introduce an admirer, who says that he knows your brother and is so disappointed that he didn't come with you. Mr. Merriman, Miss Hopkinson."

Merriman bowed eagerly, and Miss Hopkinson rather coldly.

"If you are Charlie Hopkinson's sister," he began, "I feel as if I knew you already. Charlie and I were chums at college, you know, for two years."

"Yes, I have heard him speak of you," said Miss Hopkinson, not very emotionally.

Merriman was about to speak again, when Miss Middlesex broke in, fixing her large eyes on him, sighing and waving her fan slowly: "Oh, Mr. Merriman, how *beautifully* you acted! I don't see how you do it. I never could. I should break right down."

"Miss Middlesex has too much individuality for an actress. She couldn't lose herself in her part," said Merriman, laughing.

"No, it isn't that," she replied, shaking her head mournfully; "but I could not face the audience,—never—*never*! 'Twould be blush, blush, blush with me, like that poor man in Hardy's novel."

"Oh, we all know how bashful you are, poor thing!" said Miss Van Shuyster. "What made Mr. Block run away when we came up?"

"He's gone to smoke a cigarette in the billiard-room," answered Charlie, pouting. "I wanted to go awfully, but

my stern mamma has come down on my cigarette-smoking. She says it stains my finger-tips. Do *you* think it does, Mr. Merriman?" And she held up a row of ten little rosy puffs.

"It does," said her cousin quickly. "And it burns holes in the front breadth of your dresses."

Miss Hopkinson looked slightly shocked.

The door of the supper-room was now thrown open, and there was a general move in that direction.

"Miss Hopkinson, will you let me get you something to eat?" asked Merriman, offering his arm. She took it, and they walked away.

"I can't abide your prim friend, Hattie," said Miss Middlesex, looking after them. "She always makes me feel vulgar."

"She isn't prim when you know her: at school she was quite a romp,—a regular fiend in pillow-fights and such things."

"Let us go into the conservatory," proposed Merriman to his companion: "it's nice and cool in there, and plenty of room."

He seated her on a porcelain garden-chair, and she listened to the splash of the little fountain, in whose basin a few goldfish were swimming about, while he went to get her some supper. She occupied this interval in thinking over a plan of campaign, but reached no definite resolution further than to stand on the defensive and be guided by circumstances until the opportunity came to mass her heavy battalions on the enemy's centre. Presently he returned with some salad and biscuits, and stood before her holding her plate while she arranged the napkin over her lap. "You can't think how surprised I am to meet you here," he said, as he handed her the plate and their eyes met.

"Why?" she asked.

"Well, I had no idea that you knew the Van Shuysters."

"Hadn't you?" she answered indifferently. But she thought to herself, "That means as much as, 'I took you for a little country school-marm, with

your hair full of hay-seed, and here you are all of a sudden in my own *monde*.'"

"And, besides that,—didn't you know?—Charlie asked me up to Chuckatuck to spend Christmas; and if it hadn't been for my engagement here I should certainly have been there now."

"Yes, I knew he was expecting you."

"Well, it seems that I did the lucky thing, after all, when I accepted Mrs. Van Shuyster's invite first."

"Oh, I think you did: you would have been awfully bored at Chuckatuck."

"No; you misunderstand me. I shouldn't have been bored at all. But I should have missed seeing Miss Hopkinson."

"Oh, no; I was to stay at home if you came, and help entertain you."

"That would have been rough on you, but I don't know but what it would have been nicer for me. I should have had you and Charlie more to myself, you know, than I can here. Come, now, what were you going to do for my entertainment? Methinks I see visions of moonlight sleigh-rides, and candy-pulls in the kitchen. I should like to see you with the housewife's apron on, doing the domestic veal for Charlie."

"I *never* wear an apron; and I hate sleigh-rides and candy-pulls,—they freeze your feet and blister your hands," returned his *vis-à-vis* ungraciously.

There was silence for a while as they despatched their respective salads. Merriman was thinking to himself, "What a queer girl to be Hopkinson's sister! There's no mistake about her being a smasher; but she isn't exactly genial." Finally, he recommenced: "How is Charlie, anyway? I haven't seen him for an age. Why didn't you bring him with you?"

"Oh, he couldn't leave his sheep alone in the wilderness, you know," she answered, with a resentful glance.

Merriman vaguely recollected having heard or used this phrase somewhere, but he could not place it definitely, and he was quite at a loss to interpret the

look which accompanied it. "Let me get you some oysters," he proposed. "No? Look out for the train of your dress, or it will get into that fountain. I never come into a conservatory without thinking of an adventure I had at the Buydamms' party last winter. I took my partner into the conservatory to feed her, and, while she was explaining to me that one side of a begonia-leaf is always bigger than the other, I tripped backwards over the rim of the fountain—it was a smaller one than this, only held a tureenful—and sat right down in it. I slapped the water all out of the basin, and killed one goldfish."

"How funny!" said Miss Hopkinson, laughing in spite of herself. "What did you do?"

"My partner had great presence of mind, and fortunately there were few people in the parlors. They'd mostly gone out into the supper-room. She took my arm and covered my retreat nobly as far as the stairs, and I got up into the dressing-room, slipped on my overcoat, and made my escape without further disgrace."

"All of which shows how dangerous it is to 'feed' botanical young ladies in a conservatory."

"Ah," began Merriman with a sentimental air, "if botany were the only dangerous thing about them!"

"Well," she broke in hastily, "please don't repeat your sitz-bath on my account. I shouldn't have the same presence of mind, I'm afraid."

"Should you scream?"

"No; I should laugh."

"How hard-hearted you are! Are you through with your plate? Let me take it away and get you some cream and things." He disappeared, much elated by the thaw in her humor. "She isn't so chilly, after all," he said to himself. "It seems that she does know how to relax and *desipere* a bit *in loco*." He returned quickly with a plate of ices and a glass of sherry."

"You may keep the sherry, please," she said, as she took the plate.

"Doesn't the dominie let you drink wine?" he asked.

"As if he could stop me if I wanted to!" with a toss of the head.

"Then, if you won't, why, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.' *Prosit*, Miss Hopkinson." And he raised the glass to his lips. "Do you know," he went on presently, "that I can't get over my surprise at your being Charlie Hopkinson's sister? You look so entirely unlike him. I can see, perhaps, a slight family resemblance in the shape of the face, but your eyes are totally strange."

She cast down the features alluded to and reddened slightly, moving uneasily in her chair with a look of annoyance. She found herself drifting into a sort of mild flirtation with this offensive young man, whom she had come prepared to dazzle into a sufficient state of admiration and then to snub into abject humility,—perhaps by handing him back his letter with a lofty and withering speech of some kind, if a good opportunity offered. But her indignation, which had seemed so virtuous at Chuckatuck, appeared to her now rather overstrained. Perhaps the letter was not so *very* bad, after all. To be sure, it was a shame for him to write so to any one about Charlie. But as to the *spretæ injuria formæ* which had unconfessedly formed no small part of its sting, that was atoned for by his evident admiration and astonishment at sight of the "old-maid sister" and "shepherdess" whom he had traduced. Certainly the man was amusing enough, and probably meant well, although he was so very, very light.

"Miss Hopkinson," he now resumed, as he finished his sherry, "what relation is a fellow to his chum's sister?"

"I should say that depended on what relation he was to his chum."

"Oh, first-cousin at least. I think twice as much of your brother as I do of my cousins,—whose name is legion. Why doesn't he get a nice little parish near New York, where he wouldn't be so cut off from his old friends?"

"Perhaps he can get along without his old friends as well as some of them seem to without him," she answered with asperity. Her resentment had suddenly come back to her, provoked by the in-

sincerity and the patronizing tone of this last remark.

"I don't quite know what you mean," said Merriman.

As fate would have it, she pulled her handkerchief out of her dress-pocket at this instant, and a letter which was pulled out with it fell on the floor. He stooped to pick it up for her, and, as he did so, she rose, and, gathering up the train of her dress, replied, "Perhaps you *will* know what I mean, Mr. Merriman, if you will read over that letter again,—which belongs to you, by the way, and not to me. Keep it, please."

As Merriman in blank amazement proceeded to open the letter and glance over the familiar writing, Miss Van Shuyster, followed by a tall young man, appeared at the conservatory door. "So here is where you two have been hiding all this time!" she exclaimed. "I've been looking everywhere for you, Sallie, to introduce Mr. Polhemus.—Miss Hopkinson, Mr. Polhemus."

The gentleman bowed and said, "They are making up a set in the library, Miss Hopkinson: shall I have the honor?"

"Certainly," she answered, courtied slightly to Merriman, and departed on Mr. Polhemus's arm. Miss Van Shuyster remained in the conservatory.

"Since when, Miss Van Shuyster," broke out Merriman excitedly, holding up the letter, "is it considered a delicate joke among young ladies to show each other the correspondence of their gentlemen friends?"

"I don't understand you."

"Perhaps you may, then, if you will look at this, which is addressed to *you*, but which Miss Hopkinson has just handed to *me*."

She took the letter, and, glancing over it, said immediately, "This letter was never sent to me, but another one was. If you will look at the address on the envelope, I think you will see how Miss Hopkinson came by it. And I assure you I don't feel complimented by your suspicion."

Merriman glared in a bewildered way at the envelope, and then replied, "I beg your pardon. I see it all now. I'm

the jackass of the nineteenth century. But I wish you had told me of my mistake before. It has put me in a very embarrassing position with the Hopkinsons."

"How could I know who your letter was for?" she demanded warmly. "I intended to mention your mistake to you and give you back your letter, but it slipped my mind entirely till this minute. If people will be so stupid as to mix up their correspondence, they must take the consequences."

"It's all my fault," said he; "but it's very unfortunate."

"You seem to care a good deal about Miss Hopkinson's opinion," she said, with a tremor in her voice.

"Of course I do," he answered.

At this moment the vivacious Miss Middlesex darkened the door, and began, "Oh, Mr. Merriman, I had almost forgot. Such a give-away on you! Who—who is 'Charlie'? Why, what's the row?" looking from one to the other.

"'Row' is not a lady-like expression," responded Miss Van Shuyster severely; "and I wish you wouldn't apply your slang terms to me, please." And with that she swept from the room.

"What *have* you been doing to my cousin, Mr. Merriman?" inquired Charlie.

"Oh, nothing, Miss Middlesex: *amanitum iræ*, you know," said Merriman, with a feeble laugh.

"I know that's Latin; but I think you might translate."

"Come, let's go and have a dance," he proposed.

"I think you are *hawrid*," she said, taking his arm; "but I'll get it all out of Hattie. I can make her tell me anything I want by threatening to tickle her if she doesn't."

"Mrs. Van Shuyster," said Merriman, about half an hour later, approaching his hostess, whose matronly figure was filling an arm-chair in the recess of the library, "I had hoped to accept your invitation to stay a day or two, but I find that a reference which comes on to-morrow will make it absolutely neces-

sary for me to catch the down train to-night."

"Oh, I am so sorry! Couldn't you postpone it, or something? One or two of Hattie's friends are to stay through the week, and she had counted on you to beau them about.—Hattie," she called out to her daughter, who was talking to a group of ladies near by, "Mr. Merriman says that he has an engagement which will take him to New York to-night."

"We should be very sorry to interfere with any of Mr. Merriman's engagements," returned Hattie.

"Then I will bid you good-evening, ladies," said Merriman.

"Must you really? Well, then, good-by," said Mrs. Van Shuyster, putting out her hand. "We are ever so much obliged to you for coming and for your help in the play, and so sorry that you can't stay."

The younger lady simply bowed, and Merriman withdrew. He went at once into the next room, where the dance was just over, and approached Miss Hopkinson, who was standing by the mantel-piece, talking with her partner. "May I speak with you a moment, Miss Hopkinson?" he asked: "I have to catch this train."

"Why, I suppose so," she responded, with an air of surprise, "if Mr. Polhemus will excuse me."

"Oh, certainly," said Polhemus, glaring at Merriman and moving off reluctantly.

"Miss Hopkinson," began our hero, "may I ask whether your brother commissioned you to say anything to me about that unfortunate letter?"

"My brother has not seen it."

"Not seen it! Who then?"

"I opened the letter. Charlie was away for a day or two, and he told me to open all his letters, as some of them might need answering before he got back."

"And you didn't show it to him afterward?"

"No; I was afraid it might hurt his feelings: so I merely told him that you had made another engagement."

He heaved a sigh of relief: "I can't thank you too much for your thoughtfulness. I wouldn't have had Charlie see that letter for anything."

She, too, felt relieved. She had half expected to be put on her defence for reading his note after she saw that it was meant for some one else. But it did not apparently occur to him that she had done anything blameworthy. This magnanimity touched her, as did also his manifest contrition. Her heart began to soften considerably.

"Yes," he resumed, "I am glad he didn't see it; but I am just so much the sorrier that you *did*. I have made a bad impression on you, Miss Hopkinson," he said solemnly.

She made no reply, but her eyes danced mischievously.

"I've just had an awful quarrel about it with Miss Van," he went on ruefully. "I seem to have put my foot in it all around."

"I don't see why you should have quarrelled with *her*."

"Neither do I, exactly; but I have. But the worst of it is that you are down on me, too, because I called you an old maid."

"Oh, yes, I'm furious," she laughed.

"Well, now, how was I to know? Where has Charlie been hiding you away all these years? Why didn't he ever have you down to class-days and things? The idea of a man's chum having such a pret—having a sister, you know, and never saying anything about it! From all *he* ever said, you might be a hundred and thirty-five years old."

"Then you ought to have respected me all the more."

"Oh, yes, so I should. Reverence for your gray hairs, and that sort of thing. You ought to write Charlie's sermons for him. Come, now, Miss Hopkinson, you know that if you really *were* an old maid I wouldn't care so much for your opinion,—as Miss Van Shuyster twitted me with doing just now."

"Say no more about it, Mr. Merriman. I forgive you the 'old maid.' It didn't matter, anyway."

"But it matters to me that you shouldn't form an opinion of me from that letter. The fact is that when I wrote it I was fresh from a talk with my cynical friend Willett, who always puts me into the mood for saying all sorts of reckless things that I don't mean in the least."

"Willett?" murmured Miss Hopkinson.

"Yes: if you knew Barnaby Willett, —Mephistopheles Willett, we call him, —and could hear him talk for half an hour, you would understand my frame of mind when I dashed off that confounded note. In fact, if it hadn't been for his advice, I should have cut this appointment anyway and followed my impulse to go up to Chuckatuck. I wish I had!"

"Mr. Barnaby Willett! Did he advise you not to go to Chuckatuck? I wonder why." Her eyes had suddenly grown big and round, and her whole attitude expressed a newly aroused interest.

"What! You don't know Willett, do you?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, with a little laugh and a little blush, "very well indeed. Mr. Willett and I are— I am engaged to be married to Mr. Willett." And she looked him straight in the face, while her blush gradually deepened, until it forced her to cast down her eyes in bewitching confusion.

Merriman felt the ground give way from under his feet. His jaw dropped and his eyes goggled wildly. At last he laughed aloud. "So this is all a put-up job on me!" he exclaimed.

"A put-up job? I don't quite know what that means. But if you mean there has been a conspiracy against you, —no, there hasn't. I never knew till this minute that you and Mr. Willett were acquainted. And I am sure he has never told me a word about you or about your coming up to Chuckatuck."

"Well, the whole thing is simply enough to make a man lunny," said Merriman. "I talked half an hour to Willett about you and Charlie, and he never let on, by word or look, that he

had ever heard of either of you before. And he made all manner of fun of country parsons, etc., and advised me by all means to take up the Van Shuysters' invite and give Chuckatuck the go-by. What was his game?"

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Willett's fiancée, "perhaps he was a little bit—jealous."

"I only wish he had reason to be," rejoined Merriman gallantly. "But I see that you are laughing at me again, Miss Hopkinson. Well, I must get away into the dark somewhere by myself and think out this muddle. Just time to catch my train," he added, looking at his watch. "But if you are writing to Willett, you had better advise him to keep out of my sight for a few days. If he should cross my war-path while I'm in my present state of mind, I won't answer for the consequences. Good-evening, Miss Hopkinson, and—Oh, yes, I had nearly forgotten—*Ich gratuliere.*"

"Good-evening, Mr. Merriman," she said, extending her hand, and, as he took it, she continued, "You must promise me to make up your quarrel with Hattie. I shall explain things to her, and you must call on her as soon as they get back to town. Won't you, now?"

"Yes, I will; and I'm much obliged for your intercession. She's too good a girl to have a fight with."

"And, Mr. Merriman, I expect to be in New York this spring, and should be very glad if, you would call on me, too. Charlie will let you know where I am, or Mr. Willett."

Merriman's face flushed with pleasure. "Thank you again. I certainly shall. And, till then, good-by."

"Good-by," she answered, and added softly, "till then."

"Till then,—till then," he repeated to himself as the train bore him rapidly through the night between the river-bank and the echoing rocks. "How do those lines of Arnold's go? 'Till then—"

'Till then her lovely eyes maintain
Their gay, unwavering, deep disdain."

HENRY A. BEERS.

RAILWAY-STATIONS.

ONE of the most modern products of modern civilization is the railway-station. It is itself, like other outgrowths of progress, in a transition state. Its diversities are many and its development unceasing. The range of conditions is such as to prevent its ever assuming an absolutely stereotyped form. The railway penetrates day by day new regions, with local peculiarities of climate, population, etc., which refuse to submit themselves to any cut-and-dry style of accommodation for the traveller. Besides the modifications imposed upon the old stations by increased traffic and increased luxury, provision is required for new ones by the hundred or thousand every year. 1880 saw six thousand five hundred miles added to the mileage of railways in the United States, and 1881 two thousand more than its predecessor, bringing thus the aggregate from ninety-three thousand six hundred to something over a round hundred thousand within the past year. Allowing a station to every five miles, we have an addition of some sixteen hundred of these inlet and outlet valves for the human current within a twelvemonth. Twenty thousand in all will be found duly tabulated in the railway guides.

"To take mine ease in mine inn," was the aspiration of the wayfarer of other days. The introduction of similar ease into these new inns is the problem of to-day. One would suppose it, at first thought, to be more readily solved than in the former case, as the traveller has, as a rule, a shorter time to stay, and the task of comforting and amusing him is less prolonged. So it did seem in the inception of railway-building; and meagre and bare enough were the appliances deemed sufficient thirty or forty years ago. In the rural districts, the passenger's only shelter while waiting for the train, or for a conveyance from it, was a shed open to at least two, and often all four, of the winds of heaven. In the

cities, the accommodations were often of identical character. But in some of the larger towns the trains, disintegrated into their constituent cars, were hauled to and fro into a sort of stable. The cars and their teams occupied a long area of two or more tracks, with a bleak open platform on each side, up and down which wandered their proposed occupants, like so many ghosts on the banks of Styx. Sometimes, but not often, these brick stables—which had a general resemblance to the present dépôts of the street-car lines—were jointly used by more than one railroad company, and formed the germ of the great union dépôts which have replaced them. One such existed in Baltimore, on the south side of Pratt Street, near the Basin. The Baltimore and Ohio there united with the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore; and it was quite an exhilarating sight to see the grays of the one and the bays of the other, picked animals, resplendent in lettered harness and rosettes, four of them to each car, wheel in and out at full trot,—as they had to do to overcome the curve at the entrance. This scene was a survival of the old coaching days, and marked their transition into the era of steam,—a transition now quite accomplished.

Arrived at Philadelphia in the schedule-time for the mail train of seven hours,—about three times the present express time,—the train was again broken up and hauled piecemeal by horse-power into a similar bare shed on the south side of Market Street, near Eleventh. The New York trains started, with less aid from the horse, out of an edifice of the same type two or three miles off in Kensington, or in Camden, across the Delaware. In New York, the Harlem Railroad—for, as yet, Albany and New Haven had only steamboat communication with the commercial metropolis—offered its passengers not even shelter from the rain and snow,—its trains ren-

dezdousing, *sub Jove*, at the lower end of the Park, where the receiving and discharging platform was the curbstone. This, oddly enough, was an exhibition, in the heart of the chief mart, of a lower stage of development than obtained in less pretentious cities. It may be termed the bivouac type, as compared with the wigwam or encampment type, of railway-station. The hotel, dwelling, waiting-room, æsthetic type was as yet in the future.

But not very far in the future, either. After say 1855, favoring conditions rapidly brought about improvement. Travellers declined longer to have themselves gathered up out of, or dumped into, the slush, or to be left for half an hour in the dead of winter to the sole shelter of their overcoats. Hence the vast erections, architecturally ambitious on the outside, and containing inside every appliance for the comfort and convenience of the travelling world and his wife and children, with which we are familiar at the great central points. Besides the general waiting-room, with its rows of hard and immovable seats, which suggest that the acme of comfort remains to be reached, these contain news-, dining-, and retiring-rooms, with hotel accommodations either under the same roof or close at hand.

In England and other European countries, where three classes of passengers have to be sedulously differentiated and provided with separate and distinct quarters, the provision made is necessarily more complicated. Each class has its waiting- and refreshment-rooms, the news-stand swells into a fair bookseller's-shop, and the hotel is more usually than here an integral part of the railway-building. The English sun requires wooing, and light in the vast stations of Great Britain is secured by glass roofs, that in the Carlisle Citadel Station, for example, containing three hundred and twenty-two thousand superficial feet of glass. Eight acres of summer sunshine would be far too much of a good thing on our side of the water. Our builders have but to choose how much they will let in, and arrange their side-windows

accordingly, with small care for skylights.

Let us look at two or three of the very newest of our city stations. The Boston station of the Boston and Albany Railroad is the third erected on the same ground, the first having been of strictly primitive formation, and the one now superseded dating back to 1835. Excluding the train-house, which is large enough to hold sixty-six cars, the station-building proper is one hundred and forty by one hundred and eighteen feet, of three stories, fifty-one feet high in all; the material, faced brick, with granite dressings. A vestibule, forty-four feet by one hundred and twenty-five, and forty-two feet high, has a glass roof, which will not be amiss in that latitude for nine-tenths of the year. A light balcony surrounds it twenty-two feet above the pavement. The ladies' waiting-room has the ample dimensions of seventy-five by thirty-five feet, and the home-like apparatus of three great fireplaces at each end, and carved mantels of freestone. The fireplace feature is extended also to the haunt of the other sex. This saloon is joined by the news-room and an ample dining-hall. The ticket-office and package-room are opposite, and the two front entrances have between them the drawing-room-car office and the telegraph-office. Then there are the company's offices, well out of the way of the hourly movement of the public, with toilet- and bath-rooms. The Brush electric light furnishes illumination.

Newer than this—in fact, barely inchoate—is the proposed dépôt of the Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, and Chicago Company, in the first-named city. It is designed to accommodate as well three or four other railways. For this reason, as well as because the West is wont to look a long way ahead, this is on a grander scale than its down-East contemporary. The out-baggage department alone, for instance, is one hundred and seventy-five by thirty feet, and three stories high, the second story furnishing offices to that tremendous potentate the baggage-master and his clerical acolytes,

while the third is the supreme abode of all waifs in the shape of unclaimed baggage. The "in-baggage" room is nearly as capacious. Another part of the group of buildings, eighty by ninety feet, and five stories high, with a clock-tower two hundred feet high, is devoted, on its main floor, to the accommodation of ladies, and to a dining-room, with the upper stories full of train-despatchers, telegraph-operators, and other servants of the company. A good feature of the passenger-building proper, which is two hundred by thirty-four feet, is that it stands back thirty feet from the curb and has a covered drive-way in front for carriages. The whole of the first floor and basement is occupied by the general waiting-rooms. The style of this great edifice, which is to cost within a trifle of half a million, is pronounced "a happy combination of the Queen Anne and Eastlake." Such a definition covers a wide range,—the Queen Anne being misapprehended and misstated by most people, and the Eastlake not being an architectural style at all. It serves to exemplify, however, the extraordinary medley of conceptions through which our builders are gradually making their way to the achievement of such final result as may embody the utmost capabilities of American tastes. We must not look too impatiently for this result, but look forbearingly on all the means employed to reach it. For all we know, there may be a place in it for "walls of red pressed brick, with trimming of cut stone, and gray granite, with terra-cotta ornaments," which are all highly-available materials. In hard woods for the interior finish and hall-pavements in tile we have also promising material with a very wide field for design. The inevitable mansard, we are told, "will be made as nearly fireproof as possible." No earthly reason exists why it should not be made perfectly fireproof, unless the use of slate with a plank sheathing is considered a matter of greater moment.

The great Philadelphia dépôt of the Pennsylvania Central, at Merriek and Filbert Streets, sets its face, or its façade, against Queen Anne and the late Presi-

dent of the Royal Academy alike. It adopts the early Gothic, with the un-Gothic material of red brick and terracotta. The temptation offered by terracotta for excess in ornamentation has been resisted, and over-decoration is not a feature. The ecclesiastical aspect of the structure is a necessity of the style selected, and is hardly a fault in itself. The churches are growing as varied in their architecture as in their creeds, and are ceasing to claim the mediæval school as their exclusive province. The front has the imposing elevation of ninety feet. Within, a handsome stairway of marble leads from the ground-floor to the level of the elevated track, debouching into a stately corridor forty-five feet high, wainscoted eighteen feet with walnut, and bearing a balcony fifteen feet below the ceiling, the beams of the latter being of walnut, resting on marble brackets. All this is a key to the style and scale of the rest of the edifice, which we need not more fully describe.

A distinctive feature of this station is that the rails reach it by a viaduct traversing the city for many squares without in any way obstructing the streets. Frequent in Europe, this is an improvement long awaited in this country, and destined to become within the next decade rather perhaps the rule than the exception. Of the sunken track and station we have had instances for several years, notably in New York and St. Louis. The legislatures, and the people behind them, seconded by the obvious interest of the railroad companies themselves, are taking a more and more decided stand against crossings at grade, in and out of cities. Foreign visitors to our next great fair will be less astonished than at the Centennial by the novel spectacle of locomotives running along the streets. The requisite change will be, in the aggregate, costly; and that is a reason why it should be set on foot now that money is so unprecedently abundant and traffic so increasingly active. In cities occupying—as Chicago and New Orleans do—perfectly level sites, *à fleur d'eau*, these raised ways will be necessarily long; but it will be

economy in the long run to build them, and in most cases several roads could unite and divide the expense. In Washington, which may serve as an example of places having an irregular surface, a combination of tunnels and viaducts will be resorted to, with the result, perhaps, of an underground union station near the Patent Office, and, more probably, of an elevated iron way from the Navy-Yard tunnel to the present Baltimore and Potomac dépôt. Congress might be satisfied with such an alternative to its threatened removal of that fine station and the surface-track now leading to it. Such a stretch of light iron arches would be far from disfiguring the rather blank landscape that stretches toward the river, as seen from the Capitol.

Indianapolis is a type of the Western towns created by the railway and naturally reverential and submissive to the author of their being. The thirteen or fourteen roads centring there run wherever they please around and across it. The corporation complacently looks out itself for the safety of its lieges. At one end of the union dépôt it built a long bridge of wood over the tracks, with cleats to enable horses to climb it. At the other end it dug a tunnel at considerable cost, arched with heavy masonry and lighted with gas. But there were too many accidents on the wooden bridge, and the Illinois Street tunnel, being down to the creek-level, was liable to inundation. So the people were fain to risk their necks between trains, all the same praying for the happy day when a change of heart should come over their lords of steam and put an end to the wearisome game of hide-and-seek. One influence that will tend to hasten that day in Indianapolis and elsewhere is the competition in speed between the great trunk routes. With no crossings at grade, higher speed may be carried up to the stations, there need be no slacking at way-points, and, instead of coming nearly or quite to a full stop at each crossing of another railroad, as the laws of some States require, these scenes of delay will be hurried over without an instant's pause. It is for railroad-men to

figure up the economic gain accruing to them from this improvement; and they are not usually slow to perceive such gain. The first cost may be considerable, but it will be the whole cost. Iron bridges and tunnels are practically indestructible. The thirty-four miles of elevated track in New York City are free as air. Wash-outs, land-slides, and snow-drifts never stop the "L."

Rural stations, with their daily passengers numbered by the individual or the score, cannot compete in architectural grandeur or interior luxury with those of the great towns. But they have the advantage of more elbow-room. Ampler surroundings give them a wider choice of means in making themselves presentable and attractive. Turf, flowers, shade-trees, fountains, and terraces are at their command,—all beautiful, manageable, and not costly. In England, where no one is allowed to set foot upon the rails, the stations are often in pairs, one on each side of the double track, and decoration of this kind must, consequently, be doubled. Yet it is thoroughly done. Neat gravel walks, well-shorn sod, and well-kept flower-beds appear on either hand. The slopes of embankments and excavations along the line are utilized for spade-husbandry and market-gardens, brightening at each station into plats of flowers. It will be a long time before the value of land in this country justifies the occupation of the slopes by anything but sheep and cattle,—which ought not to be there, either, without a fence. Improved sightliness of the stations, however, is of easy attainment. The introduction of habits of ordinary neatness will be a first and important step, showing itself in the removal of rubbish and the smoothing of the surface of the ground. Hardy plants, of which we possess a long list, will grow, with the protection of a light enclosure and the encouragement of a few hours' culture in the course of the year, as readily as weeds. Turf is in most places as easily at command. If the building is of brick or stone, or any unpainted material, the Virginia creeper at least, if the latitude forbids ivy, will soon clothe

it. Not merely in planting would beginning be a great part of the whole work. The person in charge would acquire an interest and pride in the appearance of his little demesne, especially should the railroad company have the taste and judgment to make embellishment of this character a part of its fixed system. Some companies are doing this, and others will follow, partly because it becomes the fashion, and partly because they find their account in it. The Boston and Maine allows each of its agents ten dollars a year for the purchase of seeds, plants, etc., and offers to those whose stations are most tastefully and carefully kept three annual prizes of fifty, thirty, and twenty dollars. Nor is this one of our longest roads or one of those most favored by soil and climate. For seven months of the year its floral exhibit must be *nil*, except behind glass. During those months a conservatory would indeed be a charming adjunct. Farther south they diminish in number. South of the Carolinas and in California flowers will fill the circuit of the year.

What else the company would in most cases have to do is a little grading, enclosing, and tree-planting. This once well done is permanent, and requires little or no annual outlay. The protection of the roadway from wash has obliged several companies to expend large sums in terracing and covering with grass the light sands in the cuts and fills. They have thus bought some experience as farmers and horticulturists which they may put to good use when they discover the utilitarian side of a row of handsome and homelike stations. People who see such a spot every few minutes as they whirl along form a liking for the route. They speak of its ocular attractions to their friends, and these, too, in future select the path that is set with flowers. One road thus bedecked teaches the traveller to look for the same attraction in others, and these will learn that it is worth while not to disappoint him.

Two of the lines leading out of Philadelphia have entered systematically upon

this path of decoration. The stations at Bryn Mawr and Ridley Park may be named as specimens of the modern style. The latter shows what may be made of an unpromising locality. It is situated in a cutting. The slopes are neatly terraced, and a tasteful bridge breaks the sky-line. At the Relay House, on the Baltimore and Ohio road, art has been far more aided by nature, the wild beauty of the site being remarkable. The large station-house is in good keeping with the abrupt declivities which surround it, and the broad and quiet stretch of meadow and water which opens beneath it to the east is in fine contrast to both. From the luxuriant parterres one steps directly upon the Patapsco Viaduct, of massive granite arches, seventy feet above the stream. The Hudson River Railway, the New York Central along the Mohawk, and many parts of the Erie, offer spots of like capabilities to the hand of embellishment. The same may be said, speaking generally, of the other routes through the mountain belt. On the plains of the West and South, except along the banks of the main rivers, nature lends little aid in the way of the picturesque. But if rock is not there in the shape of cliff and boulder, so much the less does it interfere with the cultivation of the deep and fertile soil, easy to shape and at its best for the sustenance of shrub and tree. Blue grass is indigenous and springs of itself throughout the region between the Alleghanies and the Upper Missouri. Only the lawn-mower is needed for the maintenance of a perfect sod. Certainly a plot of smooth sward, with a fine tree or two, is a great deal better undisturbed by badly-kept flower-beds and cast-iron fountains that do not play. Were such lawns as are common in every large town between the Ohio and the Mississippi the rule at the railway-stations of the same section of the Union, it would be a transformation-scene indeed, and yet one so easy to get up. The conifers, exotics there, grow finely when planted. A single adult Norway spruce would be the feature of a station summer and winter. But nowhere need it stand alone. The

rest of the family are equally at command, including some of the magnificent species of the Pacific coast. Nothing tends more to give an air of comfort and cheery life to a winter scene on the open prairie than evergreens. In the East their effect is often apt to be gloomy, the need of wind-breaks not being there so striking.

Usually the tank can spare water enough for a small jet or dripping fountain. At least it can maintain a pool of water-plants to gladden the dust-dimmed eye of the weary passenger. The waste in filling tenders would do more than that. Even where water-trains are the regular thing in summer, an occasional car-load might well be so bestowed. The more marked the scarcity of water, the more grateful to the sight are the signs and fruits of its refreshing presence. It will, on the Central Pacific and the Southern Pacific, contradict the atlas and free our minds from the idea that we are following The Dead Man's Journey, — *Jornada del Muerto*, — a title of such frequent recurrence on the maps of the Great Desert.

To the eastward, away from the steppes, where water is abundant and the soil evinces a laudable determination to clothe itself from its own resources and never go naked if only let alone, we see sometimes a station which has, altogether unaided, quietly donned a garb of rural beauty. We recall one such on a line traversing a rich limestone country, where excavation and embankment is quickly covered with greensward unsown. The rails, after running for several miles straight across a nearly level surface, once prairie and now covered with acacias, oaks, and orchards, turns sharply through a little pass, some twenty feet deep, walled with perpendicular strata of the bed-rock overhung with streamers of creeper, bramble, and bittersweet. This left, we are at the station. On one side of the track, in a meadow of two or three acres, is a large and limpid spring. Its waters, after running under the track, are joined by those of a smaller spring emerging from the rock under a cluster of fine

walnuts. Near by, on either hand, stand two old stone country-houses, staid and cosey in their ancestral groves. Straight in front, the track and the little stream, the latter picking up more tributaries on its way, stretch side by side for three miles *down* toward the mountain, whose blue wall seems to bar the way, but only marks the course of the river sought alike by the rail and the rivulet. Weeping willows actually sweep the car-windows as the train hurries along, contemptuous of the fences that restrain mighty Durhams and capering colts. This is, of course, a watering-station, and the traveller has generally time to take in at his leisure the pleasant little scene around it,—the minnows and chubs shooting under the ties, the cool gray rocks here and there asserting their existence despite the repressive efforts of the long rich grass, the sloping rim of the hollow fringed with trees, the everyday life of the farm-houses plodding its rustic way as though steam were unknown, and the level landscape opening peacefully beyond into the hazy distance. The station-building is just not a disfigurement. With a healthy sense of its own irrelevance, it does not obtrude itself at all, but leaves you to fancy that the engine has dreamily strayed from the metals and carried you into a by-lane among the fields.

The in-door features of stations are less clamorous for reform than their purlieus. They are, for the most part, well warmed, capacious, and well lighted. Ventilation is about as good as that of an average city house. Neatness, if not all it ought to be, is clearly on the mend. The long pew-like rows of immovable hard-bottomed settees are not exhilarating, it is true. Perhaps they are maintained as being the most loafer-proof seat, the typical person of that genus preferring one which he can move about and wherein he can attitudinize *ad lib.* He probably finds himself repelled, too, by the atmosphere of these hard, unsocial benches and the blank walls surrounding them. At any rate, hangers-on rarely rise in these places to the dignity of a nuisance. It is a patent

fact that the unprotected female improves of the arrangements and makes herself at home without difficulty. She is the real umpire in the case. Of course she will year by year become more exacting, as we all do. The lux-

uries of the waiting-room may become too seductive to be overcome on the sudden summons of the whistle, and a large percentage of passengers may be left behind at every departure of a train.

EDWARD C. BRUCE.

HAZEL.

HAZEL risked life and limb nightly at Coppée's Nonpareil Circus, wherever it chanced to be. She was nineteen, and an acrobat who had grown up in the ring, and who, for all she either knew or expected, might die there on its tan and sawdust any night.

Lately she had often dreamed such a thing. One moment she saw herself tranquilly poised above the vast expectant sea of upturned faces, the roar of applause still echoing from the roof; the next, the air went whistling shrilly past her ears, the circus lights and the sea of faces below seemed rising up to meet her with the ground, and with a groan and stifled shriek she lay upon the tan in the ring, a sickening sensation of pain shooting through her in every part, a great cry from the multitude going up as from a single throat, the hurrying feet of strong men rushing forward to lift her poor maimed body, that had just life enough left in it to be conscious yet, followed by frantic appeals for a surgeon in the front, the snuffing uneasiness of the horses as she was carried past, the lamentations of her comrades, and then a merciful blank that ended all.

To-night she thought of it again as she stood in the little dressing-room she shared with Mrs. Bridgeman, the wife of the trained-goat man, and made her face up with red and white. How lustrous her eyes shone out above the rouge! How hideous and how staring they would look out through all the mask of paint if the life behind them should suddenly go out! "Well, there's nobody but old Tom to care much," she said,

with a half sob, staring at her reflection in the little glass.

"Here, Hazel, hurry up. What's the matter with you? You'll be late again, and Spear will make a devil of a row," said the deep voice of a middle-aged man who had entered the room without the ceremony of a knock. He was Tom Scully, the man who had brought her up and trained her to her perilous profession. He had evidently only just quitted the ring, for he wore tights and spangled trunks, and his face was red and glistening with an oily perspiration he was mopping with a handkerchief whose grayish hue proclaimed that it was not over-clean.

"Can't Bridgeman go on with his trained goats after Clyde?" asked the girl, with a sort of tremor in her voice.

"You ain't a fluke again to-night, I hope?" said Scully, coming closer and speaking in a low voice, as if he did not wish to be overheard.

Hazel met his glance and half nodded.

Scully puckered up his lips and whistled. "That's bad," he said, in the same low key. "You'll come a cropper some time, sure enough, Hazel, if you keep going on this way. Where's your nerve? A year ago I'd have backed you against all the world for square nerve. Don't give in. Hear the shoutin' crowd in front. Let the noise put spirit in you. Pluck up and go on."

"I can't," said Hazel dejectedly. "I wish I could cut the whole biz!"

"Cut it and be d—d," said Scully. "You ain't sick, I hope?"

"Sick! Oh, Lord!" cried Hazel,

"I'm sick of life,—that's all!" She raised her arm up to the level of her face and kept it there awhile, screening her eyes.

Scully eyed her narrowly, and, stepping back, closed the door. "Look here, Hazel," he said anxiously, "you haven't been up to any shines I don't know of, now, have you, my dear? You ain't been fair to keep dark. I'd never stand in your way, as you know. If you were my own child I couldn't be any squarer to you: now, say."

"No," said Hazel: "I'm all right, Tom, but for those dreams."

"Dreaming again?" said Scully. "Come, now, my dear, no fooling: dreams go by contraries, don't you know? Hark! You're called. And they're howling out there in the front like mad. That's for Clyde."

"Hazel!" called a voice from the depths.

The girl darted to the door and rushed out. On the way she passed a tall, handsome young fellow, who had just left the ring. It was Clyde, the bareback rider of the troupe, a Texan, and this was his first season with them all. He was very reserved and quiet in his manners, and so distant to the other members of the troupe as to be little liked. Apparently he did not see Hazel as she passed. She saw him clearly enough, and her eyes flashed, finding herself unnoticed. The next moment she sprang forward in the ring, and she was greeted with a deafening burst of applause.

At the side of the ring a ladder was strongly braced, that led to a little platform near the roof. Hazel cleared the space between almost at a single bound, put her foot on the first rung of the ladder, and scrambled up it like a cat, amid the cheers and bravos of the house. Scully, who was watching from below, applauded with the rest. "Clear grit she is, through and through," he cried. Suddenly he saw that she was standing fingering the ropes with an uncertain, hesitating air. He shouted something that sounded like, "Stretch the net!" and dashed after her across the ring and up the ladder and to her side, where

she had not yet done fingering the ropes. "I'll look out for you," he panted in her ear.

Down below it was only noticed that another performance was to be substituted for the "Great Leap for Life, by Hazel, without the net." Nobody but the man beside her saw the awful grayness of the girl's face growing underneath its mockery of red cheeks.

"We'll give 'em the 'Brothers,'" said Scully. "You can do that,—it's safe. Take the 'Leap' afterward, if you feel up to it then. Now, then! Stand back! Up she goes! Steady,—ready, let go."

"I'm so cold," muttered Hazel; but the man had swung himself already far out upon the ropes.

He saw her waver before she sprang to him, and her hands, when he caught them, were damp and chilly. Alive to the danger, he swore at her, and, while they rocked together suspended in the air, he managed to get his handkerchief, which was plentifully chalked, and dabbed her hands. "Mind what you're at," he told her, in a hoarse voice that was hardly human in its sound to Hazel's ears. "I swear I'll not let go you: so if you miss and drop you'll drag me down, and there'll be murder done, and you'll go out to your eternal judgment with my blood on your soul."

After that, Hazel went safely and mechanically through her part. There was a recall afterward, but Scully had to go on and show himself alone. Hazel lay in a dead faint in the little room.

He found her there with Mrs. Bridgeman when he returned, and Bridgeman lounging around the door. The house was clamoring for her again, but she refused to be seen again that night.

"It's no use," she cried excitedly, as she saw Scully: "I ain't fit to go on. See for yourself what a state I'm in. What's got to me, do you suppose, to make me faint? Oh, it's awful, Tom! I tell you, all of you, it's an awful feeling. Why, my head swims yet! I never felt so, not even the first time I ever went so high without the mattress or the net." She did not seem to care who heard.

Bridgeman arrested Scully at the door. "I've about figured it out," he whispered to him: "your girl, there, has gone spoons on Clyde."

"If I thought that—" cried Scully, and he spat significantly on his hands.

"He's a sly sort of a potato," continued Bridgeman, whispering as before. "I wouldn't trust him out of my sight with any other woman in the world than Fan." He nodded in the direction of Mrs. Bridgeman as he spoke.

Hazel happened to have overheard, low and indistinct as his whisper had been. "Don't be too sure of that," she said, "you old fool,—you old fool. Clyde has nothing to do with me, and I can guess at the reason why he never even looks my way. He lights his cigarettes and walks off when I'm called. He has never seen me go through a single act,—the only man who was ever here at Coppée's and didn't care to see me in the ring."

"Great shucks!" whispered Bridgeman again. "Don't you see how it is? She watches for him every night. I told you she'd gone spoons."

Hazel noted the whisper, which this time she failed to hear, and it maddened her, nervous and upset and weakened as she was. She pushed Mrs. Bridgeman aside, and went over to the two men, shaking with passion that put her beside herself. "Clyde minds his own business," she said pointedly to Bridgeman, "and that's more than you do, old as you are. I don't want you whispering about me to Tom or any one, and I'll not have it: do you hear? Stop telling lies about me, or I'll stick you for it some time, sure."

"Great shucks! what a spitfire!" laughed Bridgeman, as he walked away.

"She don't mean it," his wife called after him.

"Don't I, though?" said Hazel: "you too, if you don't look out."

"Bah! you mountebank thing!" retorted the older woman, running a contemptuous eye over Hazel's shapely limbs, so lavishly displayed.

"You never did anything worth speaking of in your line, anyway," said

Hazel fiercely. "If it wasn't for Bridge's goats you couldn't get a scratch engagement anywhere on earth."

"Oh, shut up and shake hands," cried Scully testily. "What's the row all about?"

"Clyde thinks himself a cut above her, is the matter with Hazel, Mr. Scully."

"Here, we've had enough of Clyde," said Scully in a rough way.

"Some of us can never get enough," cried Hazel, her eyes on Mrs. Bridgeman's face.

"And some of us can get so precious little that we get sick over it and fret ourselves for more," began Mrs. Bridgeman, with a malicious air.

"You git!" cried Scully; "and go tell old Bridge I said so, if you like. I'll not see Hazel annoyed. She ain't herself to-night."

Mrs. Bridgeman went away after that, with her head in the air and the tread of a tragedy queen.

Hazel put her face up against Scully and began to sob. He sat stroking her head, very much as he would have patted one of his favorite animals, in a kindly sort of way. "So it's Clyde?" he said, after a while. "Look up and tell me about it, Hazel. I won't give you away."

"It's not Clyde," she said shortly, and sat up by herself.

"Nor nobody else?"

"Nor nobody else," she replied.

"Then what is it? I'd like to know."

"So would I," she said, trying to laugh. "I'm not sick, and it's something worse than the dreams I told you of, Tom. It's something goes with me to torment me night and day,—night and day."

"I've heard men talk that way," said Scully absently, still stroking her hair; "women too, once in a while. But you haven't the same reason for it they had."

"Don't mind me," she said. "Try and forget it: that's what I try to do, Tom,—forget all the time. And to-night it just seems as if I couldn't for-

get any more. I'm just done for. The time has come to shut down. I can never be good for anything in my line again. The game's up with Hazel after this."

"Nonsense! rot!" said Scully angrily; but he could say nothing to divert the girl's mind.

"I wish you'd go away and leave me, Tom," she said, after a while: "I want to be alone."

He left her, but before he went he did what he seldom did now she was not a child and had given up climbing on his knee: he laid his lips to her lips and kissed her good-night.

In the morning she was haggard-looking and white, and there were dark circles under her eyes. She tried to laugh it off with him, and said, "Look as if I'd been on a tear last night,—a regular howling racket, as the boys say,—don't I?"

"No," said Scully; "just a little 'off,'—that's all. You'll be all right by night."

Hazel returned his glance in a way he never forgot. A smile crossed her lips, but she did not speak.

"D—n him!" said Scully, under his breath, as he thought of Clyde.

"The worst of it is that he doesn't care shucks for her," said Bridgeman.

Scully kept a lookout all that day for Clyde. After a while he saw the Texan moving among the horses, and stopped him as he was going away. "You heard how Hazel disappointed the house last night?" he said.

"No," said Clyde, with a scarcely concealed impatience at being detained.

"She didn't follow the bill,—wasn't up to the 'Leap.'"

"No?" said Clyde again.

"Have you seen her in that?"

"No."

"Good Lord!" muttered the other: "can't I get anything out of the man but 'no'?"

Clyde was pulling at his moustache in a bored, indifferent way.

Scully wondered what Hazel could see in him to like. "I want you to be front to-night," he continued, "and see her

when she comes on for the 'Leap.' It's the best thing she does."

"Yes," assented Clyde, with an uninterested air.

"You'll be sure to be there? 'Sit close by the ladder, if you will. I'll have a place kept for you. You can be there easily enough, if you will. You don't ride after half-past; and what do you generally do with yourself after that?"

"Go to bed, I believe."

"Join us to-night for supper, Hazel and me."

"Thank you; but my digestion is everything to me. I don't eat late."

"All right," said Scully, and he let the young man pass.

Mrs. Bridgeman seemed to be waiting for him a little farther on. The two walked away together.

Hazel came up directly and took hold of Scully by the arm. "She likes him, Tom," she said, without any sort of a preface; "and she's always putting herself in his way and speaking to him whether he will or not."

"What's there in him to like?" asked the man, putting in words the thought that was uppermost in his mind.

"I don't know," said Hazel. "He's different from any one else I ever saw."

"He's a—" began Scully suddenly, and checked the word on his lips. He had caught the electric flash in the girl's great dark eyes and the rising flush on her face.

"A what?" she demanded imperiously.

"A pretty decent sort of a chap, I guess."

"He's a gentleman, Tom, through and through."

"My poor girl!" said Scully to himself; "you're hit hard, and no mistake."

"You were talking to him just now, Tom. What did you say?"

"Asked him to supper to-night; but he wouldn't come. Thinks a sight too much of his d—d digestion for that."

"He said nothing more?"

"Yes. I believe he wants to see you

from the front to-night. Asked me to keep a place for him by the ladder."

"No?—not really!" cried Hazel, and it was a sight the other hated to see, the little dimples of pleasure that made radiant her face.

She was unusually animated all the rest of the day. She even seemed to have forgotten or overlooked her disagreement with Mrs. Bridgeman last night. Possibly Mrs. Bridgeman had not forgotten, but deemed it wisest to overlook. She seemed nervous and agitated as the day wore on, starting whenever she was suddenly addressed, and trying to avoid Hazel's eye.

Scully sent out while Clyde was riding and got a bunch of nodding roses and clove-pinks from a florist's just across the way. As Clyde came off, hot and flushed, he met him, and fairly thrust the flowers in his hand. "Will you give these to Hazel as she mounts the ladder?" he asked.

"Certainly," said Clyde; "but I must have time to change my dress first."

"I've looked out for all that. Bridgeman is to go on with his trained goats before instead of after the 'Leap.'"

Scully was not prepared for the sudden dark flush of annoyance that stained the Texan's face. It actually seemed for the moment to him as if his intelligence was unwelcome,—that Clyde, for a purpose of his own, preferred the usual arrangement of the night's performance in the ring. Bridgeman was making his entry with the goats, when Mrs. Bridgeman stopped Scully to speak to him. She wore her street-things, and seemed impatient to be off.

"I'm going home," she said: "I'm not needed any more to-night. Won't you tell my husband, when he comes off, where I'm gone? I'd like him to know, so as he needn't worry. And you may take him off to supper with you, if you like."

Scully thought nothing of her giving him this message,—she had done so several times before. He went to Hazel's door and rapped. The girl was ready, and full of confidence again, he saw.

"Is Clyde there?" she wanted to know.

"Yes,—in an overcoat. He's just gone round."

Hazel was eager enough to go now. After the first burst of applause, and before it had done echoing to the roof, she ran to the ladder at the side of the ring, her eyes fastened on Clyde, who was seated there in a listless sort of way, and saw the flowers in his hand. He half rose and extended them to her, saying something that evidently pleased the girl. She took them from him and fastened them securely at her belt. Another round of applause for the simple action from the house, and Hazel began her preparations for the act. She did not see Clyde slip away and edge himself out through the crowded house till he was behind the high wooden barrier that screened the view of the ring from loungers by the entrance-door. She only caught sight of him out there as she was about to launch herself in air and take the leap. The gate-keeper was asleep, and the box-office was closed. Mrs. Bridgeman was waiting to meet Clyde, and he put his arm around her with an easy air of possession and kissed her nearest cheek. Instantly a wild cry of despair and blind, jealous fury came from the girl, upon whom all eyes in the place but those of these two were fixed.

It was all over in a second,—half a second, perhaps. The great "Leap for Life," as down on the bills, was one of death. Hazel lay with her arms outstretched and motionless, face downward upon the ring. The bunch of flowers, shot out from her belt in her fall, dropped at the other woman's feet. The house was still, and then broke into cries. The quick rush of many trampling feet was heard in the ring. The gate-man woke up and pressed forward with the rest. Mrs. Bridgeman unconsciously put her foot upon the flowers and crushed them.

"Don't look," said Clyde, and, taking advantage of the confusion and their consequent seclusion,—the only two of all that vast assembly behind the wooden

barrier,—he kissed her there on the lips twice, unseen.

The gate-man returned to take his place at the door. Many in the crowded house began to straggle out. The performance in the ring had been resumed. No one seemed to know the extent of the injuries that Hazel had received.

Clyde put the question to one of the members of the troupe whom he saw going away. He had gone out in the street, with Mrs. Bridgeman on his arm, and they had walked as far as the side-entrance, when they met this man.

He passed his hand over his eyes before he answered, as though to shut out the sight of some dreadful thing. "She's dead now," he told Clyde. "She had just breath enough left to call for your husband, Mrs. Bridgeman, and he was with her before Tom got into the room. Poor old Tom! He's taking on awfully; it was him made her go on to-night, he says. You ought to have seen how her hair turned,—from the shock, the doctors all say, the minute she knew she had missed and her time was up. Well, it was jet black, as you know; and it was white when we picked her up,—white as snow to the ends."

Clyde said something to his companion in an undertone as the man moved away.

Mrs. Bridgeman gave a little shiver. "Oh, it's awful!" she said. "Let's go home."

The door behind them opened suddenly, and Bridgeman came out. His lips were compressed till they seemed a mere line on his face. His eyes narrowed as he saw his wife on the Texan's arm. "I've been looking for you," he said, and his wife seemed to think that he spoke to her, though his glance was full into the other man's sphinx-like face, handsome, expressionless, and well-bred.

"I'm going home," she said. "Mr. Clyde will take me there. You had better stay and do what you can for poor Tom. I know all about it. She's dead."

Bridgeman paid not the slightest attention to the sound of her voice or to

what she said. He took the Texan suddenly by the lapel of his overcoat and swung him round so as squarely to face himself. "I've been looking for you," he said, and his expression was that of some wild beast. "I'm going to send you where you belong."

Clyde saw his right hand move back of his hip. With the other he still held the Texan by the coat. Mrs. Bridgeman dropped Clyde's arm and threw open the little door behind. Clyde wrenched himself free and ran through, and a shot flew past his ears.

The sound startled the members of the troupe and the hangers-on within. Mrs. Bridgeman literally flattened herself against the wall as her husband dashed past her and after Clyde.

There was another scene in the ring that was not down on the bills,—Clyde, bareheaded, running for his life, in obedience to the blind animal instinct of escape and the knowledge that he was unarmed, and Bridgeman after him, aiming and firing his pistol as he ran. The house—what remained of it after Hazel's accident and had not heard the fatal termination of her fall—broke into animation at the sight. Clyde was in the middle of the ring, the same place where the tan had been hastily raked over the spot where Hazel fell, when the last bullet from Bridgeman's revolver did its work. He threw his hands up over his head and dropped.

Bridgeman flung his useless weapon across the Texan's prostrate body, and, turning on his heel, walked quietly back the way he had come. His own comrades about the door seemed paralyzed. They made no effort to detain him, but fell back and let him pass.

The house had just begun to realize its mistake, and that a dread tragedy had been enacted in its midst. A strong current of air from open doors rushed in and set the lights flickering. Some one ventured into the ring and turned the Texan's white face up. There was no doubt about it: he was dead.

Tom Scully had pushed himself among the crowd now in the ring. They had had to put him gently out of the room

where the dead girl lay. "What is it?" he asked in a dazed sort of way. "It's Clyde, ain't it? Who did it? Bridge?"

"I'd rather handle dynamite than have fooled with Bridge's wife," said the man who had turned Clyde's face up to the light. "Hazel said something to him that put him on the track to-night."

"She did, eh?" said Scully, with a return of his old air. "And Bridge shot him for it.—Thank God, he's dead!"

"It's a dead loss for Coppée on this

season," said one who stooped to lift the murdered Texan up, "but it will advertise him on the next, sir, just like smoke."

Scully turned and followed the regular tramp of the bearers across the ring. So had he helped to carry Hazel this very night. Instinctively he thrust his hand in the breast-pocket of his old coat and touched there a soft lock of hair that had just been severed from its young owner's head, though it was white as snow. "Thank God, he's dead!" he muttered, as he thought of Clyde.

CARA HALL RANDOLPH.

UNREST.

THROUGH all the weary dark day long,
 Poor little sweet-voiced homesick bird,
 You toss within your cage. Your song
 Is full of sorrow. Yet no word
 Of mine—though I can understand
 So well the pain—can tell to you,
 Nor touches of my cheek or hand
 Can ever make you know, I do
 But hold you for your good,—that sky
 And wold are gray with storm, that snow
 Drifts o'er the fields where late the rye
 Bloomed golden, and that far below,
 With the sweet grass and mosses, lie
 All the dear flowers you used to know.

No, no, there is no way; but, while
 You beat your wings in agony
 Against your golden bars, the smile
 Of bud and blossom, hum of bee,
 And the glad spring, are coming. So
 Must I, who am your master, do
 The thing that should be done. I know
 The way, and what is good for you.
 This room,—its warmth and greenery,
 The baby's laugh, the old guitar's
 Low hum, that bit of tropic sea,—
 Though you look on through prison-bars,
 Is better than the leafless tree,
 Yon untried realm of cold bright stars.

CLARA LOUISE BOTTSFORD.

DECORATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE situation was complicated, and yet wonderfully simple. In fact, the simplicity made the complication,—precisely as a straightforward statement is often the most disconcerting and paralyzing of methods in encountering a double-dealer. There stood the house,—the latest result of an architect's genius, it is true, but there are architects and architects, and ours, while born among the mighty columns of the primeval forest, the springing arches and "sounding aisles of the dim woods," had not yet crystallized those influences into Gothic or Renaissance orders. Indeed, naissance, with or without a *re*, had hardly found place there; and the little log house, twelve by fourteen, with a "lean-to" of poles, under which the cooking-stove had shelter, could not be regarded architecturally as more than embryonic. Round logs, chinked with mud, and even more impracticable to deal with than slabs, ceiling and floor of roughest boards, crazy doors on shaky and uncertain hinges, and windows composed of half-sashes filled in with thick, greenish glass, were the outward features. Within was a mud chimney, the framework of sticks showing here and there; and for the rest, emptiness.

To the frontiersman or woman such a situation has few drawbacks. Given a shelter, and to eat from the top of the flour-barrel, sleep rolled in Mackinaw blankets on the floor or in a pole bunk made luxurious by a bed of wild-ducks' feathers, and sit on blocks chopped from the nearest tree, seems the natural and proper method of life. If lumbering or trapping be the occupation, there is no advance upon such modes, a return to temporary civilization in the spring meeting all æsthetic needs. But when it is a question of a home for a year or more, some semblance of comfort must be had; and two hundred miles not only from a lemon but from anywhere, roads

wellnigh impassable save in midsummer, and streams so high that they were matched only by the freights, made any living a perplexity. The family of a surgeon on a remote Indian reservation, who take with them even the suggestions of civilized life, use up the first year's salary in reaching the post, and must stay through the second to have means of seeing home again at all. When, moreover, the only means of transportation are a box-sled drawn by two gaunt and erratic Indian ponies, and a small "flat-train" devoted to sacks of flour, it will be easily seen that between a year's supplies for the inner man and any suggestions of the same for the outer there could be not an instant's hesitation. Even groceries must be limited in amount and packed in such form as to be easily lifted to the shoulders of the *coureur du bois*, or half-breed guide, who must make his way northward over frozen lake and stream, across portages where only a "blaze" here and there gave indication of any road, and where often rivers whose swift-flowing current refused to yield to any power of frost confronted us with a black and impassable line, at sight of which Boulanger danced and wept with fury: "Tiyah! Oh, tiyah! Cette vilaine rivière! Oh, the lady! Oh, the little, little boxes! Oh, tiyah!" A fallen tree and a balance-pole secured safe passage for the "little, little boxes;" the lady also could be passed over, in such a state of dismay and general light-headedness as suited the circumstances; and in this manner the long days went by, twenty miles a day being phenomenal speed, and ample time being thus afforded "to look before and after, and sigh for what was not." The looking "before" came just too late, for in a narrow passage, the only way between two trees, the rockers of a rocking-chair, the one essential of American furnishing, had, in some unexplainable way,

broken short off, and the back, suddenly twisted away from ropes, parted as suddenly, leaving only a species of dismembered and uncertain stool, from which it might perhaps be possible to reconstruct an arm-chair, but nevermore rockers.

"At least there will be boards," I said; "and one can always do something with boards."

"Ah, no!" responded Boulanger, who, though understanding English perfectly, preferred a dialect made up from Canadian French, Ojibway, and Cr  e, and only in great emergencies condescended to English. "Ah, no! Figurez-vous, madame, the mill is blow up. Il n'y a pas de board; no, not one."

"But, Boulanger, that is a mistake. The agency-people have no such news. Kennedy was there a month ago."

"Not now, I tell you. You see big trail on Cass Lake yesterday? That Kennedy's ox. He at 'other side Cass Lake as we camp. Indian go by, you no see. Say mill blow up. Indian run off with board. Not one for madame."

Too true, though doubted to the last possible moment. But when on the sixth day out, when lake and river had all been passed, and the deep woods shut us in, the melancholy black pines rising thick and close each side the narrow trail, and only a thin blue smoke curling up at long intervals from some hidden wigwam, we came at last to the top of a little hill, and saw the lake and the clearing, red under the setting sun, Boulanger pointed forward, shaking his head as he murmured plaintively, "Kah-win kago. All gone."

Collapsed boiler and shattered engine, snow-covered and silent, were all that remained of the saw- and grist-mill provided by treaty stipulation. With the first news of the explosion, we soon learned, Indians from far and near had poured in, and in half an hour not a board or shingle or plank remained.

Boulanger sighed and smiled pityingly as he made his final bow to me, seated on a flour-sack in the midst of the goods piled up hastily in the middle of the floor. The unutterable dreariness of that first entrance I shall never forget,

—the close, cold, earthy smell, not to be dispelled even by the blazing fire in the mud chimney; the blank dismay at finding not one trace of even border civilization; a vague wonder if one *could* sleep on the floor a year, and the certainty that it must be a bad dream, from which awakening would soon come. Every pane in the low window framed a dark face, with bright, curious eyes, and the first necessity came to be pinning up something to shut them out. In the midst of this appeared the blacksmith and his "helper," bearing an ancient and suspicious-looking bed, more precious in my sight than the choicest result of art, ancient or modern, has ever since seemed, and close behind him came the government farmer, with a table owning but three legs, but still a table.

"I 'lowed you wouldn't git your things through," he said, "an' I've brought you what'll do till they come. If there was boards, now; but, you see, when the engineer was jes' blowed right up with the mill an' stuck in a drift head foremost when he come down, he 'lowed, soon as we dug him out an' found he wasn't even scratched, that he'd go below for good; an' he's gone. You'll hev to pull through best way you kin. Gover'ment don't hurt itself much a-layin' out on the agencies, an' if you don't bring things you go without."

As he talked on, the blacksmith appeared again, this time with a six-quart pail of hot tea, some apple-sauce, and a loaf of hot bread. "Tain't much of a supper, but it's *hot*," he said, "an' while you're eatin' an' thawin' out I'll jes' get the bed ready, an' you turn in till mornin'. *That* what you call a bed?" as I pointed to the mattress, cased in rubber and in the tight roll on which I had sat all day as we rode: "where's your feathers?"

"We haven't any. I don't like feathers."

A long pause, in which the blacksmith eyed first me and then the mattress:

"An' you mean to say you haven't got no feathers?"

"Not one."

In an instant he was gone, in another

he came back, bearing a huge feather-bed. "I took this o' Kennedy the last thing," he said, "an' didn't know what I did it for, neither. Don't you know that in feathers and blankets six deep you ain't goin' to be more'n barely warm? This black pine burns out in a flicker, an' ten below zero's warm for this kentry. Now, mark my word: put that black sassenger underneath, if you're a mind ter, but lay in feathers, or there'll be a funeral."

Too tired to contend, I let him have his way. The bed, with its red blankets, seemed the most delicious nest ever offered to wandering, weary soul. I crept to it when sure the door was barred, and slept almost as I sank into the hospitable feathers,—a dreamless sleep, lasting well into the next day.

What need to chronicle the awakening?—the forlorn pile of ashes in the more forlorn chimney, the comfortless dry bread and tea swallowed in the light of a fire, so cheery, however, that, as it danced and blazed, spirits rose and plans took instant shape.

First of all, unpacking enough to discover the rolls of paper and of cotton cloth hiding in the very last box, then a measuring of walls and tearing the cotton into long strips. A kettle of paste, partaken of with great relish by the swarm of Indian visitors, who dipped in fingers and even in one case licked the brush, regarding the use of so much good flour on a wall as something not to be tolerated. A day's work went to pasting cotton over every chink, that some surface might be made to which paper would cling, and by the end of the second day ceiling and walls alike were covered with the cheap but bright and pretty paper which not only shut out cold but transformed the whole interior. The mud chimney was hopeless, but its ribs were concealed under a fresh coating of clay contributed by the blacksmith, who kept a fire burning all night to thaw the spot from which he brought it, and who smoothed and patted it as tenderly as a sculptor giving the last touches to his model. An Indian woman, taught long ago in the Fari-

bault school, scrubbed the floor clean as it could ever be. Loose boards were pounded down, a small square of crimson carpet was spread, the table received a pole leg, and under a bright cover might have been ebony or ivory. A trader contributed two stools, and the rocking-chair, with the back spliced on and swathed in a gay shawl, returned to a part at least of its original intention.

With every available photograph in place on the wall, bright bead-work interspersed, the small book-shelf holding the few treasures that had to come even if groceries were left out, a week gave the sense of home which alone could render a log hut endurable. The sleep of the laboring man night after night proved sweet. Miles of country were traversed for boards, sold at fabulous rates by their owners, who had hidden them deep in the woods under piles of brush, for use in prospective grave-covers. A dollar each—in traders' terms, four yards of calico—was the lowest price asked; but the owners accepted half this amount with a calmness and promptitude unequalled in the history of bargaining. At the end of a month enough had been accumulated for a box-lounge, the lid fringed with pieces of old boot-leg, and this, cushioned with moss brought by the women, and covered with gay Mackinaw blankets, relieved the bed from further duty by day, and me from the dreadful apprehension filling my soul whenever a too social squaw approached it. Another wing, eight by ten, with medicine-counter at the end, received the daily applicants for castor-oil and salts, and the kitchen sheltered trunks and boxes, while my lounge served as bureau, wardrobe, and general storehouse. And when Josance at Christmas presented an empty barrel, the last possibility for comfort as well as decoration was reached. I mourned that my education had not included light carpentering, for in that case the efforts in sawing and shaping would have been less agonizing. No hammer ever pounded in more unexpected places or rebounded more viciously on knuckles and fingers; but, in spite

of every fresh demonstration of the innate depravity of inanimate things, at last it stood before me, a more fascinating "nest" than anything Herter or Cottier can offer. A thick bear-skin lay before it. The dancing fire-light brought out every gleam of color and softened every defect. The blessed student-lamp beamed approval. Even the

black pines seemed friendly, and home less far away, and I said, "I will tell it, every word; and who knows but that some forlorn sister, lost also on this wild Western border, may read and take heart again, and know that there are possibilities in living even two hundred miles from anywhere?"

HELEN CAMPBELL.

THE BANK SECRET.

I.

THERE had been a full half-minute of elegant silence at the tea-table of old John Belford, the banker.

"Gideon!" The old-fashioned name seemed set to a sort of conversational music by the rich, full tones which uttered it, and it was followed, in default of any instant reply, by, "I'm going to do you a very great favor."

"Right away? Well, I'm ready: all my firmness rallied."

"No, sir; you may finish your tea."

"And then the astonishment?"

"You can have that now. I've tickets for the concert at the Academy to-morrow night, and you're to take me."

"Ruth, my dear!" Mrs. Belford, from behind the tea-urn, said that quite suddenly, and Gideon showed his presence of mind by promptly remarking, "Mrs. Belford, I'm deeply obliged to you. Those are the very words, only I should not have dared—"

The lady of the house was not at that moment smiling upon her husband's big yellow-haired step-son. She even in a manner cut him off by repeating, in a tone of reproof, "Ruth, my dear!" and then, after a dignified pause, she added, "did not Mr. Marvin Belford speak to you about this very concert?"

"Did he?" growled old John Belford from the other end of the table: "then Ruth's right. Self-preservation is the first law of nature."

"Ruth," said Gideon, "I'm your man. I'll save you at any cost."

"It will cost you nothing at all, sir, and the music will be good. Besides, I shall wear a new dress and be unusually handsome. You will be a much envied man."

"And Marvin will love me better than ever, and I shall be happy."

Gideon Street did not look like a man to be much troubled by the opinions of other people, particularly of anybody he was just then thinking of. Neither did he bear the customary marks of a general favorite among men or women. It is not easy to make a pet of a broad-shouldered, bearded Viking, with steel-gray eyes and a deep voice. Through all the explanatory remarks which followed, he was profoundly polite to Mrs. Belford, and a little more so to Ruth, but there was all the while a species of suppressed chuckle in ambush behind the politeness.

"Ruth Faraday," exclaimed Mrs. Belford at last, "you are much too severe upon your cousin. Marvin Belford is one of nature's noblemen."

"He's not a cousin of mine, Aunt Carrie; and I must say I think nature might have done better."

"And not half try," muttered Gideon Street; but at that moment Mr. Belford said to his wife, "Now, Carrie, you must let us go. I want a talk with Gid in the library about some business mat-

ters. You can have him, Ruth, after I've done with him."

"I don't want him, Uncle John. I'll be perfectly fair. He need not come near me again until it's time to start for the concert."

"That's fair," said Gideon.

"And even then I won't expect him to talk. All he really need do is to look around him and smile now and then, after I've led him to the right seats."

Her dark, brilliant eyes were dancing with fun, and Gideon, as he slowly rose from the table, thrust his face half-way across it with a remarkable contortion of its manly features, as he asked, "Would this do?"

"Not if there were children."

"Well, you must put me in mind, you know. I can smile."

An hour or so later, without any smile at all upon his face, Gideon Street came out of John Belford's library. He carried in one hand a leathern valise of respectable size, and on his hasty march toward the front door he muttered, "Good! company in the parlor. Shan't have to answer any questions."

Behind him, in the well-lighted, luxurious library, the stalwart, grim old banker sat by the table in the centre, very much as if he were listening for the sound of the closing of the front door. It came,—a sharp, decisive sound,—and his heavy fist fell upon the table with a thud: "That's attended to. I believe I can trust him. There'll be music all round before a great while, but I don't believe I shall hear much of it. The rest of them will all have tickets."

There was mention making of tickets and music at that very moment in the parlor, for, although Mr. Marvin Belford had been there some time, he had been but a few minutes in the enjoyment of Ruth Faraday's conversation. He was not so tall or so strong a man as Gideon Street, but he was much better-looking, his eyes and hair were darker, and he was dressed with more care. His response to Ruth's entering salutation had been made with a grace which did

him credit, but they two, had they been listening, might have heard the street door open and shut just as the young lady innocently remarked, "The concert? Splendid? Yes, it will be, no doubt. Mr. Street has promised to take me."

"Con—! h'm! You're booked already! Too late, am I? Now, Ruth, you might have known I'd come. Gid Street, too!"

"Well, yes, I did think you possibly might, but I could not run any risk. I'm of age, now, these three days, and it's made me ever so much wiser than I used to be."

"Nothing could make you more beautiful, Ruth."

"Now, Mr. Belford, you must call me Miss Faraday. I'm quite taken with my new dignity, and I mean to claim all its advantages."

"What? With me, Ruth?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"I've known you from childhood. You used to call me your cousin, and Marvin, and—" There was a touch of earnestness in his voice and manner, enough to suggest something more than a whim in Ruth's forethought concerning the concert.

Her interruption was baldly matter-of-fact: "Oh, yes, Mr. Belford, that's all very true; but I insist upon being a grown-up young lady, now. Call me Miss Faraday, and tell me whom you think you'll take to the concert, now I'm out of the question."

"Nobody on earth."

"Now, Mr. Belford! You're not acquainted anywhere else? Why can't you be good and unselfish just for once, and go for some homely girl?"

"I declare, I will! I'll get the ugliest, worst-dressed, most ill-tempered, cross-eyed—"

"Poor, too: don't forget that."

The rest of that conversation was not worth reporting on behalf of Marvin Belford. It was a relief to him, at last, when Mrs. John Belford came into the parlor, called him her "dear nephew," and gave him the stately kiss of an admiring aunt.

It is quite possible she might have been doing better service in the library at that moment in the part of a devoted wife. There sat the banker yet, by the table, his gray head bowed upon his fat, wrinkled hands, and the voice which came through them almost sepulchral: "I can't quite make up my mind to it, but I know it's coming. It has waited a long time, but it will not wait much longer now. Glad I can trust Gid. It's a strange thing to think of, and to know it is so close at hand, after all these years. Coming—coming. I cannot make up my mind to it. She is a good girl, and I've loved her ever since she was born."

II.

THERE were five persons whose rank or duty gave them access to the ample vault of Belford Brothers, the well-known and highly-respected banking-house. Of these, the first two, the heads of the house, John and his brother William, rarely looked into it. Those who did so more frequently were the junior partner, Mr. Marvin Belford; the spectacled bookkeeper, Mr. Ruggles; and Mr. Gideon Street, in his confidential capacity of teller. The minor dignitaries of the ancient house could all say, indeed, that they had often looked in upon the sombre security of that iron-bound cell; they had even awe-struck memories of having put their feet inside it; but not one of them had been intrusted with the magic numbers of the combination which controlled the opening of the massive lock. But on the day after the events just narrated, there were five consecutive visitors to the vault, and each in turn found some attraction for his eyes in a large, oblong package, tied with cross-belts of red tape, which lay a little by itself on one of the lower shelves.

The ancient bookkeeper did not touch the package, but he bent his white head over it as he said, "Miss Faraday's bonds? Well, they're a special deposit, but I wish they were somewhere else. It won't do for me to meddle; but her uncle ought to look out for that. I for-

got: Mr. John Belford does not know exactly."

He shut his lips tightly and went out, and his place was shortly taken by the portly form of Mr. William Belford, more grim and stately than his brother John, and more a walking assurance of financial solvency. He glanced around the vault, to see that all was right, and his cold brown eyes rested on the package: "Ruth's fortune, eh? We must look out for that, for Marvin's sake. I must tell John to put it somewhere else. He doesn't know the real condition of things, but I can give him a reason for it."

His heavy, stately tread passed out of the vault, and he may have been correct as to his brother's ignorance of peril to that package, for in less than ten minutes John Belford was regarding "Ruth's fortune" with an iron smile and hoarsely chuckling over it, "That's safe, at all events. I owed that much to her mother. I'm glad nobody can touch it!"

It was necessary, a little later, for Gideon Street to carry into the vault a small japanned-tin box, and the smile he turned upon the tape-belted parcel would have answered him admirably for skirmish uses at the concert the coming evening: "There it is. Ruth is more of an heiress than I thought for. The old gentleman's managed well for her." The smile faded as he spoke, and its place was taken first by a crimson flush and then by a singular paleness. "They're not for you, Gideon, my boy. Any fool can see that. Do your duty, but don't you let it make a fool of you."

Excellent words to be uttered in a bank-vault, whether as a riddle or an exhortation; and when he had taken one more look, he returned to his post in the main office.

It was late in the day before Mr. Marvin Belford found any occasion for crossing that iron threshold, and when he did so there were no eyes upon him. He had a deposit to make, taking it from a travelling-bag which he carried in his hand. It was an oblong package, fastened curiously with red tape, and

when he put it down upon the shelf beside Ruth Faraday's fortune he was entirely justified in remarking, "No man alive could tell them apart. Even the tape is of the same width, and the creases in the paper come exactly right. A perfect pair of twins." He was evidently pleased with the comparison he was making, but at the end of it he picked up one of the "twins" and slipped it into the travelling-bag. A change of mind, doubtless, and he had decided not to leave his deposit in the vault, for he carried that bag with him in his cab, after banking-hours, when he went home. He seemed in low spirits, too, all the way; and it was probably well for him that he had in prospect an evening of amusement.

He went to the concert, truly, but he had failed to comply with the charitable suggestion of Ruth Faraday, for she herself could claim no great advantages over the jewelled belle at the side of Marvin Belford.

"Shall I smile on him, Ruth?" asked Gideon. "I want to."

"Do, please,—your very best. It's just what I've been doing."

"Yes, I saw; and he tried to smile back. Failed awfully. I'll give him a chance to try again, if I can catch his eye. He loves me."

"There! you hit him."

There are a few things which Ruth either had not yet learned or had forgotten. For instance, you may know a man for years and years, and you may respect him exceedingly, he may even be your uncle's step-son and live a good while in the same house with you, and yet you may not become the least bit in the world intimate with him,—especially if you have it in your mind that you half-way dislike him and can't tell why. If, however, you begin to let him slip from "old acquaintance" into "old friend," there is no telling how far he will slip along that line,—or you either. It is a very slippery line. That night, however, Ruth was in remarkably high spirits, and Gideon had something upon his mind which absolutely compelled him to smile occasionally.

Mrs. John Belford had retired before her husband's niece returned from the concert, but he was still up, and he waylaid Ruth as she passed the library door. "Come in, my dear," he said, as he slowly returned to his seat by the table.

"What is it, Uncle John?" Her fair face was yet flushed with excitement and pleasure as she stepped lightly in, but she quickly added, "Are you not well? Is there anything the matter?"

He was looking in her face earnestly and lovingly, but there was a white, strange shade on his own, as of suppressed and bitter pain: "Nothing at all, my dear. Listen to me: can you keep a secret?"

She was serious enough now, as she listened to those deep, ominous, all but tremulous tones: "I can. Try me."

"It may not seem a great one just now, but you must keep it. You are good friends with Gideon?"

"Good enough, Uncle John, especially this evening."

"The music was good?"

"A splendid concert. But what about Gideon?"

"He is a man to be trusted. In a little while it will be necessary for you to trust some one. Trust him. Not anybody else."

"Not even you?"

"No, not even me. I am an old rascal. He is young and honest. No matter what turns up, trust Gideon Street."

"What can you mean?"

"Go to bed, now. Keep your secret. One of these days you will know what I mean."

She tried again, but there was no breath of explanation to be obtained from the old gentleman. His face grew hard and his voice harsh, but he kept to himself all the remainder of his secret.

The next day things seemed to go on as usual, but if John Belford had intended a deep and cunning plot to increase the distance in Ruth Faraday's behavior to Gideon he had planned well and with complete success. Even smiles across the table died like flowers in frost. Gideon took it all with external calm-

ness, and Ruth could not complain of any attempt on his part to break the barrier of ice she had so unaccountably raised.

The days went by for about a fortnight in a curiously chilly way, considering how fine was the bright October weather, and then there came a great sensation to a very wide social and financial "circle."

Gideon Street carried it down to the bank and delivered it to Mr. William Belford and his son Marvin on their arrival. A telegram earlier sent had missed them.

"Apoplexy? Dead in his bed? Marvin, come right in with me. This is an awful blow!"

In half a minute more the two were closeted in the private parlor of the bank, leaving Gideon and Mr. Ruggles to spread the sensation as customers came in.

"Father," asked Marvin, "had you any suspicion of such a danger?"

"Knew he'd been in fear of it this long time. He was under medical treatment.—Well, he's gone!—Marvin, this will precipitate matters. This will be a rough day; but you can keep all steady while I drive to John's house and back. I'll see Carrie and give some directions, and then we must prepare—"

"For a storm? No, I don't see how it can come to-day."

"It will come. I've been fighting it off these ten years."

"Nobody knows there's any deficit, more than they did yesterday."

"You're not as old as I am. I can feel it in my bones."

He hurriedly left the bank and drove away, and it did seem for a while as if he had been under some mistake. Not a breath of suspicion had ever blown upon the credit of Belford Brothers. In this their hour of trial they were entitled to all imaginable sympathy and business courtesy, and it was lavishly extended to them,—especially the sympathy, in many and varied expressions thereof. Still, as the day went by, and after William Belford's return, a good many people seemed to be in need of

money, and those who had any right to draw on Belford Brothers "at sight" began to do so.

"We've weathered it, father," said Marvin at three o'clock.

"How about to-morrow?"

"Well, the funeral won't be till the day after that—"

"John's, or the concern's? I tell you, my boy, there is something in the air. That thing will have to come out if we suspend. There is one thing we might do—"

"Not with my consent."

"Never mind, now. I will think about it. That would tide us over, and we could arrange afterward."

"Never! And we can weather it just as well without."

"Don't you be too sanguine. You'd better look in at John's with me on our way up-town."

That had been a dark day at the banker's elegant residence. Gideon Street had been glad to get away from it in the morning on the plea of business necessity. He had discovered, before going, that his affection for his step-father had been stronger than he knew, and so the blow fell on him the more heavily. He had also been astonished at the extreme of grief expressed by Ruth Faraday, but he had been greatly puzzled by a thing he heard her whispering to herself as she leaned above the cold face of her uncle: "I know now a part of what he meant. What can the rest of it be? This was coming, then, and he knew it!"

Gideon had not heard Mrs. Belford say, in the shelter of the curtained window, "I'm glad my own property is settled on me. William will be in control of everything else."

Nevertheless, it was not without some show of reason that Gideon had remarked to Ruth, before he left the house, "I will say just one word. I'm glad there's one person besides myself with heart enough to be genuinely sorry."

"Why, Gideon, I loved him."

"He loved you, too, and you will know it some day."

"I'm sure he thought everything of

you. But I can't talk now. Do you think they will come here right away?"

"Of course they will. I don't mean to be here when they come."

Ruth was within a breath of saying, "I wish you would!" but she did not say it, and so when William Belford and Marvin called to mingle their grief with that of the stricken household, Gideon was not there.

III.

It was the middle of the day before the funeral, and the inner parlor of the old banking-house contained only Mr. William Belford and his son. Business went on in the outer office after a manner strictly conformed to the needs and proprieties of so sombre a state of affairs.

"Marvin, it is only as a loan."

"I protest!"

"You have no rights as yet. If you and Ruth were already married, it would be different. I am my brother's sole executor."

"What of that, father? Ruth is of age. This is her own private property. You've no control. I doubt if Uncle John would have any by right if he were alive."

"It's a deposit, Marvin. I won't break if I can help it!"

The oblong, tape-bound package lay on the table before him, and he tore it open with a movement so sudden that Marvin's outstretched hand was all too late.

"What! What is this?"

"Mere waste paper!"

"Whose work is this?"

It was hard to say which face of those two was changing color and expression the more rapidly as their eyes glanced from each other to the heap of trash on the table.

"Could Uncle John—"

"No, indeed! Nor old Ruggles. This is worse than the deficit. It is utter and everlasting ruin!"

"There is but one other man."

"Gideon? Call him in."

In a moment more Mr. William Belford was sternly pointing to the contents

of Ruth Faraday's special deposit, and demanding, "What does this mean, Mr. Street?"

"Rubbish, I should say. Why?"

"What do you know about it?"

"Nothing at all."

"Mr. Street, do you know we have found a large deficit in the books of this house?"

"Perfectly well."

"And now here is this robbery, evidently committed by some one who had access to the vault."

"It looks very badly indeed." Not a hair of Gideon's yellow beard and moustache flinched, but the latter had a quiver in them as if they were beginning to curl a little.

"Have you any explanation to offer?" thundered the banker.

"Possibly I have. The plundering has been done quite systematically. I think it has required co-operative labor,—say, of two persons at least."

"Sir! I will have you arrested!"

"A scapegoat would certainly be desirable, but I doubt if I am the right man. I shall certainly refuse to serve."

"Leave the room, sir!"

"I will, and I shall also immediately leave the bank, but not the city. I shall not run away, Mr. Belford."

"Go, sir! Go!"

He went, not hastily, nor as one who had flight in his mind.

"Marvin, this is awful! We can stand it through to-day."

"To-morrow is the funeral, next day Sunday. We shall not open our doors again, father, now those drafts are coming."

"We can't pay fifty cents on the dollar; but we'll keep a-going till three o'clock."

So they did, but the air was becoming mysteriously filled with rumors undefined concerning the stability of the bereaved firm. It was surprising how many men were ready to remark, "I don't know about it: John was the backbone of the house." And he was dead, and that very evening his brother was compelled to remark to his widow, "There will be nothing to divide, Carrie."

"What, William! Nothing?"

"Not a dollar. There has been a heavy defalcation, heavy losses on top of it. Quite a run now, and more coming. The house will go into bankruptcy to-morrow."

"Oh, Mr. Belford," suddenly exclaimed Ruth, whose ears had lost no word he had been saying, "can I not help you? There are my bonds: take them: Uncle John said he had more than doubled the amount left me."

Mrs. Belford was staring at her brother-in-law in open-eyed, silent astonishment, while he on his part seemed struggling with a great gasp of some kind as he turned his head away from the tearful generosity in Ruth Faraday's face.

"Your bonds, my dear? There has been a robbery as well as a defalcation. Your fortune is all gone,—every cent of it."

"Robbery? All gone! Who could have done it?"

"It's all a robbery!" all but screamed Mrs. Belford. "Who did it, William? Who did it?"

"Be calm, Carry, be calm. It's an awful state of affairs. Tell me, did Gideon Street come home to supper?"

"Yes, he was here to supper, and he went out again."

"I doubt if you will see him again very soon. Thank you for your kind offer, Carrie. It is time for me to go."

"Do you suspect Gideon?"

"I will not say more, now."

"I will, then," said Ruth firmly. "I do not suspect him. You must not do anything against him, so far as I am concerned."

"My dear, generous-hearted girl, things must take their own course."

There was nothing Ruth could think of in reply to that, and, after Mr. Belford withdrew, she had quite enough to do in soothing the now hysterical grief of the bankrupt's widow. Only one gleam of common sense broke through the black cloud of all that wifely sorrow. "Ruth Faraday," she said, "how could you be such a fool? If your fortune had been in your own hands, you'd have

lent it to them, and you'd have lost it. It's just as well somebody stole it. I'm glad mine's safe, what there is of it. What will become of you?"

That was a question with which Ruth had not yet begun to wrestle, but she saw that it must come, by the light of the flash Mrs. Belford let in upon her. She said nothing at the moment, but she did a great deal of thinking all that evening while she sat alone in the library wondering when Gideon Street would return and what could keep him so late. So late? It was very late; and the thought whispered to her, at last, that she would rather not see him when he came in, for she would not dare to tell him the dreadful things Mr. William Belford had said of him.

Gideon chose his own hour, but he did return, and he was at the breakfast-table next morning. He was all alone, for neither of the ladies came down. Then he went to his own room, and, some hours later, none of those who gathered to join in the solemn ceremonies of the occasion perceived, in his behavior or in that of any member of the Belford family, a trace of improper feeling, only the uncommunicative reserve of men and women in affliction.

Perhaps it was as much Ruth's fault as any one's that Gideon Street and not Marvin Belford assisted her to a carriage and took the vacant seat beside her.

All the proprieties were duly observed, but in less than an hour after the return from the funeral a couple of gentlemen called to see Mr. Street, and he went out with them and did not return that day. He did not even leave word where he was going, or send back any message to inform his anxious friends why he should not come back.

IV.

THAT Saturday night it was well known in the financial community that Belford Brothers would never again open their doors for business. It was known, too, that there were "some particularly nasty features" about the failure.

Mr. Marvin Belford's own room was, therefore, the most comfortable place for

him to be in, and he was there; but he had been somewhere else first. He had spent an hour with Ruth Faraday just after tea, and he was evidently thinking about her now, as he sat and stared at the small bit of burning sea-coal in the grate before him. "I've been too fast with Ruth," he said, aloud. "She's feeling awfully cut up just now. I ought to have waited. She'll come round, of course, when she wakes up to the facts of the case. Hasn't a glimmer of an idea what it is to work for a living. I shall have to play poor for a while; but it beats me what I'm to do about those things just now. It's a queer secret to keep, but I'll keep it. Yes, I will, if I have to keep it forever!"

There was something harshly husky in his voice as he uttered the last words. He rose and walked slowly to a trunk in a corner.

The door of the room was already locked, so that he was in no danger of intrusion, while he drew from the trunk and placed upon his table an oblong, tape-bound package, remarking, "I'll see what there is of it." In about half a minute more he had seen, and he was staggering back from the table with a large white envelope in his hand. On the table, released from its careful wrapping, was a heap of old letters and other worthless things, and Marvin Belford had not yet found a single word to express the feeling of astounded disappointment with which he had stripped their mockery bare. That one envelope had lain on top, and it was addressed in a large, firm hand to "William Belford, Esq." "I may as well open it." He did so, and the broad sheet of paper he unfolded from it bore only these words:

"We are even now, my dear brother. Let us divide the deficit between us. You will not be able to lay your hands upon Ruth's fortune just now.

"Affectionately,
"JOHN BELFORD."

"Divide it between them?" gasped Marvin. "I thought as much. All I took didn't make the matter really any

worse. So Uncle John swamped Ruth too, did he? It's rough on me just now: but what if she had accepted me? I should have been in a box then."

There was comfort in his misery, therefore, and there was fire in the grate, and all that pile of rubbish would burn, including Uncle John's letter.

That was an uncomfortable evening for a great many people; but not one of all those who mourned for John Belford, or for the failure of the house of which he had been the head, passed the long hours more wretchedly than did Mr. Gideon Street.

There is hardly anything more trying to manly fortitude than an arrest on a felonious accusation, locked up over Sunday, to sit and eat one's heart out in solitude, with a prospect of possible years and years of just such locking up in some lonely cell or other. "It would be almost as bad to be let out now," said Gideon to himself more than once, "and have men look at me as they will."

Late in the night, as he lay there in the darkness, other words burst from him: "And she! Ruth Faraday to think I am a thief! And that I stole from her!" It was not exactly a yell of agony, but it was a very good suppressed likeness of one.

He could send for a lawyer, even on Sunday, and he could be assured that his arrest was an unwarrantable, hasty proceeding, and that the magistrate would surely let him out again on Monday morning, after a few formalities; but something very black had settled over the soul of Gideon Street. He knew, as well as if he had been told, that the reason of his absence was now well understood in the mansion of the widow Belford.

What he did not know was that the news had been carried there by Marvin Belford, or how much of emphasis it had added to the replies made by Ruth Faraday to sundry gracefully, even passionately, tendered pleadings.

One night more, a dreadfully dark one, full of tempest out of doors and marked by other tempests in some homes

and in such dim crypts as they lock up suspected felons in. Gideon's man of law was right, nevertheless, and before the noon of Monday he was free to walk past the closed doors of the old banking-house. He knew he was stared at by a number of men who passed him as he came up the street, but only one old acquaintance actually spoke to him. "What's the cause of the failure?" was Gideon's reply: "can't say. I'm told the money gave out, and they had to close. I left them the day before. You will have to ask somebody else."

Ruth Faraday was in her own room that afternoon when a servant knocked at the door and told her Mr. Street was in the parlor and wished to see her: "Tell him I'll come right down." Then she sat down upon a trunk she had been packing: "Gideon! I thought he was in prison. What shall I say to him? Guilty? No, indeed: I don't believe a word of it. If I keep him waiting he will think I do."

He stood in the middle of the parlor when she flashed in, and she paused for a moment. He had never before looked so very large and strong and noble, only his face was ghastly white. "Miss Faraday—"

"Gideon! I don't believe it."

"But, Miss Faraday, I spent last night, the day before, the night before that, in a felon's cell. I am dishonored."

"You did not do it? You did not take their money? or my bonds?"

"Their money,—the deficit?—it was gone before I ever entered the bank. I did take your bonds, all of them."

"You did? Gideon!"

"Yes, I did. Your uncle gave them to me to keep for you. I have kept them. Here they are."

She had seen the valise he was now opening. It had given her a swift thought that he was going away, but now he took from it a package which he tore open in her presence. "Gideon—"

"They are all here, Miss Faraday. I have been true to my trust."

"Don't count them, Gideon; please don't. I would trust you with anything. I promised Uncle John I would.

Did you say they put you in jail?" She was close to him now, and looking up in his face, for the idea was growing upon her that he had somehow been suffering on her account, and the tears were in her eyes and voice.

"Never mind that, Miss Faraday. I can't leave town till the investigation is over. I shall go then; but I wanted to put your property in your own hands as soon as possible."

A great storm was shaking him from head to foot, but his eye and voice were steady till her answer came:

"These things? What can I do with them? Won't you take care of them for me? Wouldn't they help you to get into business, Gideon? or half of them?"

"Ruth Faraday!"

"You are not dishonored! I don't believe a word of it! Won't you, Gideon? Please do!" The tears were pouring down her face in a great shower as she looked upon the terrible pain in his, and her hands went out to him in such a way that he could but take them, they seemed so eager to be taken. "I suffered so all yesterday, after I knew what they had done to you."

The two pairs of hands—the small ones and the very large ones—clung fast to one another for a moment, and a beautiful light dawned first in Ruth's face and then in Gideon's.

"Ruth? Is it so? Ruth?"

"Gideon, I've been finding it out for two weeks, but it must have been so before."

"I found it out a year ago, and it all but killed me. Yesterday, all the nights long, as I lay there—"

"Gideon! Please do not! It is dreadful!"

His head had been bending lower and lower for some seconds, and he had dropped one of her hands, that his arm might be free: "Oh, Ruth, I can face anybody now. All the world!"

Too much time could not be spent in the parlor, for it was due to Mrs. Belford that the state of affairs should be explained to her.

"I don't understand it at all, Ruth," was the widow's final comment. "It's all terrible. And your fortune is safe, and you are engaged to Mr. Street, and nobody knew a word about it, and they put him in jail! It's enough to drive me crazy."

Ruth had yet another explanation to make that day, and it seemed to puzzle very much a pair of brisk-mannered gentlemen who called to see her on important business: "Do we understand you, Miss Faraday? You had no property in the hands of Belford Brothers?"

"Not any, sir. It was all removed some time ago,—before the death of my uncle. I have not lost anything."

"But Mr. Street is accused—"

"No, he is not, sir; not by me. I am of full age. He has my entire confidence, and he is in charge of my business affairs."

"Ah! Certainly. Of course. I think we had better go: do you not, Mr. Johnson?"

"Reckon we had. There's an awful leak in this business somewhere. 'Tisn't here."

Ruth Faraday had never in her life before appeared so dignified and positive as she did while she was bowing out of the parlor those two emissaries of law

and justice, and there came a rustle of silk behind her as she did so: "Ruth, dear, I'm so glad Mr. Street saved your bonds! But what will Brother William say, and your cousin Marvin?"

"What will they say? I never want to see them again. How will they dare to look Gideon in the face, after what they have done? Arresting him!"

"Oh, dear me! I had almost forgotten about that. I was thinking of you and Marvin."

"Aunt Carrie—well, you might as well know. I told Marvin what I thought of him and his father last night when he told me they had put Gideon in jail. He will never trouble me any more."

It was not likely he would, now that any vision he might have of Ruth would surely confound itself in his mind with another of Gideon Street. Nevertheless, after all was settled, even long afterward, when Mrs. Ruth Street and her husband had freely pardoned everybody, neither Mr. William Belford nor his son Marvin was able to give himself a satisfactory explanation of the mystery of the tape-bound package and the bonds it did not contain. Like the long-hidden deficit, it remained one of the "mysteries of banking."

WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

DEAR LITTLE ALICE.

DEAR little Alice—may her joys increase!—

Awoke one night, and near the mantel-piece

Beheld old Santa Claus, with bag and box,

Quite busily engaged in filling socks.

Delightedly she lifted up her voice,—

That childish treble made his heart rejoice,—

And said, "Dear Santa, I have waited long

To talk to you,—and have I, then, done wrong?"

"Not so," the saint of Christmas said, and smiled,

While a soft radiance fell upon the child,—

"Not so; for those alone my face may see

Who very good and noble strive to be.

Speak, then, my child: what is thy quest with me?"

Then answered Alice, "I cannot forget,
 Dear Santa Claus, a little girl I met,
 Ragged and homeless, and with eyes so sad
 That my poor heart has never since been glad.
 Take them to her, dear Santa Claus, I pray,
 All the rare things you brought for me to-day;
 Take them to her, brighten her eyes of blue,
 And say these presents came from me and you."
 Then sleep quite overcame the little maid;
 Back on the pillow her round cheek was laid;
 Old Santa vanished; but an angel fair
 Bent swiftly down and kissed her golden hair.

WILLIAM H. HOWELLS.

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

THIRTY years ago Charles Dickens was able to say of us Americans that we were so puffed up with national pride as to be intractable under criticism. He pointed out that an American satirist of our manners and morals was an impossibility, inasmuch as the best-natured admonition was greeted with scorn and abuse. Before Dickens, De Tocqueville had already complained of our insatiable love of flattery. It was not enough, he said, that a foreigner should declare himself a friend of the Americans and express admiration for their institutions as a whole; not a word of the friendliest criticism was allowed; nothing but indiscriminating and unceasing praise would give satisfaction. If these writers exaggerated our self-conceit, it must be admitted that there was a large grain of truth in what they said. We were then passing through the "Buncombe period" of our development, and our views were distorted by what Herbert Spencer calls "the bias of patriotism." The growth of the critical faculty among Americans and the increasing knowledge of foreign countries have, however, produced a marked change during the last thirty or forty years. Criticism has increased in severity, until at length it has often degenerated into violent and unreasonable

onslaughts on our own institutions and people. Nor do such attacks cause their author to be shunned and looked upon with suspicion by his fellow-countrymen. Indeed, they are often regarded as proof of greater wisdom and a more lofty virtue. Surely one who can judge us in such a manner must himself occupy some superior height from which he looks down upon us calmly and dispassionately. We are now in danger of allowing the "bias of anti-patriotism" to pervert our judgment.

A striking illustration of the two extreme tendencies above described is furnished by views taken of our common schools. A few years ago they were our particular pride, and we heard so much of our "glorious" educational system that we could not think of it as faulty or imagine it possible to learn from others. Probably the majority of our people were not aware that other countries had school-systems at all: certainly very few recognized the fact that schools were better in some other countries. When we did compare ourselves with others, it was with England, the misfortune of which comparison was acknowledged by Charles Dickens. In "Martin Chuzzlewit" Dickens makes the hero of the story ask Mr. Bevan

about the condition of education in the United States. "‘Pretty well on that head,’ said Mr. Bevan, shrugging his shoulders; ‘still, no mighty matter to boast of, for old countries and despotic countries, too, have done as much, if not more, and made less noise about it. We shine out brightly in comparison with England, certainly; but hers is an extreme case.’”

Since Dickens wrote the above, dissatisfaction with our schools has been expressed more and more loudly, until a well-known writer recently attacked them as responsible for a large part of the corruption, fraud, insanity, shame, poverty, and murder among us, and concluded by even accusing them, in the following words, of having deprived American women of their modesty: "As for the modesty of our young men, and even young women, they do not even blush that they have lost it." The time was when such words would have produced an outbreak of popular indignation, but now we appear to be able to believe everything bad which is said of us. We are becoming indifferent to abuse. It is no more than just in this case to demand that satisfactory proof should be adduced, first, to show that we are becoming worse, and, secondly, to connect this national deterioration with public education. But the writer just quoted makes assertion and bare assumption take the place of proof. He gives, indeed, the imperfect results of one single census, but they could 'at best show only position, and not movement and its direction; whereas the main question is not, Where are we? but, Whither are we tending? If we examine the figures given us,—those of the census of 1860,—we shall find that the way they are used violates the fundamental principles of a scientific application of statistics. Two civilizations differing widely in character—that of the New-England States and that of the South before the war—are compared with each other to show that the superior education of the former had no beneficial results. No notice is taken of the difficulty of comparing two social

conditions so widely different; the blacks and their moral state are left totally out of the question; the possibility of a severer struggle for existence among the whites in the North, and consequently of greater temptation, is not alluded to; above all, as already mentioned, no attempt is made to show movement either for better or worse. This could have been done only by a diligent study of carefully-compiled statistical tables extending through many years. The real problem—to discover whether the number of criminals in the South would have been greater if ignorance had prevailed less, whether the abolition of the school-system in New England in 1850 would have lessened the number of criminals in 1860—was not touched upon. Yet the figures of the writer mentioned, although utterly devoid of scientific value, furnishing no basis for deductions for or against public schools, have been extensively copied and found not a few believers.

Calm and friendly criticism is always to be welcomed; and, indeed, we may gather many a useful lesson from the accusations of our enemies. The present disposition among Americans to find fault with American institutions is perhaps more pregnant with hope than the former tendency to laud excessively whatever was American. But there is danger in both extremes. While undue criticism is liable to harden or produce a state of hopelessness, undue pride blinds to faults, and faults can never be overcome until perceived and honestly acknowledged. Our condition thirty years ago may have resembled that of a man laboring under a disease the presence of which he is unwilling to recognize. In order to induce him to resort to a physician, it is first necessary to convince him that he is ill. Our condition now is more like that of the fearful and timid man who, in despair, is ready to lop off the limb afflicted only with a slight and easily-cured wound; formerly, in excess of confidence, we were ready to neglect the sore until it became actually necessary to part with a useful member.

It is time we should review the ground

carefully, willing to acknowledge mistakes and to learn from others, but at the same time, in the spirit of an enlightened conservatism, maintaining what is good in our school-system, and building upon that as a foundation. Public education is an accomplished fact, and we could not abolish it if we would. But few wish to do so. None but the merest tyro in political science would at this time push the antiquated doctrine of *laissez faire* so far as to find the only justification for education at public expense in additional security to life, liberty, and property, in a device of the rich to protect themselves at the smallest cost against the poor. If education enlarges manhood and womanhood, as all must think save the few who seem to prefer barbarism to civilization and ignorance to enlightenment, no other reason for the outlay involved in maintaining a costly school-system is needed. Whatever the State can do better than private individuals it is right the State should do. As John Stuart Mill has well remarked, "The admitted functions of government embrace a much wider field than can be included in the ring-fence of any restrictive definition. . . . The ends of government are as comprehensive as those of the social union. They consist of all the good and all the immunity from evil which the existence of government can be made, either directly or indirectly, to bestow." It is always to be remembered that in dealing with educational problems the first consideration must be the welfare of the children. This is too often forgotten and the whole question considered with reference to the parent, leading to erroneous opinions about compulsory education. The State is bound morally to defend these little helpless ones, for *their own sake*, against cruelty to mind as well as body. We have got so far as to interfere should an unnatural parent attempt to cripple his child or impose upon it burdens which must necessarily injure its physical development, but we are too apt to cry out in horror when it is proposed so far "to invade the rights of a parent" as to force him to allow the mind of his child an op-

portunity to grow and develop. Let us distinctly recognize it: government must interfere, not for the sake of society alone or chiefly, but for the sake of the children.

Let us consider then how, not breaking with the past, but preserving the continuity of our institutions, we can better our schools. Although investigation has not been carried far enough to enable us to tell whether our schools are improving or not, there is no doubt that there is room for improvement. If we examine the different articles, essays, and reports on education which have been written of late, we shall find almost universal complaint made of the poor quality of teachers. North and South, East and West, it is the same. In Cincinnati the class of teachers is reported to be deteriorating; in San Francisco the newspapers complain that political considerations and not qualifications decide the fate of candidates for places in the public schools. In the South the trustees of the Peabody Fund experience difficulty in securing good teachers. It would be easy to enumerate a dozen other instances. All other causes of dissatisfaction are local, temporary, and easily remedied. The chief trouble lies with the teachers and with the methods of employing them, which would prevent any instructor from doing his best work.

As Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., has pointed out in an admirable paper on "Scientific Common-School Education," we have passed through two phases of common-school development,—a material and a pseudo-intellectual phase. We have devoted a deal of attention to buildings, desks, out-houses, etc. We can challenge comparison with any other nation in this respect. Sometimes the cultivation of the merely material element is excessive and leads to foolish waste. The writer is acquainted with a large public-school building in the State of New York, in which the desks, surpassing in neatness and elegance of form anything he ever saw in any similar school in Germany, were removed last summer to make room for others of a

new kind, which had happened to suit the whim or fancy of somebody. If the children of the country are to be brought up to admire that republican simplicity of manners which has been lauded so highly by philosophers of all times, it is not advisable to accustom them to the associations of extravagance in school-buildings. Germans sometimes claim that their country is more truly democratic in many respects than ours; and it is to be feared that young Americans would sneer at the severe plainness to which even wealthy and noble Germans are accustomed in their school days. As long as the conditions of health are observed, plain board desks and benches are quite good enough. It is, indeed, possible to gain a sort of affection for their very plainness and ugliness, as all can testify who have ever sat upon the worn, rough, and hacked-up benches in the lecture-rooms of a German university.

The second stage has dealt and is dealing with the mechanical side of education. Studies to be taught in different grades of schools have been prescribed and the different public schools embraced in an organization. This is chiefly of importance as it tends to control the appointment of teachers and to secure good quality in them. This is the main point. It is universally admitted that an able teacher will do good work—if not his best—under any system and organization. Many a great man has looked back upon such a teacher to declare himself indebted in great degree to him for what he has become. Happy is the lot of him who has had an Arnold for an instructor! A teacher's influence may extend through the longest life, strengthening, consoling, and guiding in perplexity and trouble.

The whole educational problem reduces itself to this: How can we raise up an able class of teachers and fill our schools with them? This problem has been resolved elsewhere, and the solution has not been found difficult. It consists in introducing into our schools the principle of all civil service reform,—i.e., to encourage excellence by re-

warding merit. This is done so little now that it is difficult to imagine what other consideration than a sort of missionary feeling of duty could induce a young man of fine natural ability to prepare himself properly to become a teacher. Let one who desires to teach prepare himself ever so well, and give abundant proof of ability, and no guarantee is given him that he will secure a position. If such a one, in applying for a place, has a rival, the question he will ask, provided he is clever, is not whether his opponent has ever given proof of superior qualifications, but whether he is backed by stronger friends. This is not the case universally, but it is the case generally all over the United States. In New York City a step in the right direction was taken when graduation at the Normal College was made incumbent upon all young women who desired places in the public schools. A certain encouragement was thus given to superior education, since graduates were protected against those of inferior education who might have strong influence. There are, however, more graduates than places; and what is the principle which decides between rival candidates? Ask a father who has a daughter in the Normal College if he expects her to receive a place in a city school, and, if so, what is the ground of his expectations. Unless he is more inexperienced than New-Yorkers generally are, he will reply, not that it is because the young lady is doing well in her studies, but because he has influential friends who will care for her interests.

Two rival candidates applied last summer for a place as teacher of a village school in New York State. One was a graduate of Amherst College, who had taken several first prizes and whose college career had been brilliant in all respects; the only education of the other, outside of a district school, had consisted of a course in an ordinary normal school. Both had had experience in teaching. The latter, either by offering to teach for a lower price than had been paid, or by bringing personal influence to bear, secured the position. The at-

tention of the authorities of Michigan University having been since called to the former, he has been provided with a situation in their institution. In this particular instance the better educated and abler man of the two finally secured the better post; but often this does not happen, and no guarantee is given that it will ever occur. Under these circumstances many able young men who have begun life with the idea of becoming teachers, and who would have rendered excellent service to their country as such, have abandoned that calling for fields offering surer rewards for diligence and ability.

Take up at random any teachers' journal, and you will probably find complaints, apparently well grounded, made by teachers who, after long, efficient, and faithful service, have been turned out of their places and are unable to find others. With our present organization and system of appointments, it is impossible that this should be otherwise. As long as he is not controlled by law, the average man whose conscience as to public duty is not highly developed will prefer his friends: indeed, to do so is in itself an estimable trait of character.

We see, then, that a civil service law must step in and control appointments. This would remedy the whole evil. The natural teacher has what the Germans call a *Trieb*—a bent or inclination—to impart knowledge. Large emoluments are not required to induce him to devote himself to teaching, but a reasonable prospect that after having spent time and money in preparation he will find a place to serve his country corresponding pretty nearly to his relative degree of ability and acquisitions. He does not wish a large salary so much as a sure one: he desires some guarantee that if he marries he will not, five years hence, be thrown out of employment and those dependent upon him left to starve. This desirable state of affairs actually exists in Germany, and has induced able men to devote themselves to the education of the rising generation with such skill as to make the reputation of German schools coextensive with civilization and to draw to Germany thousands

of young people from all quarters of the globe. We propose, therefore, to devote the remainder of this article to the method of appointment followed in Germany.

German schools may be divided roughly into four classes: the *Volkschule*, or people's school, corresponding to our ordinary district school; the *Bürgerschule*, corresponding more nearly to our grammar-school; the higher schools, *gymnasias*, *Realschulen*, etc., corresponding to our academies, scientific schools, colleges, etc.; and the universities, corresponding to our professional schools and the post-graduate courses of Yale, Harvard, Columbia, etc.

The school laws differ somewhat in the different German States, but, in general, candidates for positions in the two lower classes of schools are obliged to pursue a course of study represented by graduation at a *Volksschule*, a course of three years in a school preparatory to the normal school, or seminary, as it is called in Germany, and then a course of three years in the seminary. Others, who may have acquired the same knowledge differently, and can show it in a long-protracted and searching examination, are also permitted to teach. The requirements are thus severe enough to make it as impracticable to take up teaching as to take up law or medicine in the same way.

To be more explicit about the requirements exacted from teachers of district schools in Germany, we will give them as set down in the school laws of Saxony, premising, however, that the schools of Saxony are in a more flourishing condition than those of many other parts of Germany. It is necessary that one who intends to teach in Saxony should first have completed the course in a middle (*mittlere*) *Volksschule*, which ranks a little above the ordinary (*einfache*) *Volksschule*. The course extends over eight years of a child's life,—from the sixth to the completed fourteenth year. The subjects taught are religion, ethics, German reading and writing, arithmetic, etymology, history, geography, natural

science, singing, drawing, gymnastics,—which latter are required to be taught in every German school. After having completed this course, the future teacher enters a normal school at the age of fourteen, and remains there six years. It is desired that those who enter should already have some practical familiarity with the violin and piano. The subjects taught in the normal school are religion, German language and literature, Latin, geography, history, natural science, botany, zoology, mineralogy, anthropology, physics, the elements of chemistry, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, “pedagogic, including psychology and logic,” music, writing, drawing, and gymnastics. At the close of the six years’ course an examination is held by the teachers of the seminary, assisted by responsible outside examiners, which is protracted and severe. It is partly oral and partly written, and includes practical work,—i.e., teaching. A scientific and exhaustive essay on some pedagogical subject is required. Five degrees—or predicates, as the Germans say—are given: “excellent,” “very good,” “good,” “pretty good,” and “sufficient” (i.e., to pass). Encouragement is offered to do one’s best, as only those who receive the first two predicates are allowed to occupy the more desirable places. At the close of the second year after this first examination, all who desire permanent places and the rights of professional teachers are obliged to submit to a second examination, conducted by royal commissioners. The two years between the first and second examinations are spent in teaching, and the manner in which the candidate has acquitted himself is taken note of by the school-inspector and reported to the board of examiners. As before said, Saxony occupies a more enviable position in school-matters than some of the other German States; but they are all pushing forward in the same direction, and no part of Germany is very far behind, except the eastern parts of Prussia.

Thus, teachers of ordinary district schools in Germany must possess qualifications similar to those exacted from the graduates of the highest courses in

the normal schools of New York State, and are required to pursue a course of study longer than that required in this country to become a physician, lawyer, or clergyman. The advantages of these regulations are manifold. The schools are obliged to offer salaries large enough to induce men and women to spend the requisite time and money in preparation; but the salaries are not large. The point is, they are sure. The requirements are so severe that the demand for teachers is equal to the supply, so that industry and application are sure of a reward. All engagements with teachers who have passed the second examination are permanent, as in all other branches of the civil service. Although the salaries in Germany are often too small, they are at first large enough to maintain a single person, and advance gradually until a teacher is able to support a family in frugal and—for Germany—comfortable style. When old age comes on, the teacher who has served the Fatherland his whole life as truly as if he had been a soldier is not turned out to starve or beg, but is pensioned. The average salary of a teacher in Germany is hardly higher than in America;* but how much more comfortable, quiet, and peaceful is his modest life! How much better the services he renders than the best teacher can give under a system of continual change, as in America, where it is the rule in country places—i.e., in the majority of our schools—to change every term! Rotation in office is folly in schools. At the end of the first term the teacher begins to know his scholars and to differentiate his teaching. Previously he has been able to treat his pupils only as mechanical units; now he can instruct them as individual personalities. The scholars, too, have learned to understand their teacher: they know how to work under him. At the very moment when this happy point has been attained, the school breaks up, and next term the experiment begins anew.

* The pitiable wages paid in the country bring the salaries in the United States down to a much lower average than is supposed by those acquainted only with our city schools.

The graduates of the German normal schools are also allowed admission to the lower posts in the gymnasia and Real-schulen. They cannot rise higher without studying in a university. This regulation acts as an encouragement to learning and application. Ambitious graduates of the normal schools often teach a few years, save up money, and then pursue some special course in a university. This is similar to what would happen in this country if younger teachers in the New York public schools, for example, had a habit of practising rigid economy for several years in order to take a two- or three-years' teacher's course at Harvard University. It would occur frequently if they had a reasonable prospect of improving their condition thereby.

Candidates for all higher places in a school ranking above a *Bürgerschule* must have pursued a special professional course of study at a university,—Latin and Greek, if they are to teach ancient classics; history and geography, if they are to teach history, etc. (In Germany a course in Hebrew is not considered a qualification for a teacher of chemistry.) After completing the prescribed course at the university,—which always includes pedagogic,—the candidates are subjected to examinations, extending sometimes through months, by state officials,—men of experience and tried ability, who are incapable of being influenced by improper considerations. This insures impartiality. It also tends to maintain a high standard of excellence in the universities, as their work is continually tested by men who are in no wise dependent upon them and whose position gives them the same feeling of responsibility as that experienced by judges.

We find the same true democratic spirit running through German schools which pervades many other German institutions. The son of the royal prince, like the peasant's son, is subjected to military service; the sons of noble and peasant alike are well acquainted with the impartial conditions of obtaining

positions in the educational department of the German civil service, and, finding success due to superior industry and ability, endeavor to secure a livelihood, not by fawning upon the powerful, but by faithful application to duty. It would not be difficult to introduce sound civil service principles into our schools; and, as there is so much talk now of civil service reform, perhaps no more advantageous field could be found for the beginning of the movement. A commission of the legislature of any State desiring such a reform should be appointed to consult with the ablest educationalists of the country and to examine into the school-systems of other countries, finally to present a draft of a law organizing schools into grades and stating the attainments expected of candidates for positions in each grade. The acquirements should be extensive enough to equalize the supply of teachers with the demand. As supply increased, the requirements would become severer and the quality of teachers would tend to improve continually. If a candidate failed at first, he would know that the road to success lay in increased diligence and application, not in hunting up a powerful friend. All examinations and appointments should be made by State officials, not elected, but appointed for a long period; the highest of these officials—all of them professional teachers—should hold the rank and receive the salary of judges of the supreme court. Their acts should be exposed to the same publicity. The possibility of attaining such high honors would raise the dignity of the profession, and also be an inducement to an abler class of men to become teachers. No reward or inducement necessary to lead our best men to become the instructors of the young is too great. The very progress of the human race is dependent upon its teachers; for, as Mill has pointed out, "The imperfections of teachers set an invincible limit to the degree in which they can train their pupils to be better than themselves."

RICHARD T. ELY.

A TRIP TO TOPHET.

IT is a bright, clear day, warm as June in the sun, cold as March in the shade, with a brisk, sharp breeze from the bay blowing the white, powdery, lime-like dust full in one's face; just such a day, in short, as can be found for eight months of the year in San Francisco, when, during a morning stroll, you are sure to meet dusters and ulsters, lace shawls and seal-skin jackets, the wearers apparently utterly oblivious as to what season it really is. And now, at last, after nearly ten months of Californian life, we are bound for home: for us there are to be no more idle hours in fair Santa Barbara, no more drives through the orange-groves of Los Angeles, no more wild scampers on half-tame Mexican ponies: we are returning to civilization. But before us there lies yet one more Western experience: we are going to visit a silver-mine. The Vallejo boat is reached, and we steam out into the bay, surrounded, as one generally is in every Californian steamer, train, or stage, by *commis-voyageurs* of a decidedly Jewish cast of countenance. Looking back across the rippling blue water, we catch one last glimpse of the town, half shrouded in a soft, golden mist. Farewell, great city of contrasts, of the very rich and the very poor, of the Irish millionaire and the Chinese beggar, of the palace and the gambling-hell, of the breezy hill-top and the low, opium-scented valley!

The waters of the bay are still and blue as a lake this afternoon, and we cut through them rapidly, with the gray and snow-white gulls floating and dipping above and around us. It is late in August, and the low-lying hills are brown and faded,—all except Mare Island, the United States naval station, which is justly celebrated for its emerald grass and brilliant flowers. The sun is setting, and the golden mist which we left hanging over the city like a soft bright canopy is creeping after us when we

reach Vallejo and take our places in the train for Virginia City. Our friends the Israelitish *commis-voyageurs* have dispersed, and in their place we have tall, bearded men, looking scarcely at ease in their "store clothes," while their wives have an unmistakable air of being "dressed up." They are, one and all, without a single exception, talking stocks. "Bodie" is the great theme, seemingly an inexhaustible one, and the changes are rung on it until the porter comes in to make up the berths. Probably, before "Bodie" took its sudden leap from fifty cents to one hundred dollars a share, these men were common miners and their wives more accustomed to sixpenny calicoes than to the gaudy silks which they wear at present. A month hence we may meet them in the Rue de la Paix, for the dream of every Californian is to go to Europe; and in a year or so, if "Bodie" hold good, another palace will be run up on Nob Hill, and Mrs. Pat Mallony's diamonds will be a nine days' wonder.

Early the next morning we leave the sleeper, and, after depositing our bags and shawl-straps with the baggage-master at Reno, start empty-handed for Virginia City. During the night we have come through the ever-green Sacramento Valley, but now we strike northward, straight up into the Sierras. All vegetation, except an occasional patch of yellow tar-weed, is left far below us. The great mountain-slopes, bare and brown as we near them, but softly purple in the distance, and the clear, brilliant blue of the summer sky, are all that we see. The road, twisting and turning as the ascent grows ever steeper, lies so close along the mountain-side that at times it seems as if nothing but a miracle could keep us from plunging into the valley many hundred feet below, and my companion turns pale and draws back from the window, fearing to look over

the outer ledge of rock. Now and then we rush past deserted villages, where the frail, shell-like wooden shanties are already falling to decay. Again, we stop at the station of some small hamlet—city by courtesy—perched on the bare hill-side, and composed of half a dozen miners' huts, an equal number of saloons and billiard-rooms, and the railroad-station. Finally, a forest of ugly black chimneys come into view, grouped about a brown, dome-like summit, and Gold Hill lies before us.

Who would believe that so much treasure could lie hidden beneath this little town of shabby houses and great smoky workshops, clinging as if for dear life to the barren hill-side and scarcely to be distinguished from the rocky boulders by which they are surrounded? But the end of our journey is not reached yet: we have still a few miles of climbing before arriving at Virginia, a much more imposing place, as we find, than any that we have passed through. Of course it is built on the side of a hill, and looks, in spite of its large houses, as if a very slight push would send it reeling into the valley.

On leaving the cars we at once ask our way to the office of Mr. P—, the superintendent of one of the largest mines, to whom a friend in San Francisco has given us letters. He is very busy, and tells us we must return at one o'clock, when he will be less occupied. Leaving his office, we crawl up the hill to the hotel, glad to have a little time to rest before our descent into the bowels of the earth. After the usual California lunch of mutton-stew and pork-and-beans, we return to Mr. P—'s office, where Mr. L—, one of the overseers, is presented to us, with the information that he will take us into the mine, where we shall be joined later by Mr. P—. Following our guide, we enter a large building filled with rapidly-revolving wheels of every size, some of which are used to work the elevator running constantly up and down the main shaft, while others move the immense pump which forces the cool air from above into the mine. Here we are joined by

two other visitors, Miss M— and her brother, the former a resident of several years in Virginia City, while the latter, a young naval officer, is here merely on a visit.

Each of us having been provided with a bundle of rough-looking garments, we are ushered into the ladies' dressing-room and left with a strict injunction to take off all our own clothing. I rebel at this, as I scarcely like the idea of coming into such close contact with this borrowed plumage, but I am strongly urged by Miss M—, who has visited more than one mine, to follow Mr. L—'s advice, as whatever muslin or linen is worn becomes so saturated with perspiration as to be utterly useless. In mild resignation I sit down and proceed to examine my wardrobe,—a pair of dark-blue trousers, furnished with a long thong of leather by which to fasten them around the waist, a blue flannel shirt, a battered wreck of a felt hat, a pair of *very* coarse gray woollen socks, and last, but by no means least, a pair of heavy, muddy, thick-soled miner's shoes, four or five sizes too large, and completely petrified by exposure to wet and slimy walking.

I am arraying myself to the best of my ability (the trousers are as much too large as the shoes, and as yet I am unaccustomed to taking reefs with a strip of leather), when I am interrupted by an exclamation from my friend: "I can't wear these horrid things! I'd much rather give up seeing the mine." Entreaties and flattery are alike useless. To tell the honest truth, a miner's costume is not a graceful or becoming dress, and the set of our garments is by no means calculated to show us off to advantage. Both Miss M— and I being, however, unusually small, we bundle ourselves up as best we can and try to think that we "don't care." At the door we are met by the gentlemen, who appear highly amused by our disgust,—the more so as their own costumes are by no means unbecoming. We reach the elevator, and find that it consists of three iron gratings, much resembling gridirons, placed at a distance of seven

or eight feet one above the other, and capable, so they say, of containing each ten men, although it seems to me that when our party of four stands on the upper platform we pass perilously close to the walls of rock by which we are surrounded. A few words from Mr. L—— to the engineer, and we are off. At first I can do nothing but blindly grasp my companion's arm. Then comes a sensation of floating, but upward, not downward, and it is not until I see by the light of the lanterns that we are passing passage after passage cut in the granite walls, and each one lower than the last, that I fully realize the fact that every moment is bringing us nearer the centre of the earth. Almost before I have collected my senses we stop at the mouth of a large cavern, and I hear Mr. L——'s voice, sounding as if many miles away, so deaf have I become by the sudden change of atmosphere, telling us that we are now seventeen hundred and fifty feet below Virginia City.

Here we take off the heavy pea-jackets with which we were provided before leaving the upper world, and put them in charge of a man who is to meet us at the elevator two hundred feet lower down. The vaulted, cave-like opening in which we stand is half filled with benches occupied by tall, stalwart, fine-looking men, naked to the waist, most of them employed in drinking ice-water, great pails of which are to be found on every side. The poor fellows are "cooling off" in an atmosphere which causes the perspiration to start from every pore of my skin. From several points run narrow arched passages furnished each with a railway on which the ore-cars are brought to the elevator, and into one of these black openings we plunge. On and on through the heat and darkness, now slipping as we step by chance on iron rails, now passing a huge pipe connected with the air-pump, now standing close against the shining, dripping walls to let pass a low, heavy car loaded with ore and pushed by a couple of miners, their arms and shoulders showing white against the background of dark granite in the faint

glimmer of the lanterns, then on again, until we come to a small circular cave, the walls composed of heavy beams of timber closely packed together, but bent in more than one spot by the tremendous pressure from above. Some of the richest ore has been found here; and a little farther on we come upon a group of men at work. There is a small pool of water to be crossed by means of a narrow plank, and then one, two, three ladders to be climbed, the heat becoming more intense at every step, until we reach a tiny, niche-like opening where two men are at work,—or, rather, where one man works for a quarter of an hour while the other sits with his arms in a pail of ice-water.

Here for the first time the heat begins to tell on me; but by following the miners' example and plunging my hands above the wrists in cold water I soon revive, and am able to listen with pleasure and interest to Mr. L——'s explanation of the work on which the men are at present engaged.

The descent of those frightful ladders is, if possible, more perilous, more disagreeable, than the ascent. My shoes, which have become soaked with water, appear to weigh any number of pounds apiece, and I never feel quite certain as to where my feet are going. At the foot of the last ladder we come across Mr. P——, who is watching our progress with evident amusement, and who now proposes to show us the place where Henry Ward Beecher—a recent visitor to the mine—became convinced of the fact of an "hereafter." We laughingly agree to go, and follow our guides up one passage and down another, till a heavy curtain, which hangs from wall to wall, is pushed aside and a blast from the lower regions seems to scorch our very bones. I turn in dismay to look at my companions: they seem calm, collected, I had almost said *cool*, and evidently intend to go on. So, screwing up my courage, I follow. But from that moment each step is one of increasing agony: I feel as if the whole seventeen hundred and fifty feet of earth above me were resting on my chest, my

blood, which seems on fire, is driven violently to my head, and as each fresh wave of heat passes over us I gasp painfully for breath.

By the time we reach the end of the passage I can only turn to Mr. P—— and beg him piteously to take me away. I suppose I must look rather ghastly, for he obeys with alacrity, and the rest of the party, who are by this time as warm as they care to be, follow us. The next few minutes will always be a haunting memory to me. The long, dark passages, the burning atmosphere, the scattered lights, the weird figures of the miners appearing, only to vanish the next moment in the surrounding gloom, all recur like some infernal dream. After what appears like hours of painful walking, we reach an elevator, not the one by which we entered the mine, and I am placed on it by Mr. P——. A draught of fresher air reaching us here, it proves too much for me after the excessive heat, and the sudden reaction causes me to lose all consciousness. I revive a few minutes later, to find my hands in a pail of ice-water, while a dipperful of the same fluid is being dashed over my face by Miss M——. We are two hundred feet lower down, but the air is cooler here than on the last level, and before long I am able to laugh at myself and apologize to the others for giving so much trouble. Mr. L—— reassures me on this point,

however, saying that strangers are often affected by the heat, and telling us that he was once obliged to carry a fainting lady down seven ladders. Miss M—— is highly complimented on her fortitude and endurance, which are really wonderful.

Mr. P—— bids us good-by here, as he has to visit a distant part of the mine, where, as he assures me, the heat is much worse than anything that we have felt. I am sorry to doubt his word, but I do not believe it: if it were really hotter, nothing but a salamander or an incarnate fiend could exist there. After thanking Mr. P—— for making our visit to the mine so interesting, we get on the elevator, and, warmly enveloped in our pea-jackets, return to the upper air, which strikes cold against our heated faces. But a drink of whiskey all round and the steaming baths which we find ready for us in the dressing-rooms make us feel as fresh as ever.

Dressed once more as inhabitants of a civilized world, we are presented with some specimens of ore to keep for a souvenir of our visit, and then, bidding farewell to our fellow-adventurers and our kind and attentive guide, we return to the railway-station and take our places for Reno, I, for one, feeling perfectly satisfied, in more ways than one, with my first and last Trip to Tophet.

M. H. G.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PUBLIC TOPICS.

Guiteau.

IT would be impossible to draw a picture of a more utterly worthless life than that of the wretched Guiteau as revealed during his trial. Until the commission of the act which first made his name and existence known to the public as objects of universal execration, he

seems to have been guiltless of positive crime; but it is clear that this was owing not to any restraining motives, but simply to the same lack of any fixity of purpose or effort which rendered him useless and helpless, with no conceivable place in the world and no fitness for human society. That he is not destitute of mental quickness and acumen, of a kind which is very commonly mistaken for an indication of

superior intelligence, was shown in his examination on the witness-stand. Nor can it be pretended that he is incapable of being swayed by any strong impulse or desire, since a passion for notoriety—notoriety not as a means, but as an end—seems to have dominated his whole career and to have instigated the deed by which this one apparent object of his life was so lamentably attained. But except for these characteristics his nature exhibits itself as an inexplicable vacuum, equally devoid of the faculties and instincts that tend to the promotion of self-interest and of those that operate for the welfare of others.

Whether such a being should be considered morally responsible is one of the most delicate and difficult questions ever left to human arbitrament. That the decision of it should rest with a jury of twelve men selected at haphazard is a fresh instance of the way in which that ancient institution, the boast of Anglo-Saxon nations, is constantly overworked and applied to complications of which its founders had not even a conception. It is, of course, possible to look at the problem as one of too little importance to call for any but the most convenient and expeditious method of solution. But, however sound or sufficient the reasons for this view,—a point which it were useless to discuss,—the case can hardly fail to provoke discussion and a searching investigation as one of speculative jurisprudence and psychology. Those who hold that Guiteau is insane would probably be puzzled to define his insanity by recognized characters or parallel cases. On the other hand, it is clear that those who insist most strongly on his mental responsibility do not regard him as belonging to the same category as the malignant wretch who, from cupidity or a thirst for revenge, defies the laws of God and man, and, whether with deliberation or in an access of rage, imbrues his hands in the blood of a fellow-creature. Hardly less strong than the repulsion and loathing which he inspires is the contempt that is felt for him,—a contempt such as some hopeless absurdity or the betrayal of an

utter incapacity for the most ordinary processes of reflection can alone provoke. In other words, no one believes in his perfect sanity, and the only real difference of opinion that exists is as to the degree of mental aberration that should consign the subject of it, when he has violated the law, to a lunatic asylum rather than to the prison or the scaffold. It is possible that this question would have admitted of more impartial consideration if the crime had been one of less magnitude and had not struck at the interests and shocked the feelings of a whole nation.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

Rose-Bud Luncheons.

THE rose-bud luncheon is fast becoming an "institution" in American cities; but let not the reader confound it with the horticultural diet ridiculed in *Punch*. In New York and Philadelphia it is the rose-bud that eats, and not the blossom which is eaten. The aforesaid luncheons are gastronomic symposia especially prepared for the delectation and appetite of bouquets of young ladies anywhere from seven years old up to the least juvenile of the spinster class, and are such as would impress a veteran epicure of the hardier sex. A child of eight summers described one to which she had been invited the other day, and had sat down to at four P.M., as an aldermanic dinner, almost: "Why, mamma, they changed my plate every five minutes!" One item alone in the caterer's bill of such an affair, given last season in Philadelphia, was forty-five dollars for terrapin! The bills of fare are as elaborate as those of a city banquet, and the dozen or more courses are served with champagne and other—presumably sweet—wines. Gentlemen—even papas—are excluded. It is an Eleusinian mystery, quite *sub rosa inter rosas*. "They would not eat before beaux," said a fond mother, proudly contemplating the rubicund cheeks of her sixteen-year-old daughter.

Parties of the same kind and equally

exclusive have been in vogue for the past ten years, or longer, among married ladies. They were but fair offsets to the club-dinners of their spouses, and productive of no very ill effects, except gossip; but—*reverentia puellæ*!—what Moloch has set the fashion of devouring our daughters by inducing them to devour a dozen courses? Rose-buds, indeed, nurtured on dew!

The following is a verbatim copy of the prettily decorated *menu*, printed on white satin and ornamented with rose-buds painted by hand, of a *déjeuner dinatoire* for young ladies given last winter:

M E N U.

Huîtres.

RELEVÉS.

Bass rayé, Sauce Homard.
Bouchées à la Financière.

ENTRÉES.

Ris de Veaux aux Petits Pois.
Côtelettes de Poulet.

Sorbets au Kirsch en Oranges.

Terrapin à la Maryland.

RÔTIS.

Canvas-backs.
Bécassines.

ENTREMETS.

Meringues. Baba Pudding.
Nougat à la Parisienne.

Strawberries.

DESSERT.

The Germans call their growing daughters *Bachfische*, and surely no brook-trout is a more ravenous animal than a young girl, if this be a fair specimen of their luncheons.

A correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, not long ago, describing fashionable society in Florence, presented a picture exhibiting a degree of dissipation which has scarcely been reached as yet even in New York or Newport: refreshments on buffets for the guests at balls, supplemented after midnight by a dinner, to which they sat down as

at a *table-d'hôte*; smoking-rooms where ladies also entered, and English dames of rank puffing cigarettes even in the ball-room; the *cotillon* kept up until morning, when the husbands of dancing belles returned to breakfast with them on sweet-breads, etc., and the carriages ordered at ten—or even twelve—o'clock, the *lendemain* of the *fête*.

These excesses are sustained, however, by mature voluptuaries. In Europe they do not burn the candle at both ends, at all events. The married belles of the Tuscan capital and the professional beauties of May Fair at least enter on their campaigns with sound digestions and vigorous bodies. Their early education has not robbed them of either their freshness to enjoy or the strength to encounter the demands which society makes upon them later. Even in France, where the complaint *il n'y a plus d'enfants* has long been a subject of epigram and caricature, they manage these things better. Precocious as the miniature Parisiennes are described by M. Graindorge, they do not become, at all events, prematurely connoisseurs in cookery. They have healthy appetites, at least, to begin with.

The question occurs here whether American children really do enjoy the elaborate dishes set before them at the entertainments under notice,—whether they would not prefer the drum-stick of a fowl to the *filet saigné* of a canvas-back, bread-and-butter to *pâté aux truffes de Périgord*, and ginger ale to *Moët et Chandon*. Is it not ostentation rather than kind hospitality that presides over the table,—the vulgarity of mere wealth? Or is it, perhaps, for maturer epicures that the board is in reality spread, the children being merely the excuse for it, as they are for the more sensible Circus?

J. R. T.

ART MATTERS.

Exhibitions of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and the Philadelphia Society of Artists.

THE attention attracted a year ago by the pictures obtained by the authorities of the Academy from American

artists and students residing in Paris encouraged a repetition of the enterprise on a larger scale this season. Committees were appointed, not only in Paris but in London and Munich also, to forward such pictures as they might secure and approve. The result is a most interesting array of work, some of it coming from well-known hands and some from students hitherto unknown to us even by name. In 1880 the imported canvases were shown in company with the annual exhibition of the young "Philadelphia Society of Artists." These painters have now opened a special exhibition of their own, and the collection at the Academy is due entirely to the energy of its own officers. Composed exclusively of American works, it includes many produced on this side of the Atlantic. The most prominent of our home-keeping artists are not represented, however, some of them having preferred to contribute to the exhibition of the "Philadelphia Artists;" and so the main interest indisputably centres in the imported contributions. The great picture of the collection is Mr. Whistler's portrait of his mother, one of the most famous works of a painter who is usually included among English rather than American workers, but whom we are only too glad to claim by reason of his birth on this side of the water. The portrait is so familiar from reproductions that it scarcely needs description here. It is called "A Harmony in Gray and Black," but the gray is of such a greenish cast that the effect is not as cold as the words imply. Peculiar in scheme, sombre in color, utterly devoid of all the "decorative" elements which now count for so much in the eye of the public, it may not prove universally popular. But to the artist, to the lover of really capable painting, to the seeker for individuality in a work of art, and for strong, vital expression of character in a portrait, it is a most impressive and instructive as well as delightful picture. In simplicity and nobility of pose, in dignity of conception, and in technical ability specially so called, it is a work that has rarely been equalled

in modern portraiture, a work as far removed from affectation as from shallowness, from the reproach of wilful eccentricity as from that of commonplace. It is a lesson in tone and *technique* for every young painter, and an especial lesson in the rendering of character for every portraitist.

Mr. Bridgman sends two pictures. One, the "Bey of Constantine Receiving Guests," is painted in a manner made familiar by a long series of similar works, with a multitude of small figures and accessories, with color that is vivid rather than brilliant, and with an over-elaboration that results in a somewhat hard and labored effect. The other canvas, however, a large scene in a Cairo *café*, with men playing chess, is a splendid piece of work. When Mr. Bridgman's pictures and studies were shown in New York last winter, many observers wondered why the masterly broad handling of his sketches could not be put to service in his more ambitious pictures. This has been done in the present case, and with a result that is most satisfactory. Carefully studied and composed, the canvas has yet an extreme freshness of effect, a spontaneity quite lacking in such pictures as the "Bey of Constantine." The color is very good, the technical work most able and delightful. Perhaps the best portion of the canvas is that toward the spectator's right, with the beggar in his heap of blue rags, and the arch beyond, through which other figures are perceived. Technically, this passage is most beautifully rendered, the handling being exceedingly free and spirited and the effects of light admirable.

Mr. Pearce's "Execution of John the Baptist" should perhaps come next on our list. It is not quite successful, considered as a *picture* in the fullest sense of the word, for of true dramatic ability and of the character-painting demanded by such a subject there is no trace. But as a clever and realistic study of studio models posed in a strong light it is a remarkable performance. Taken not as a picture, but as what the French call "*une Académie*," it amply deserves the

mention *honorable* which it received at the recent *Salon*.

Some of the best pictures come from young men who have been studying in Venice, I believe, under the direction of Mr. Duveneck, and who are already known as etchers of some ability. Among them I may especially note the work of Mr. Bacher and Mr. Rosenberg. Prominent among the Munich students is Mr. Hammer, who sends two canvases, not original in theme, but very well painted and promising good things for his future. Mr. Birge Harrison sends a large picture showing girls returning from their first communion. A study of white in a strong light against a vivid green background, it is a cleverly accomplished though not quite complete piece of work,—inspired, most probably, by Bastien Lepage's "First Communion," and inevitably suggesting comparisons therewith. Mr. Alexander Harrison sends a number of very well painted small canvases, the best among them showing a woman selling flowers, relieved against a wall of a curious pink color. Mr. Dana raises his already high reputation by a fine canvas with fishing-boats in the moonlight, strongly painted, well managed in color, and impressive in sentiment. Mr. Picknell's landscape, on the other hand, by no means ranks with the fine works he sent last year. Mr. Boggs is a young painter of great talent who works in an almost ultra broad and emphatic way. His large, low-toned canvas with a huge fishing-boat stranded at low tide is a splendid study, but scarcely a beautiful picture. Mrs. Merritt's "Luna" is a disappointment to all her admirers, being weak in conception and bad in color. Mr. Kenyon Cox sends a clever little nude study in white and pale tones, called "Blanc et Rose;" Mr. Donoho and Mr. Tryon, very capable landscape-work; Mr. McEwen, two admirably painted studies of women's figures; and Mr. Koehler, a capital portrait-study of an old man reading. Mr. John Sargent's two portrait-heads of young girls are exceedingly clever in the manner of that French school which

claims Carolus Duran as its chief representative. Broad in handling, shunning detail as much as possible, yet intensely realistic in effect, these portraits convince us once more that the great Parisian reputation to which Mr. Sargent has attained is his emphatically by right, and is likely to be firmly held in time to come.

Many of the pictures painted on this side of the water have been already shown in other cities. Such are Mr. Eastman Johnson's remarkable portrait-group called "The Funding Bill;" Miss Emmet's "Under the Palm," with its fine bits of still-life painting; Mr. Ryder's exquisite "Spring;" and canvases by Mr. Lippincott, Mr. Bruce Crane, and Mr. Bolton Jones. There are very few portraits on the list; and among them that of three children by Mrs. Whitman, well known as a pupil of the late Mr. Hunt, stands easily pre-eminent. Miss Wheeler's "Sphinx" is a strong conception, strongly if not quite perfectly painted. Mr. Eakins is as original, as able, and as suggestive as ever. He departs a little from his usual class of subjects, and gives us an out-door scene with a wonderfully rendered group of fishermen mending a net. At the very opposite pole of art stands the new Philadelphia painter, Mr. Kirkpatrick. Seeking chiefly for "decorative" effects, relying principally upon gorgeous if not quite satisfactory color, time alone can show whether Mr. Kirkpatrick's inspiration is as genuine as it is original, or whether the accent of artificiality which in many eyes seems to mark it now will be intensified to the detriment of his undoubted talent. Meanwhile, his pictures provoke much controversy and much uncertainty in the individual mind, and are certainly more noticed than any in the rooms.

The Academy deserves the thanks of all who are interested in American art, for it has done what no other institution in the country has attempted: it has striven to afford the observer means for a general survey of what all our artists—young and old, at home and abroad—are doing or are likely to do. While

the actual accomplishment may be regarded with pride, it is the promise and potency which lie behind this accomplishment that chiefly impress us. The most satisfactory evidence given by this collection is not to the fact that we have a few admirable painters, with here and there perhaps a genius among them. It is to the fact that we can now boast of a very large and growing body of students who believe in thorough study and the acquirement of workmanlike methods as the necessary basis of what they may hope some day to make a truly national development.

The exhibition of the Philadelphia Society of Artists, which fills three very well lighted rooms on Chestnut Street, is composed almost entirely of small pictures, few of them very striking, but many of them of great excellence. The Society itself contributes but a moderate share of the contents, many contributions having come from New York artists and a few from abroad. What strikes one most forcibly, perhaps, and most agreeably, taking the rooms as a whole, is that American artists are at last beginning to turn their attention in earnest to American themes. We see each year fewer German peasants and French fish-wives and foreign landscapes,—all subjects which of necessity impose themselves upon the student during his term of transatlantic study, but which must be exchanged for something of more present and vital interest if his work is to be valuable and original when he settles down to the practice of his art at home. Mr. Eakins, of course, is always distinguished by his devotion to immediate things. His little picture of shad-fishermen watched from the shore by a group of quite commonplace and uninteresting citizens is but one more in his list of productions characterized by quite similar aims if not by quite similar subject-matter. It is not so impressive, not quite so valuable in any way, as the larger picture at the Academy, but it is very truthful, very well done, and very attractive to all lovers of originality, as well as to all lovers of good painting. Mr. Volk sends a beautiful little canvas

with a repetition of the exquisite snow-painting which won him such distinction in New York last spring. The figure of the old negro watching for hares is very cleverly done, with sufficient human interest and characterization to well explain the "anecdote" of the picture, and without too much to overwhelm its primary claim to consideration as a piece of beautiful work. His picture of boys fishing in a thick green undergrowth is just as characteristically national, and almost as clever. Mr. Hahs sends several studies of circus performers, well posed and expressive, though not very strong in handling or very good in color. Mr. Poore's "Mexican Vaquero" is a clever piece of work, as is Mr. Kappe's "Frugal Meal," and, to an even greater extent, Mr. Wordsworth Thompson's elaborate portrayal of the "Old Church at Sleepy Hollow" as it was in former days.

Among the landscapes, those of Mr. Bruce Crane—very good and fresh in color and very clever in handling, especially in the level water—stand almost first. Mr. Bolton Jones is less vigorous and spirited, but very agreeable, especially in his "Lane to the Farm." Mr. Senat does his best work, as usual, when he represents foggy atmospheric effects. Mr. David Johnson, very unequal and sometimes doing most beautiful things, is not here seen at his very best. Mr. Dielman's "Maryland Garden" is original and charming, pitched in a very low but beautiful key of bluish-greens. Mr. Dewey's "Grain-Sloop" and "On the Beach" should not be overlooked, nor Mr. Eaton's "New Bridge at Manassquan," shown two years ago in New York.

Amid work that still goes to foreign sources for its inspiration I may cite Mr. Chase's clever little Venetian studies, Mr. Burr Nicholls's street-scenes in French towns, and a fine large canvas showing French fisherwomen, in which the distance is especially well done, by Mr. Henry Mosler.

Among the portraits there are some very good ones. Mr. Dielman's head of a child in modern dress, rather absurdly

called "The Page," is good in color and expression, and altogether one of the very nicest things in the room, one that ought to be popular, for it is "decorative" as well as good. Mr. Maynard's large portrait of a white-haired man dressed in white is a clever study of difficult tones, such as have attracted many artists of late years, and such as have been more capably treated by some than they are here by Mr Maynard, in spite of the great measure of success he has attained. Mr. Carroll Beckwith's "Ethel" is admirably clever, as his work is apt to be, but, as is also apt to be the case, it is not altogether pleasing. His treatment of stuffs and accessories is quite masterly, but his flesh is often too highly colored and too hard in surface, taking, as here, all charm and refinement from what must have been a most attractive model. Mr. Frederic Freer has a large portrait with many excellent qualities, as well as a beautiful water-color study of an "Ideal Head."

There is not room, of course, here to cite all the remaining work of various kinds that merits attention. Young Mr. Léon Moran, however, cannot be excluded even from the most hasty summary. He has here several examples, all of them good in handling and especially to be noted for an unusual facility in giving facial expression and genuine action to his figures, which may be conventional in idea, perhaps, but are fresh and interesting as they come from his brush. One scarcely knows which to prefer,—the little "Borders of the Marne," which is remarkably nice in color and atmosphere, or the "Brittany Girl" picking flowers, in which the chief figure is most happily rendered. Mr. Shearer's clever, sketchy landscape, very different from the more labored work which bears his name at the Academy, deserves attention, as does the "Coast Pasturage" of Mr. Carleton Wiggins.

It is satisfactory to notice, in conclusion, that so many of these pictures have been sold, for it proves that the market for American wares is widening and that buyers are no longer afraid to purchase where famous names are not attached.

The pictures are usually small, and held at prices not beyond a moderate purse, and there is no reason why even more than have yet found owners should not be speedily carried to appreciative homes.

M. G. V. R.

ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The Atonement of Blood.

RECENT discussion of one of the most revolting tenets of Mormonism has recalled to the writer's mind a conversation on the subject held some years since with one of the leaders of the sect. We found the Mormons very civil, and their city delightful. Mr. Clauson, who was at that time the financial agent of the Church, and son-in-law to President Young,—through marriage with two of his daughters,—politely invited our party to visit the theatre the evening after our arrival.

There were no stars. Mrs. Clauson (I forget her matrimonial number, and only remember that she was the Prophet's daughter, and young and very pretty) played the leading lady, and, oddly enough, the *misery* of the plot hinged on the unlucky accident of the hero having two wives, one of whom was supposed to have been lost at sea years before the espousal of the other. When the trouble began by the first wife appearing on the scene, to the agony of the husband, lest the other dear charmer should meet her, Mr. Clauson and General Wells—the latter being the head of the army and also city mayor—showed much sympathy with the distracted hero, and the general, with great feeling, remarked to me, "Poor fellow! he's in for it! I don't see what he is to do." Which was odd, seeing he and his companion had each five wives apiece.

To visit these wives became eminently proper, since their husbands had shown us polite attention. General Wells was so obliging as to invite us to call, and toward his domicile—it being quite convenient to the hotel—we took our way. As we approached his door, an unlucky question in Mormon etiquette arose: when we had said, "How do you do,

Mrs. Wells?" to wife number one, what should we say to numbers two, three, four, and five? This consideration was so startling to my companions as to determine them to forego the sight of a Mormon interior rather than face such a dilemma: so I went in alone. Not without perturbation: after the bell had sounded, I was weak-minded enough to think of running away, but it was answered too promptly to allow of retreat, and I was ushered into a substantial and decidedly comfortable-looking home. On the right hand of the hall was an open door, and a woman in excellent keeping with her surroundings—plain, but solidly prepossessing—stood in it, ready to receive me. "Mrs. Wells?" I said inquiringly. She gave a pleasant bow of assent, and greeted me by name with surprising ease, saying the general had told them of our intended call, that he would be in presently, etc. She made no allusion to the seceding party, but displayed quite as much well-bred self-possession as I had ever met with in an Eastern matron. She spoke of the city, and seemed delighted when I admired it, gave me ready explanations on any subject of inquiry, and so filled the time till a pretty child of ten appearing in view, she called her in and bade her ask her aunt Hannah if there was not a fire in her parlor. The girl instantly returned with the answer that there was a "bouncing" fire, and a hearty invitation to come in and enjoy it. As we crossed the hall (Aunt Hannah's parlor was on the other side), General Wells came in from his garden and joined us. On entering the room we found there an accession of two more wives, whom the saint calmly presented in simple form, saying, "This is my wife Mary, this my wife Eliza, this my wife Hannah, this my wife Jane." I was inclined to rejoice that his wife Caroline had such a fearful cold in her head as to be unrepresentable, for I did not care for another introduction as long as I was the only Gentile present. We all sat down to enjoy the "bouncing" fire, and I had leisure to observe that the four Mrs. Wellses then present bore an

awe-inspiring resemblance to each other and were with one accord clad in neat black alpaca. Their ages seemed to correspond, their complexions were alike indefinite, and an air of shrewdness, satisfaction, and good humor appeared to characterize all four. These may have been company manners; left alone, they may have fallen to weeping and wailing over their revolting bondage; but in my presence they were particularly self-satisfied, and soon began to express their views, and that in most decided and indignant terms, against their Eastern feminine champions who had taken up their defence and presumed to pity their slavish and down-trodden estate. These ungrateful wives, Mary, Eliza, Hannah, and Jane, bade them (through unhappy me) look to their own husbands, brothers, and sons, study masculine history and habits at home before meddling with it in its far-distant mountain-sanctuary, etc., etc., and went on making me the medium of transmitting their wrath against their would-be liberators to such an extent that I was delighted to change the subject and address myself to the general, who sat in an easy-chair, literally embowered in flaxen heads and blue eyes that had stolen in and clambered round him as he twirled his thumbs and smiled obliquely (one of his eyes had that direction) on his female defenders of the faith.

While conversing with the Gentile enemy previous to our visit to Salt Lake, I was told that a Mormon would endure any inquisitorial strain until asked the meaning of the dark and awful tenet in his faith called the "Atonement of Blood," but that on hearing that question the mildest saint became violent, and it was, therefore, not regarded as a safe inquiry. The present moment seemed to me a suitable one to test this statement. I put it very mildly, and began by asking if there were any such article in the faith of the Latter-Day Saints.

"Certainly there is," answered the general; "and a most important and solemn one it is."

"Would you object to give me some idea of its nature and operation?"

"Certainly not," was the reply, given as frankly as before. "The Atonement of Blood belongs to and appertains only to those of our people who up to the time of their committing a deadly offence against the Latter-Day Brethren were in full communion with and amongst us. It is an ordinance the fulfilment of which, accompanied by sincere repentance and reparation,—if reparation be possible,—on the part of the offender, will entitle him to remission of sin in this life and mercy hereafter. It is a solemn yet merciful judgment. After the council passes the decree condemning the brother to this atonement, he is given full time for preparation before he is required to meet the law."

"And what is this act of atonement?"

"The removal of mortal life from the mortal body by the letting of blood. Cutting the throat is the method generally preferred by those whose offence has rendered this expiation necessary; and it must, of course, be done by the offender's own hand."

"What length of time is granted to the unfortunate person for preparation?"

"The time varies according to the circumstances. In the case of a man who made this atonement a short time ago it was necessary for him to make a journey to complete the adjustment of his affairs. In view of this, his penitential period extended over a year. On his return he signified his readiness, and, being accompanied to a secret place,—the choice of these retreats rests with the penitents,—he fulfilled the law, and was buried in the earth that received his blood."

"Should a person condemned refuse to become a self-executioner?"

General Wells smiled grimly. "It would avail him naught," he said: "he would die without making atonement." After a moment's pause, he said softly, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin."

Such, as I recall it, was this pillar of the Tabernacle's explanation of the difference between dying under the "Atonement" decree and being put to death. Some interest attaches to the idea since the finding of that apostate bishop's body who confessed the dreadful story of the Meadow massacre, and who ever after went in terror of the death that overtook him in the cave in Southern Utah.

M. H.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"The Land of the Midnight Sun: Summer and Winter Journeys through Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and Northern Finland." By Paul B. Du Chaillu. With Map and Two Hundred and Thirty-Five Illustrations. In Two Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

UNLIKE most people who spend much time in going to and fro on the face of the earth, Mr. Du Chaillu is a traveller by vocation. His wanderings are neither desultory nor confined to beaten tracks; his curiosity is not to be satisfied by casual glimpses or rapid surveys; his course

is not determined by facilities of transit, accidents of weather, or the caprice of the moment. He is in pursuit, not of health, pleasure, or mere distraction, but of knowledge, and his investigations are systematic and thorough. His well-seasoned constitution being proof against the effects of exposure and fatigue, and his wants being of the simplest, he moves onward in light marching order, courting rather than shunning privations and discomforts. Above all, his cheerful temperament and frank sociability facilitate his

intercourse with high and low, making him a welcome guest in many homes, saving him from a sense of loneliness, and enabling him to accumulate facts and store up recollections which, recounted with the simplicity and directness of the old explorers, are gratefully appreciated by a host of readers.

The time spent by Mr. Du Chaillu in the Scandinavian Peninsula amounted to nearly five years, extending, with interruptions, over the period between 1871 and 1878. What he gives us as the result is not a continuous narrative, but a selection from his experiences, together with the fruits of his study and observation during this long sojourn, which included a series of journeys, in winter as well as summer, in all directions and to the remotest extremities of the country. No field could have been better suited to so enterprising a spirit, trained to endurance and equipped with the qualities that win confidence and esteem among strangers. The primitive habits, guileless manners, and boundless hospitality of the great mass of the inhabitants of every class and race, as depicted in these volumes, combine with the record of perilous journeys through snowy wastes and over trackless mountain-solitudes to produce an impression in which the charm of an idyllic existence is blended with that of adventure. It is true that former travellers have given us in a general way the same views and descriptions, so that the picture here presented is not a new or wholly unfamiliar one. Its superiority lies in its minuteness and completeness, the greater abundance and variety of incident, the larger scope and fuller treatment which the subject here receives. No phase of life, no peculiar custom, no portion of the country or fraction of the population, is left unnoticed, and the relation is never that of a mere passing eye-witness, but of one who has lived in close intimacy with the people, joined in their occupations and amusements, and shared their sympathies. Among the most attractive portions of the work are those relating to the Lapps and the Finns, in whose huts and encampments the author made himself as much at home as on the comfortable farmsteads of Dalecarlia or in the chalets of the mountain-herdsmen. Mr. Du Chaillu is not exactly a brilliant writer. He has not the art of making a description vivid, or giving breathless interest to a narrative, by such a choice of epithets and skilful use of climatic effects as characterize the

writings of Miss Bird, Signor de Amicis, and a few other travellers. But his unpretentious style, constant good humor, and copiousness of matter make him a delightful as well as instructive companion, and to the general mass of intelligent readers, both young and old, these handsome volumes, with their abundant and often beautiful illustrations, may be commended not only for the store of information contained in them, but for their faithful delineations of life and manners, their fund of anecdote, and the breezy spirit, suggestive of the exhilarating atmosphere of the North, that breathes from every page.

Holiday Books.

"The Heart of the White Mountains. Their Legend and Scenery." By Samuel Adams Drake. With Illustrations by W. Hamilton Gibson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Country Pleasures. The Chronicle of a Year Chiefly in a Garden." By George Milner. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"Brushwood." By T. Buchanan Read. Designs by Frederick Dielman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep." By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Designs by Alice Humphrey. Boston: Lee & Shepherd.

"Farm Festivals." By Will Carleton. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"The Decorative Sisters: A Modern Ballad." By Josephine Pollard. With Illustrations by Walter Satterlee. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

"The Summer School of Philosophy at Mt. Desert." By J. A. Mitchell. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

MR. DRAKE'S narrative and descriptions, combined with Mr. Gibson's illustrations, have made a holiday book of rare beauty and excellence. It is a difficult task to link tradition and legend to our mountains, for they have not easily made themselves friends with man, and not only our pioneers and settlers but the Indians themselves avoided the rocky fastnesses and chose the more fertile river-lands. But Mr. Drake has been tireless in seeking out quaint and fantastic stories, and we have glimpses of figures, dim and spectral, but human and actual, haunting the ravines and plateaus. Almost every one has recollections of summer travel through the White Hills of New Hampshire, and not to be disappointed in the present book is the highest tribute which can be paid to its merits. These mountains are so luxuriantly clothed with woods of contrast-

ing shades, the masses of noble trees have such tints of gold and purple and russet across their emerald green, the effects vary so perpetually from sunrise to sunset, with the shifting of lights and shadows and the flight of mists and showers, that they are particularly the field of the painter. But all that black and white may do Mr. Gibson has done here, and the mountains unveil themselves, as we turn the pages, in midsummer splendors and winter glooms, in sunlight and many-tinted shadow. Like most American ranges of mountains, these hills rest so closely upon each other or are separated by such narrow gorges that except from the best-chosen point the distinctive forms of the finest peaks are lost. But the touch of a master is visible in all these sketches, and many familiar scenes gain a new picturesqueness from the bold handling. Tortuous paths between walls of rock, cliffs which are limned against the sky like battlements, gorges in shadow, while, with a scanty foothold among the clefts of rock, luxuriant masses of creepers overhang the chasm,—these are finely rendered. Not only are Mr. Gibson's mountain-masses, his rocks, forests, and waters, of rare beauty, but his cloud-drawings and his storms are given with unique delicacy, softness, and faithfulness of effect. Perhaps as an artist he may be said to think and feel most intensely when he comes nearest to the object he portrays. He has the most intimate sympathy with nature, and is a true Wordsworthian in his aptitude for finding beauty and use in the slightest flower which springs. Thus, this volume lacks the peculiar charm of "Pastoral Days," which was not only beautiful but original and poetical in an eminent degree, but, as we have already said, both text and illustrations possess high merit and make it perhaps the most attractive gift-book of the season.

We are tempted to wish that Mr. Gibson could have illustrated "Country Pleasures;" but, although it contains no pictures save the little frontispiece, carefully read, by a lover of country life, it is illuminated throughout by lovely pictures. Without pretensions to be a holiday volume, it may well be read sitting by Christmas fires. It is "the chronicle of a year chiefly in a garden," and, besides being suggestive of the buds, blossoms, and russet leaves of the writer's round of seasons, has the freshness and poetry of all the years since Chaucer

wrote. The writer is English to the core, and the book is written out of an abundance of leisure, practised habits of observation, and the traditions of beautiful quiet lives, of which his own is a continuance and sequel. A love of poetry and of nature was inculcated early, and grew with his youth and strengthened with his strength. It is a book to make one hope that new ideas in England may not soon become an effective moving power: it would be better, it seems while reading "Country Pleasures," to drift back instead to old Chaucerian days. It is pre-eminently a volume to be read by all those who love gardens or live in the country under the thrall of its sweet pleasures which cost the heart no repentance.

"Brushwood," by T. Buchanan Read, is a poem of which one is glad to revive the memory. The spirituality of the story of the aged burden-carrier on her way home "bringing her sheaves" is helped by the pictures, which are faithful both to the poem and to Italian scenery. The actual worth of an illustrated book lies in the clearness with which an author's idea is grasped and consolidated in the reader's mind; and the artist in this case has been especially successful in bringing out the meaning of the verses and heightening their beauty while he inculcates their lesson.

There is a sacred accent in Mrs. Browning's "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep" which makes it a poem to read again, although the influence of her writing is waning. Miss Humphrey's illustrations somewhat feebly attest her realization of the meaning of the verses, and weaken and diffuse the impression they create. The profuse ornamentation which is the taste of the day permits mere prettiness to run riot until it is pushed into insipidity, and its little devices and fashions, not wanting at first in grace, soon compel a weariness, especially when misapplied.

Mr. Carleton's poems are so widely popular that it is only necessary to say that his last book, "Farm Festivals," has the simple and manly tone and the tender feeling which gave his first verses so many admiring readers. He has the good fortune to be able to see the beauty of farm life and to describe it with a rough eloquence which goes to the hearts of those who love it best. It is an agreeable thought that the prosaic and sordid tendencies of modern life are not cor-

rupting the hearts or jading the spirits of the merry-makers whose festivals he honors.

"The Decorative Sisters" is brilliant enough in cover and illustration to engage the childish eye, but its subject seems rather to mark it as a picture-book for adults, an idea which is not at all anomalous, now that picture-books are growing too fascinating to be left altogether to the nursery. This one is both amusing and attractive, and may be recommended as a very pretty Christmas-present for any little girl to make to her mamma. As a satire it lacks sting,—a defect which is perhaps partly attributable to its being obviously borrowed from English sources. Mr. Satterlee appears to shun exaggeration both in drawing and color: the former is so graceful and correct that we admire and forget to laugh; the latter is rather bright than subtle, there is nothing especially ingenious or far-fetched about it, and it is sometimes very commonplace. The writer of the ballad shows an equal reserve, and carries on her task with the same quiet and absorbed gravity with which the characters in one illustration are decorating the churn and the dishpan. But, after all that has been said, sung, written, and painted about æstheticism, it is wellnigh impossible to carry the subject further: even *Punch* is beginning to flag. Satirists in this country are unfortunate in having no home subject which lends itself to illustration. Satire is always weakened by being transplanted, and when American satirists are driven to seek material abroad, it leaves us in the absurd position of a country without absurdities,—an outlook as alarming for our moral status as for the perceptions of our authors and artists.

If flirtation is as distinctly an American rite as Mr. Henry James and certain virtuous Europeans seem to believe, we have a purely indigenous bit of satire in "The Summer School of Philosophy at Mt. Desert." This collection of sketches ought to be studied by the Saturday Reviewer who commented with grave severity on "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl" as an example of American manners. The two books, *du reste*, are not unlike, for Mr. Mitchell's drawings satirize the same kind of thing as does Mr. Grant's novel, and in the same careless and laughing manner. Views of an American watering-place, in which each point of rock has its youthful pair en-

gaged in open and undisguised love-making, while Dan Cupid wanders hither and thither, without even the pretence of shooting, might easily confirm the impression made by Mr. Grant upon the mind of the Saturday Reviewer. The book before us has, however, one advantage over the novel. Trifles which would be wearisome reading may be very amusing as pictures, and Mr. Mitchell has not weighted his sketches by so much as a page of letter-press. The drawings themselves show a good deal of facility, and are often very pretty, especially some decorative bits, in one of which a Cupid in a toga is lecturing under an apple-tree on a summer afternoon to an audience composed of a school-girl, a college youth, and a pug dog. They are all daintily engraved, printed on thick paper, and enclosed between covers which are rather ponderous; considering the lightness of the inside.

Juveniles.

"The Boy Travellers in the Far East (Part III.): Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Ceylon and India." By Thomas W. Knox. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Our Young Folks Abroad." By James D. McCabe. The Adventures of Four American Boys and Girls in a Journey through Europe to Constantinople. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co.

"Harper's Young People for 1881." New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Little Mook, and other Fairy-Tales." By W. Hauff. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The Cruise of the Ghost." By W. L. Alden. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Mammy Tittleback and Her Family." By H. H. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"Tutti Frutti." A Book of Child-Songs. By Laura Ledyard and W. T. Peters. Designs by D. Clinton Peters. New York: George W. Harlan.

THE interest of Frank and Fred's journey has in no measure declined in this the third and final volume of their experiences in the East. The trip from Java to Borneo and thence to Ceylon and India is perhaps more entertaining both in what they saw and in what Dr. Bronson found for matter of discussion and information than anything hitherto given. The pictures are good to look at, and give the reader an agreeable flavor of hair-breadth escapes and all sorts of moving incidents by flood and field without danger or weariness. "The Arabian Nights Entertainments" is dull by contrast. The tiger-jungles, the fatally beautiful, crocodile-haunted rivers, the

mosques, pagodas, palaces, and Calcutta streets, succeed each other until the eye is dazzled by the brilliant, sparkling pageant.

What the "Boy Travellers" are doing for the East the lavishly-illustrated "Young Folks Abroad" does for the journey to Europe. Mr. McCabe has taken Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence and four bright boys and girls through an extended tour over England and across the Continent to the Bosphorus. The pictures light up the journey from first to last like the slides of a magic-lantern, and, for any one with souvenirs of European travel in his mind, revive golden days of idleness in Paris and Italy. Books of travel are of use in two ways, —to those whose lives revolve in narrow circles and who cannot widen their horizons, and to those who, owning the golden boat which may touch at all ports, long for something afterward which shall be an "open, Sesame!" and make the coffers of their experience unclose. A book like this, with pictures of everything from the Bishop's Mouse-Tower on the Rhine to the Grecian temples in Sicily, is like a clever companion who prompts all sorts of pleasant reminiscences.

"Harper's Young People for 1881" makes an interesting volume, and the periodical thus taken in mass pleases us better than the weekly issue, and contains charm and entertainment enough to last a family of young people through weeks of winter evenings. The pictures are most of them admirable, and the reading-matter suited to the capacity of all ages, simple, frank, and useful, interspersing kindly, beautiful, inspiring things with the brightest good humor.

We are glad to see Hauff's "Fairy-Tales" in a pretty edition with good type and a careful translation. Imagination seems to be fading and vanishing out of our children's books; and imagination is a thing of precious uses early in life, and bottles up attars and essences of rarest sweetness to make the after-years fragrant. No boy or girl who has not found his or her Scheherezade and listened with bewilderment and delight, and a longing to go on listening forever to the strange, thrilling tale, is worthy of youth. Here in these German fairy-tales is the delightful story of Longnose the dwarf, his strange transformations and bitter servitude, the delicious dinners he cooked, and the moral tale of the Stone-Cold Heart, and Little Mook in his magic slippers, and the Caliph Stork

bowing to the east and trying in vain to remember the fatally-lost word. It is all prodigious, unheard-of, monstrous, like nothing in every-day life, but all the better for that, and it is well to put our little ones under the spell and let them take their journey into the enchanted land.

"The Moral Pirates" of last year have had a larger boat the past summer and a wider field for excursion, but we regret to say that their proceedings please us just as little as ever. Put boys upon magic carpets or into enchanted mocassins, let them ride Pegasus to the highest mountains, where they may look down upon all the kingdoms of the earth, but if they are treated to experiences in every-day life let it be to something less absurd than the namby-pamby exploits of the crew of the "Ghost." The meagre-spirited realism of a book like this depresses and dwarfs the soul of a boy which is ready to kindle up in admiration of great things.

"Mammy Tittleback and Her Family" is a book for very little folks, but a very pleasant book nevertheless, if one may take delight in the existence of seventeen cats and their winsome ways. It is written by Mrs. Helen Hunt, and illustrated by Miss Ledyard in her usual engaging style. Some of the pictures we had seen before in "Harper's Young People."

"Tutti Frutti" is likely to be as pleasing to those who love to take a child on each knee as to the round-eyed and rosy-mouthed little folk who will listen to these songs and look at the pictures, which are sweet, fresh, and delicate. The phases of childhood here delineated have something like a violet fragrance which appeals touchingly to our hearts. Whether true to actual child-life or not, "Firelight Phantoms" particularly pleases us; but the poem needs the illustration. Here is "Then and Now,"—although that too needs the quaint little figures on the hill-side:

When skies were overflowing,
And noisy winds were blowing,
And all the land was cold,
We walked abroad, scarce knowing
That dandelions were growing
In gay rosettes of gold.

But when the skies were bluer,
And all the land looked newer
And lovelier for the rain,
When every cloud was banished,
The dandelions then vanished,
And but their ghosts remained.



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